The Saturday Evening
POST
March 12, 1960 – 15¢

California's Wizard of Fashion

LARRY SHERRY of the Dodgers

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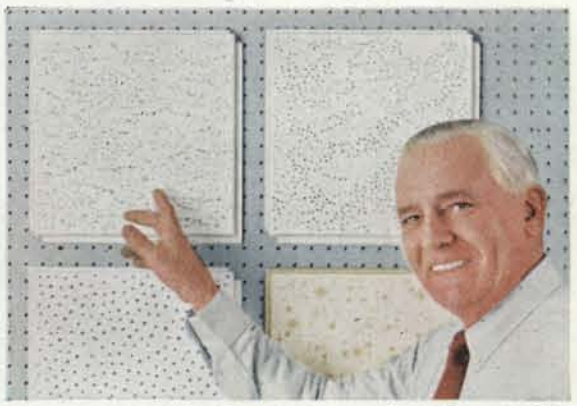
The Armstrong Textured Cushiontone ceiling in this 13′ x 18′ living room cost about $85 including all materials.

How to crown your living room with a smart new Armstrong Ceiling that soaks up noise.

1. **Redecorating your living room?** The most lived-in room in your house should be the handsomest. And nothing destroys the appearance of a room like a cracked or stained ceiling. Why put up with it when it's so easy to cover your old ceiling with Armstrong Cushiontone. And Cushiontone will *soak up noise* because it is a genuine acoustical ceiling.



2. **Go to your lumber dealer.** You'll find a valuable man in the Yellow Pages under "Ceilings." He's your Armstrong lumber dealer and he is an expert adviser on a lot of remodeling problems, including ceilings. He'll show you the wide range of Armstrong Cushiontone designs and Armstrong's smart Decorator tiles. Choose the one that suits your room best.

3. **Install your Armstrong ceiling.** If you are handy around the house, you'll find it's a cinch to put up an Armstrong ceiling yourself. Most do-it-yourselfers can complete a medium-sized room in one weekend. But if you're not the do-it-yourself type, your lumber dealer will give you the name of a qualified man to install your Armstrong ceiling for you.

Let us send you a free booklet about Armstrong ceilings.
Write Armstrong Cork Co., 6003 Marietta Ave., Lancaster, Pa.
In Canada, write Dept. 30-12, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Our lady in black is thinking in terms of tropical breezes and sun-tan lotions. Her unaware model is shopping for a sweater, because summer is but a gleam in Mother Nature's eye, and men can see no farther than the noses on their faces. There appears to be a gleam in the eye of that dapper salesman too. He may be speculating that Miss Black would look all right in shorts, or perhaps he's just thankful that some women can't resist a bargain—otherwise how would he ever unload half a gross of those wallpaper-patterned garments? Miss Black's decision would be easier if artist George Hughes had draped the shorts above a pair of bony shanks and knobby knees. Hughes says he never wears the things himself, and it's obvious that he has little appreciation of their aesthetic potential.

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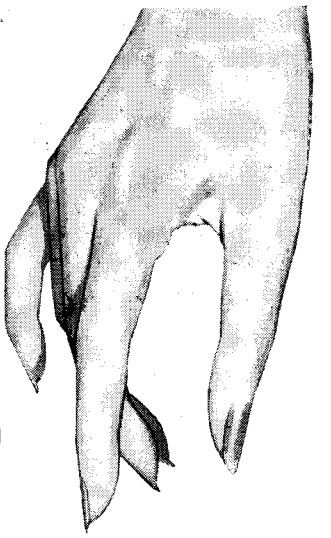
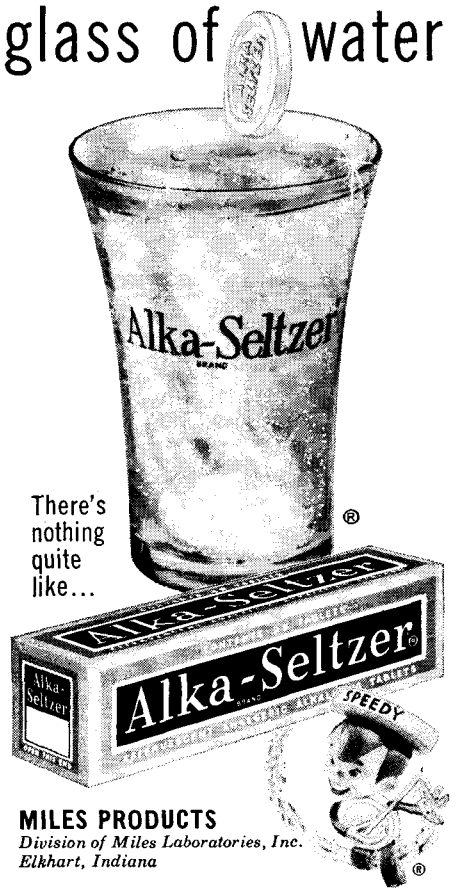


to
a
glass of water



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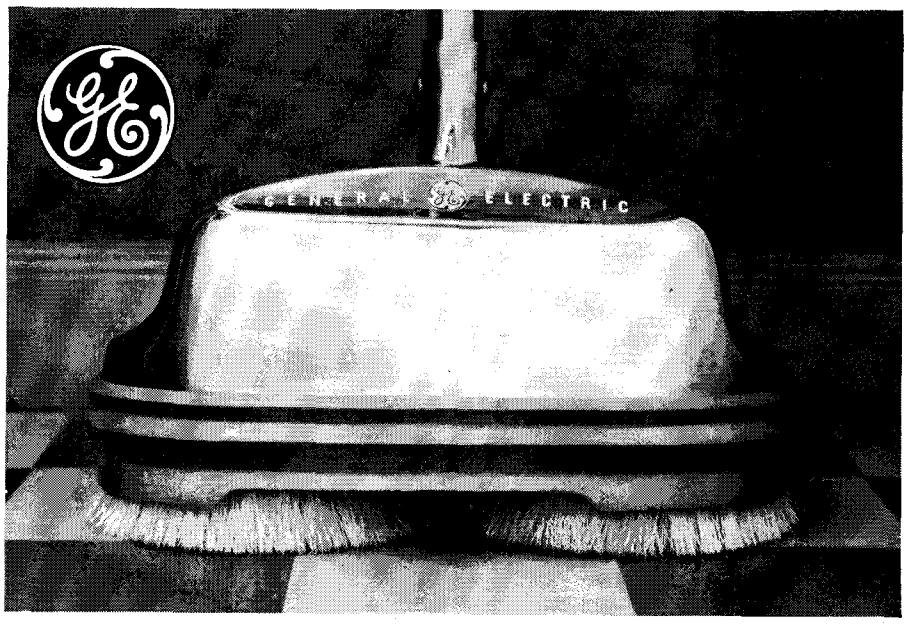

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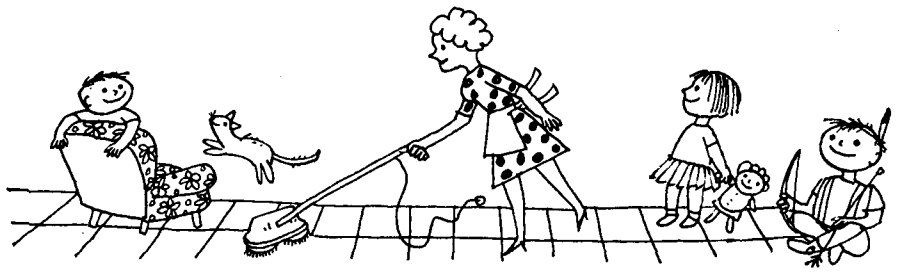

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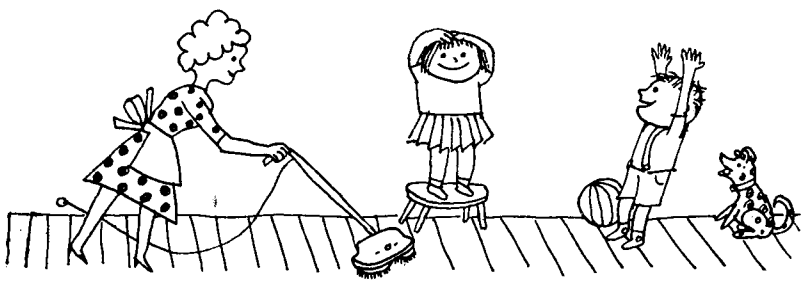

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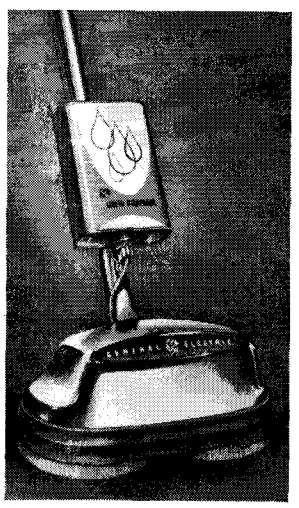

Special Extra. Optional Liquid Dispenser automatically distributes wash water and liquid wax.

Letters

Children in Need

Dear Sirs:

I want to express my appreciation for your courage in publishing the article on the Aid to Dependent Children program [ARE WE PAYING AN "ILLEGITIMACY BONUS"?, Jan. 30]. . . .

As long as no carefully planned and directed attack is made on these most complex cases of chronic social illness, the public will continue to pay a staggering bill for the ineffectual services it is misled to believe will do the job.

BERNARD W. SCHOLZ
Department of Public Welfare
District of Columbia
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

The Bible says: "Thou Shalt not commit Adultery". . . . Yet ADC gives a bounty to unwed mothers. . . . How crazy can we get?

RALPH SHAW JR.
Beverly, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

There is plenty of evidence that [illegitimacy] is being encouraged, like overproduction of farm crops.

BOYD V. EVANS
Waynesville, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

Being one of the mothers with four children on ADC, I had to write. . . . I love my children [but] . . . I certainly don't care to have any more without a husband just to collect a little more money.

I hope you taxpayers don't feel you're throwing money away, by keeping a mother and children together.

NAME WITHHELD
Brewster, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

They won't give us enough to live on, and they won't let us work and supplement the assistance.

NAME WITHHELD
Galesburg, Ill.

Parents In Need

Dear Sirs:

I hope that Oscar Kiessling's article [COLLEGE FOR FIVE—IT'S MURDER!, Jan. 30] will stem the claptrap about the ease with which a college education can now be obtained through scholarships and grants.

JOHN CASEY
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

I congratulate you on bringing to the attention of the public . . . the exorbitant cost of educating a family. At a time when our economy is crying for more and better qualified personnel, it is a pity so many are lost through lack of funds.

GRACE HARTWICK
Arvida, Quebec

Dear Sirs:

Bless his little heart. I have no tears for him. With an income of $15,000 yearly he should have no problems in financing the education of his children, especially with his wife working.

RUTH LOPMAN
Huntington, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Why didn't Mr. Kiessling start thinking of higher education for his children when they were born instead of looking for grants when they started to graduate from high school?

JOYCE L. BRESLIN
Livingston, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

If Mr. Kiessling were a family economist, instead of government, I believe he would be able to solve his dollar dilemma short of declaring the big frame house in Falls Church a disaster area.

ULMONT IVES
Raleigh, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

He should thank his lucky stars that his children are spaced far enough apart to give him a chance to catch his breath.

(Continued on Page 6)

QUEER YEAR

Dear Sirs:

No wonder the patent attorney rejected the "yearglass" in the cartoon on page 58 of the January 23 *Post*. The spacings between the months should get progressively greater as they approach the neck of the glass.

MITCHELL P. MARCUS
Binghamton, N.Y.

"I wouldn't worry what the patent attorney said. Remember, they laughed at the Wright brothers."

Dear Sirs:

Surely the patent attorney would not laugh at a man who has discovered sand that falls into a flat pile instead of a conical pile.

DENNIS FRY, *Cheviot, Ohio*

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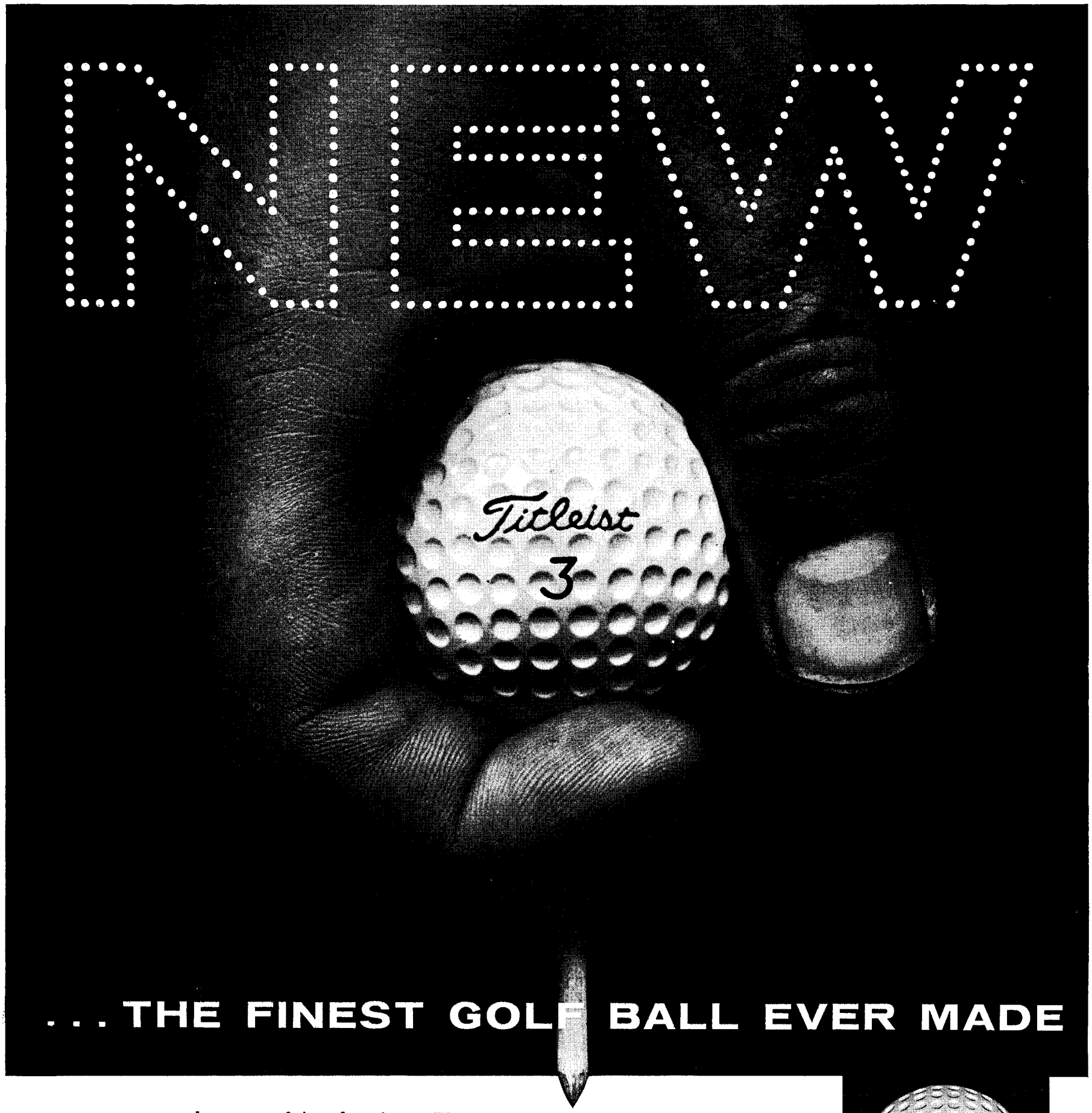
NEW



. . . THE FINEST GOLF BALL EVER MADE

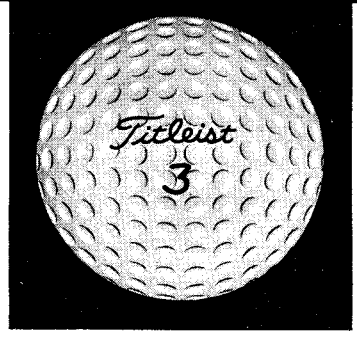
MORE DISTANCE because of Acushnet's new faster reacting DT thread.

LASTING GLOSS because of Acushnet's new scuff-resistant Polyurethane paint.

BETTER FEEL because of the new "power balance" with Acushnet's *true* liquid center.

ABSOLUTE UNIFORMITY because of Acushnet's exclusive system of manufacturing control and inspection.

These are the facts! — We can prove them, so can you. You will find that the new Titleist more than lives up to what we say of it. It is even better than previous Titleists, which for 11 years have been the top-heavy favorites of leading players in big-time competition. Tee up a new Titleist, hit it — you'll never again be satisfied with any other ball.



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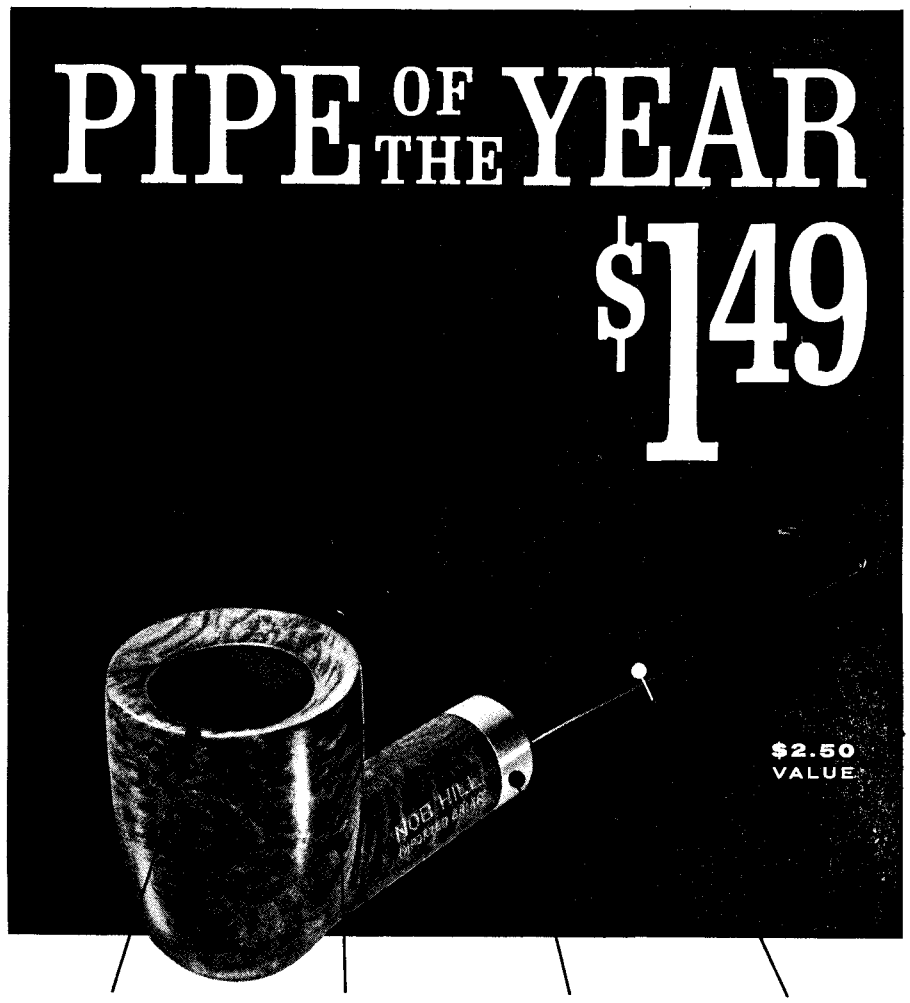

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Finest Algerian Briar, smooth or hand-carved, hand-rubbed (no lacquer).

Wide aluminum band for extra strength. Drip-free metal moisture trap.

Genuine hard rubber bit. Easy drawing, easy to clean. Comfortable bite.

CHOOSE FROM POPULAR CONTINENTAL PIPE STYLES created exclusively for this special House of Edgeworth event. Each of these light, perfectly balanced pipes *alone* is worth more than the entire sale price. Yet your $1.49 also includes two pouches of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, or aromatic Holiday Pipe Mixture! Ask for this combination at tobacco counters today. Only a limited number of these pipes is available. Get your Pipe of the Year while they last and while your choice of styles is widest.

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AROMATIC HOLIDAY a blend of five fine tobaccos for an aroma men like, and women welcome, too.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

I am one of five children. . . . At least one of us has been in college every year since 1950 and will be until 1964. Daddy has met the requirements for retirement, but that won't come until the last graduation.

EVELYN FISHER HART
Gainesville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:
For us the article would be titled "College for Seven—It's Mass Murder!"

JOSEPH J. ARDIGO
Williamson, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:
Ours would be "College for a Preacher's Six Kids—Help!"

MARGARET BLAUFUSS
Tripp, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:
We cannot agree with his conclusions. Many youngsters being given college training "for free" would be better equipped for life if they were required to earn at least a part of it.

LEON SAMSEL
Racine, Wis.

Dear Sirs:
In my experience those young persons who must borrow and/or earn some portion of their expenses profit more from college than those who do not have such personal involvement.

HOWARD L. JONES, *Vice President*
Colgate University
Hamilton, N.Y.

State in Need

Dear Sirs:
THE STRANGE CASE OF WEST VIRGINIA by Roul Tunley [Feb. 6] is nothing short of editorial rape—full of half truths, insinuations, quotations of illiturates [*sic*] and bad reporting.

RAY K. SULLIVAN
Huntington, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:
Dirty pool! You sent a spy into our midst, and then published a most shameful mess of language. . . . The whole thing ain't so!

GEO. P. HANSEN
Wheeling, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:
Let's have no more articles about poverty and suffering of our fellow Americans. . . . Don't we have a moral obligation to restore the economies of the entire world first? Hell's bells, man, we don't even have Germany and Japan rebuilt yet. And what about the poor swineherders on the Outer Mongolian slopes? . . .
As for these people to the south of us—they're just Americans.

BOB RICE
Harmony, Pa.

Dear Sirs:
The man who wrote your vicious article must be pretty small, because while he was here he appears to have been able to examine only our hindquarters. . . .
We have unemployed people, yes, victims of an industrial revolution in the coal industry. The vast majority of these people are honest, hard-working, God-fearing people. A church service in which snakes are used is as much a curiosity, and as revolting, to 99 per cent or more of West Virginians as it is to any other American. . . . We have our share, no more and no less, of the shiftless type of people found everywhere that wouldn't live decently in Utopia, but they don't represent West Virginia any more than such people represent your state or any other state.

T. E. SMITH
Beckley, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:
Your article lists the state as the birthplace of Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson. Jackson has no doubt been turning in his grave since the article was written. He was born in 1824 at Clarksburg, Va. Clarksburg is now in West Virginia, but

Stonewall Jackson.

at the time of Jackson's birth there was no state by that name. . . .
Please correct this error in your magazine so that an outstanding Virginian may once again lie in peace in his final resting place [at Lexington, Va.]

WINI MASTIN
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:
Perhaps the mass inferiority complex kindled and fanned by outsiders like Tunley is part of our problem.

MARCIA THORNTON
Wheeling, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:
Amen to Mr. Tunley's article. It created quite a stir in the state Senate at Charleston, and that alone is a miracle.

MRS. J. W. PINSON
Huntington, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:
We are hopping mad, as all other West Virginians should be. If seeing the truth in black and white will get some results, thank you.

WALTER and RACHEL MAINS
Colliers, W. Va.

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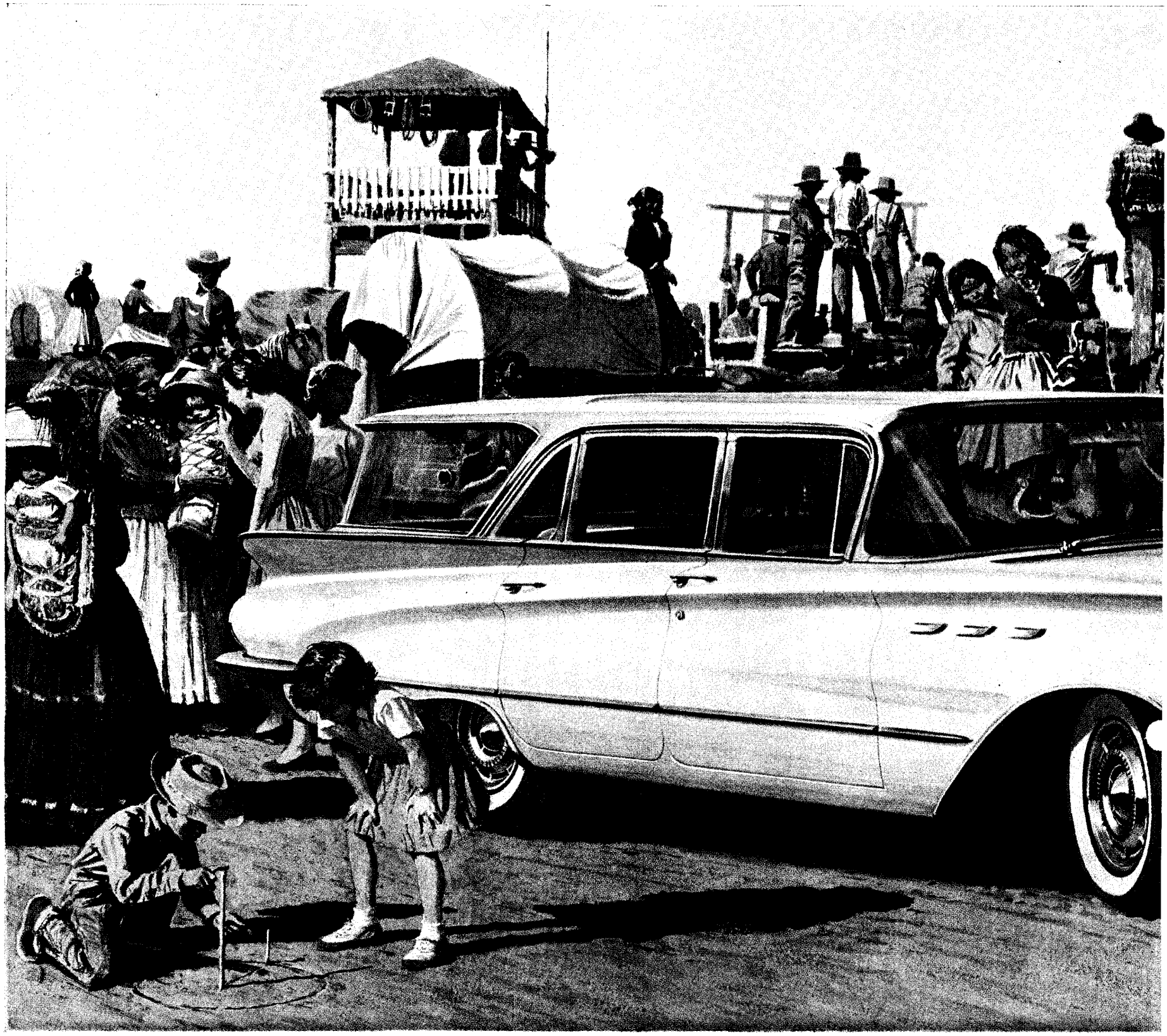

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NEW CAR

Nothing else for the money pays off more handsomely in pleasure, safety and dependable service for your family than a new car. Although all makes have marked improvements this year we naturally prefer our new General Motors cars—and hope you do, too

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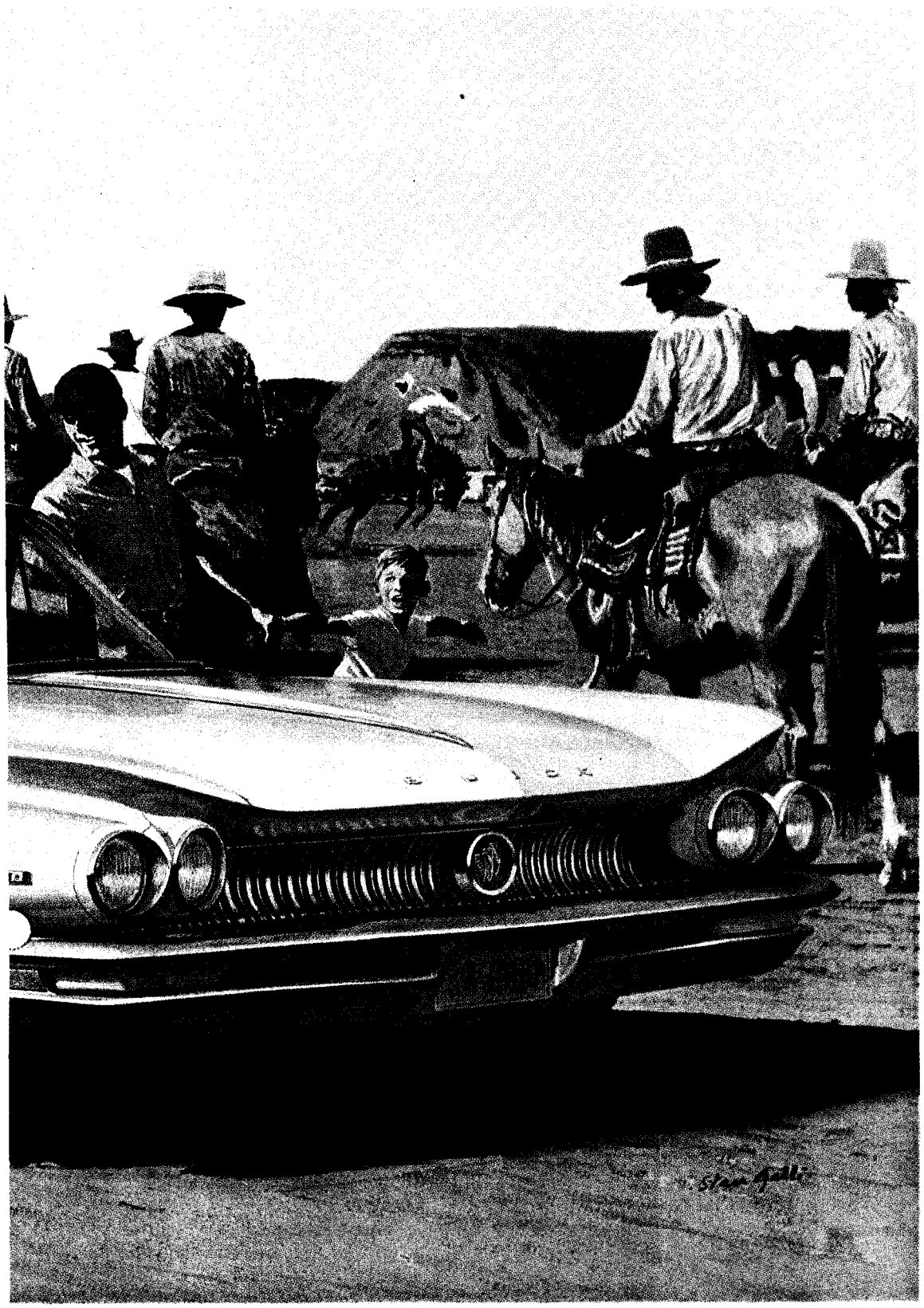

Rare treat—an Indian rodeo at Chinle, Arizona, and a trip in a sleek new Buick Invicta Three-Seat Estate Wagon!

We're sure you'll agree that few things create so much excitement around the house as the arrival of a sparkling new car. The whole family swarms through it, "Oh-ing" and "Ah-ing" at all the fine new features . . . eager to get going for that first wonderful ride.

And when you take to the road—either cross-town or cross-country—you really begin to appreciate the comfort, convenience and safety that only a new car can provide. You go more places, more often, and with more fun for your family.

Nothing for the money serves you so well in so many different ways as a new car. Any new car, that is—though we feel the General Motors line offers more of everything you want in a new car. Look over our wide-as-the-world selection for '60—everything from "dreamboat" sedans to smartly styled wagons to snappy convertibles. You're sure to find one that's just right for your family. And with GM cars, you get the craftsmanship, the solid construction and engineering advancements that add up to many years of motoring pleasure. Why not visit your General Motors dealer now to get the complete story? The fun starts when you bring that brand-new beauty home.

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Rare sight—sandstone buttes in the Navajo's Monument Valley.

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Editorials

Should We Trust a World Court to Stay Out of Our Affairs?

There has been a lot of high-level support, from President Eisenhower down, for the idea that this country should surrender its right to withhold from the International Court of Justice cases which we think concern domestic matters. In 1946 the United States accepted compulsory jurisdiction of the International Court in cases which we agree should come before the court. But, by means of the Connally amendment to the Senate resolution of adherence, we retain the right not to submit cases which *in our opinion* are of domestic concern. Those who wish to repeal the Connally amendment think we should let the International Court decide whether a case is domestic or international.

Among the arguments in favor of this proposal are: this country ought not to be the judge of whether or not a case is "within the domestic jurisdiction of the United States"; such reservations reduce the number of cases for the International Court and thus delay the inauguration of a system of law among nations.

Vice President Nixon, who is among those proposing that Congress repeal the Connally amendment, agrees that "all disputes regarding domestic matters must remain permanently within the jurisdiction of our own courts. Only matters which are essentially international in character should be referred to the International Court." But he thinks the court itself can be trusted to decide which cases are domestic and which are international. Secretary of State Herter has expressed the view that it was extremely unlikely that the court would take jurisdiction over a matter which we regarded as of our own domestic concern. He thinks the Connally amendment puts this country in the position of sitting in judgment in its own case when we decide for ourselves that a given matter is our own business.

But why do so many eminent people believe that an international court would never intervene in our domestic affairs? In a letter to *The New York Times* a few months ago, Philip Marshall Brown, former professor of international law at Princeton University, pointed out that, for one thing, "the Declaration of Human Rights sponsored by the United Nations actually operates to invite intervention by one nation in the domestic concerns of another nation." It is easy enough to imagine an international court holding that the griefs of "minority groups" in this country constituted a violation of this declaration and was therefore an international question. Our immigration laws might easily be defined as beyond domestic concern. After all, we are denying the right of people from other nations to come to this country!

Undoubtedly, by insisting on withholding from the International Court cases which we declare are exclusively domestic, we can be said to sit in judgment on one aspect of our own case. But is this bad? There is a point at which every nation has to be judge of its own case, or go out of business. For example, the Panama Canal. Already there are rumblings to the effect that it should be "internationalized" after the matter has been adjudicated by an international tribunal. To that proposal this country would have to say, "No, the canal is a factor in our national-defense system, and we occupy and administer it under a treaty entered into in good faith by both parties. We can't agree to gamble away our security to satisfy the sea lawyers of Latin America or our own visionaries."

Professor Brown tied up the subject tight in the letter quoted above: "At this time of world revolution and cold war we Americans need to observe the utmost caution in taking any steps which might impede our freedom of action in unforeseen emergencies."

Those Algerian "Extremists" Aren't Exactly Unique

Now that one phase of the trouble in Algeria seems to be over, it may be pertinent to inquire why the French inhabitants of the area, who put on such a sensational resistance to the de Gaulle plan for that country, were almost invariably stereotyped in newspaper dispatches as "rightists," "extremists" or "reactionaries." Undoubtedly they included some fanatics of various hues, but, from the newspaper photographs, the bulk of the French in Algeria bore little resemblance to royalist characters in a Proust novel. Rather they appear to be just what they are: "settlers," in many cases going back three or four generations, who hate to see their way of life disturbed.

Of course, the French in Algeria—many of whom aren't French at all—haven't acted with too great intelligence, because the only alternative to General de Gaulle's plan to permit all Algerians to vote for or against continuation of the tie with France appears to be renewal of the endless civil war. It is also quite possible that the Moslems, who have done very well under French rule, would vote to retain the tie. Just the same, it isn't difficult to understand why many of these settlers fail to see why any consideration should be given to the assassins and thieves who have bedeviled their country for so long. Those who believe that de Gaulle's action was intended to appease the "anticolonialism" sentiment in the U.S.A. are more outraged still.

An analogy of their situation to one from our own history that most Americans can comprehend was recently posed by the *New York Herald Tribune:*

"Suppose that in 1776 the three or four million colonists along our Atlantic seaboard discovered that the Indian population on their side of the Appalachians had suddenly grown to 40,000,000, that warfare with them was more or less incessant, and that King George III was planning to let everyone, Indians and colonists alike, vote on the future of the country. What would the motives of the American Revolution have been in that case?"

Smallpox and intertribal warfare among the Indians intervened to spare our colonial forebears the necessity of answering that question, but merely to ask it tends to dispel intolerance toward France's Algerian citizens. Change has to be accepted eventually, but its victims can't be expected to like it.

A Union Contract Threatens the Laws of Nineteen States

The *American Federationist*, house organ of AFL-CIO, is justifiably exultant over one clause in the recent steel contract which looks like an evasion of "right-to-work" laws in the nineteen states which have such statutes. According to the *Federationist*, "the union shop is continued under the new contract, and in 'right-to-work' states (except Alabama, where the agency shop is also outlawed) all workers will be required as a condition of employment to pay a service charge to the Steelworkers each month toward the administration of the contract and representation of the union."

If carried out in the right-to-work states, this clause would mean that the worker who wanted no part of the union would still be obliged to pay the equivalent of dues under a device described as an "agency-shop contract."

There is considerable curiosity as to why Alabama was singled out for mention as a state which forbids the collection of fees through the "agency-shop clause." After all, ten other states outlaw this subterfuge, and in at least three others it has been forbidden by order of courts or attorneys general.

Anyway, the contract, by making an exception of Alabama on the ground that the agency shop has been outlawed there, raises the question: If the union can't levy this tribute on workers in Alabama, how can it get away with it in at least fourteen other states where this gimmick is either prohibited by law or is under judicial ban? Our uneducated guess is that the union leaders don't expect to enforce it at all, but got it into the contract in order to show their members that right-to-work laws need not be considered.

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An urgent message to parents about...

POLIO

Take a long hard look at this picture.

Though next summer's polio season may seem a long way off, remember it takes months to build up a child's resistance to polio.

If "shots" are started *now*, you may spare yourself needless worry later on. If your child has had no "shots," go to your physician or clinic as soon as possible.

Any time around three months of age, the first of three essential polio injections can be given. The second injection is given a month later—and the third one, about seven months after the second injection.

And if you have a youngster who has had all three "shots," ask his physician when a fourth, or booster dose, should be given.

This protection can be given alone or in a combined vaccine which protects against polio, whooping cough, tetanus and diphtheria.

What about your own polio protection? You, too, should be vaccinated. When polio does strike an adult, it is usually severe.

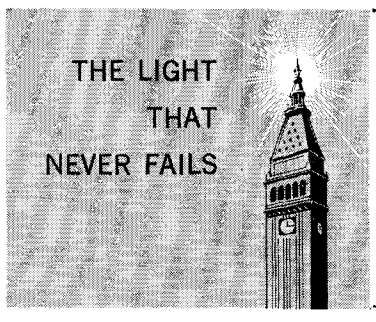
Vaccine is plentiful. And it's the only defense we have against paralytic polio.

Strike your blow against polio *today!*

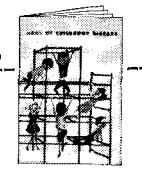
Metropolitan Life

INSURANCE COMPANY©

A MUTUAL COMPANY



COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTCARD



Metropolitan Life (Dept. A)
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Please send me the free booklet, "*ABC's of Childhood Disease*," 3-60-E.

Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Street

City & Zone **State**

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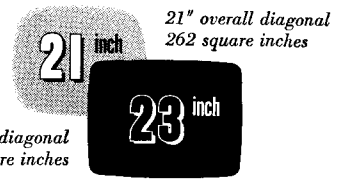
Only Admiral, first with the 23, could do it! New Wide Angle 23 inch TV* at the price of ordinary 21! $199.95†

Matching base optional extra

New Picture Size!

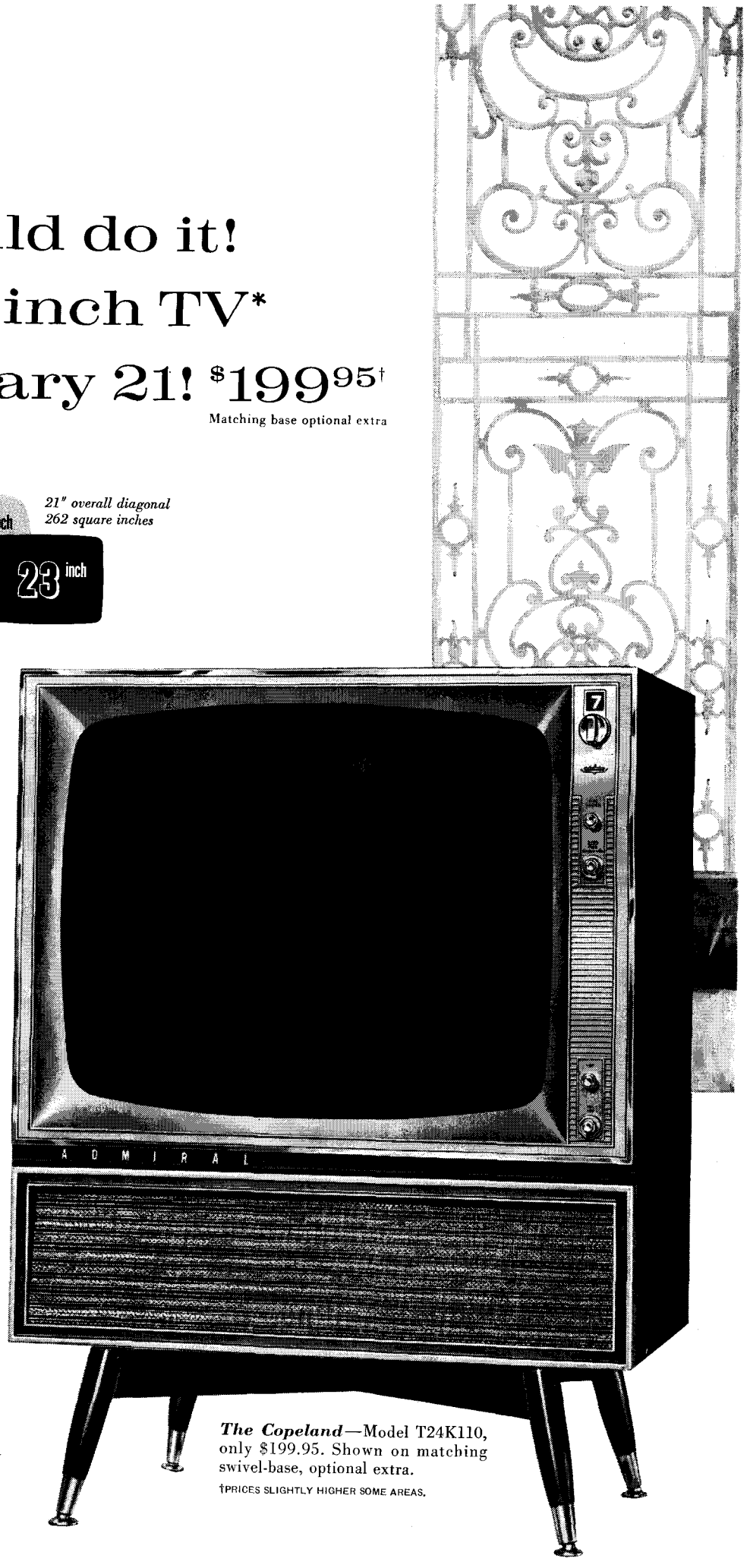
New Picture Shape!

New Picture Realness!



21" overall diagonal
262 square inches

23" overall diagonal
282 square inches



Admiral's leadership in creating the first Wide Angle 23" TV makes it possible—a new standard of *quality* and *value* in television!

New! 20 square inches more picture than 21" TV in cabinets *slimmer than ever before! New!* The first picture tube with square movie screen shape. Thus you see the complete picture ...nothing is lost at the corners. *New!* TV you can watch from any angle. The picture tube is right out front, not recessed 4 inches as in ordinary TV. *New!* Safety glass is *lifetime sealed* to the tube. Picture is dust-free, glare-free. Safest tube ever designed. *New!* Brighter, sharper picture—remarkable depth and realism. *New!* World's finest performing chassis ends service headaches. *New!* 5-year written warranty on the heart of the TV set—Admiral's etched circuit board. *New!* Beautiful decorator cabinets.

SON-R Wireless Remote Control—Also available with new Admiral 23" TV. Son-R has no cords, transistors or batteries. Ultrasonic sound turns TV on-off, changes channels in either direction, adjusts volume to 4 levels.

Only Admiral, first with the 23, gives you proved picture quality and dependability! Proved by millions of home viewing hours!

*New picture tube, overall diagonal, 282 sq. in. viewable area

The Copeland—Model T24K110, only $199.95. Shown on matching swivel-base, optional extra.

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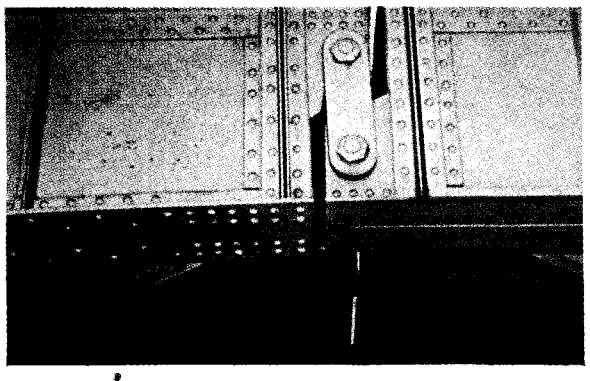
Now...Steel with Nickel can save taxpayers 7 million a year on highway upkeep



This bridge in Oregon used conventional steel in section at left, and nickel-copper high strength steel in section at right—both painted 10 years ago. Because of corrosion on left, bridge is scheduled for repainting, while paint on right is still good for more years' service.

To provide the free-flowing highway system America needs, an estimated 65,000 new highway overpasses like those above will be built within the next ten years. Then will come the cost of maintaining them. Biggest item: repainting.

Since it costs many times as much to paint the steelwork on a bridge as to paint a house, the bill for repainting overpasses that will be built during the '60's could run to $20 million a year . . . unless. Unless they are built of corrosion-resistant metals such as nickel-copper high strength steel.

By resisting corrosion far better than conventional bridge steel, nickel-copper high strength steel holds its coat of paint at least 50% longer. It is estimated that this could save taxpayers $7 million every year in repainting costs!

Yet, bridges can be built of this steel at no added cost. Its extra strength means fewer tons are needed, makes possible safer, more modern design.

Facts on bridge-steel corrosion based upon thirty-five years of Inco research are now being presented to bridge designers and highway officials. This kind of market development by Inco brings important benefits of Nickel to more and more people. It's another reason why there's "Good news for you in Inco Nickel."

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INCO TRADE MARK **Inco Nickel** *makes steel perform better longer*

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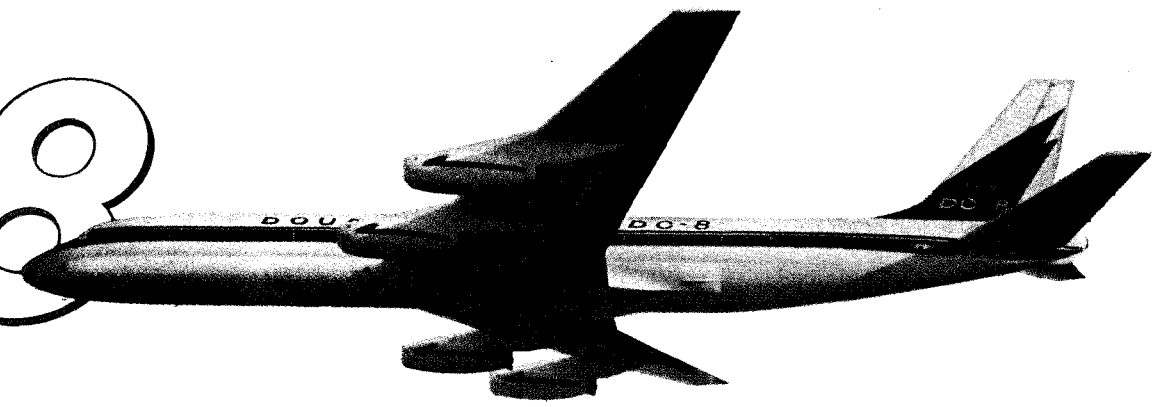
DOUGLAS DC-8



Celebrities call it...*(and so will you!)*
"The world's most glamorous jetliner!"

People in the limelight immediately understand the unique appeal of the DC-8 . . . *it has a personality all its own!*

Celebrities appreciate the cheerful décor which lifts the spirits on sight. They enjoy the charming atmosphere of the lounges . . . the luxury of *wide* aisles . . . *large* seats . . . *man-size* windows.

There's so much more the DC-8 offers you in flight. A built-in *table*. Individual reading lights beamed from over your shoulder. Service buttons conveniently located. And that long-famous feature which has made Douglas aircraft the most popular in the world—*peace of mind!*

Make your next flight an experience in gracious living at jet speed. Make a date with DC-8. You'll agree it's the world's most glamorous jetliner!

More airlines choose the DC-8 than any other jetliner: *Alitalia-Linee Aeree Italiane • Canadian Pacific Airlines Delta Air Lines • Eastern Air Lines • Iberia Airlines of Spain • Japan Air Lines • KLM Royal Dutch Airlines National Airlines • Northwest Orient Airlines Olympic Airways • Panagra • Panair Do Brasil • Pan American World Airways • Philippine Air Lines • SAS—Scandinavian Airlines System • Swissair • Trans-Canada Air Lines • Transports Aeriens Intercontinentaux Union Aeromaritime De Transport • United Air Lines*

The DC-8 surrounds you with luxury even high in the skies!

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Remarkable New Blade Scores A Terrific Hit!

WE made some strong promises when we introduced the new Gillette *Super* Blue Blade a few weeks ago but the wave of enthusiastic approval coming from men everywhere tells us the new *Super* Blue Blade has made good in every way.

In its first few weeks the performance of the new *Super* Blue Blade has caused more okay talk than any other product ever to hit the shaving world.

Many users say shaving is so effortless it actually feels as though there is no blade in the razor.

This new Gillette *Super* Blue Blade is now delivering almost unbelievable shaving ease and comfort *even to men with the toughest beards and the tenderest skin*.

And men with average beards have discovered the new Gillette *Super* Blue Blade brings a degree of shaving luxury they never dreamed possible.

Now most retailers have the new Gillette *Super* Blue Blade in stock. A dispenser of 10 costs 69¢. The new *Super* Blue Blade is also packed in the new Adjustable Razor set at $1.95.

Remember it is unconditionally guaranteed to give you the easiest and cleanest shaves you ever had *no matter what shaving method you have used in the past!* And this new blade is precision engineered to fit exactly all Gillette Razors.

No words can tell you how fine this new Gillette *Super* Blue Blade is. You'll have to use it to believe it. So if your retailer is out of stock, write The Gillette Co., P.O. Box No. 830, Boston, Mass., and we will send you two trial blades without charge.

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nobody likes you like Chevrolet

(and how this superlative '60 shows it!)

Nowhere will you find another car that caters to your driving wants like this one. That's because nobody else has gone to such lengths to find out what you want, and to give it to you. Eighteen sizzlin' new models for '60—every one with Safety Plate Glass all around, crank-operated ventipanes and a degree of comfort you'd expect only on the most expensive makes. Once you've picked out your favorite, give it a good leisurely going over and notice all the extra ways Chevy tries to please you (without once forgetting your budget):

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Roomier Body by Fisher *with a lower, narrower transmission tunnel that gives you more foot room.*

Pride-pleasing style (*you'll like the way it combines good looks with good sense—take a look at that easier-to-load vacation-sized trunk, for instance*).

New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 (*makes friends fast by getting up to 10% more miles on a gallon of regular—yet gives you the "git" Chevy's famous for*).

Widest choice of engines and transmissions (*24 combinations in all—with output all the way to 335 h.p. to satisfy the most finicky driver*).

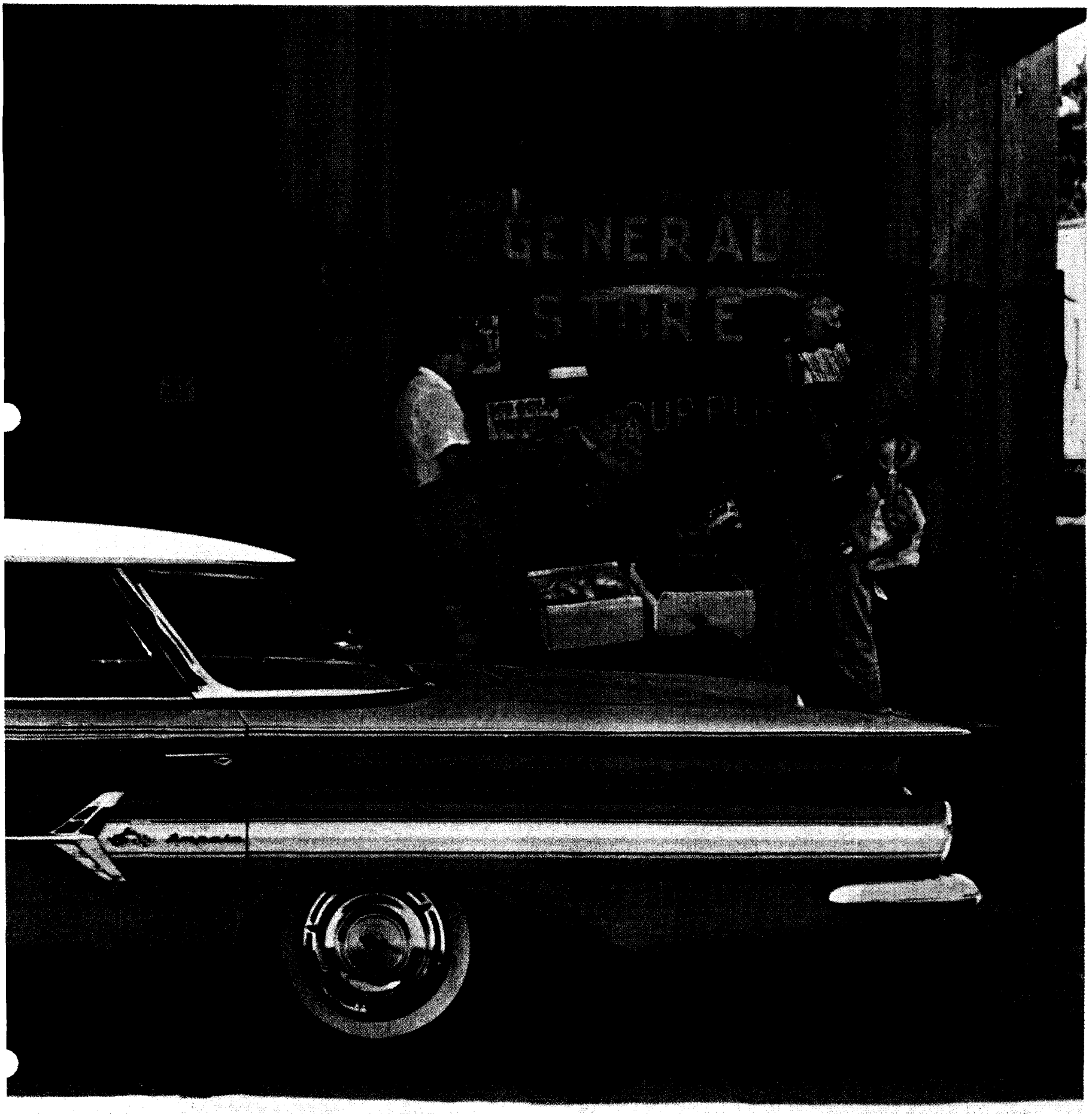
Hi-Thrift 6 (*savin'est six in any full-size car—built with Chevy's ever-faithful dependability*).

Coil springs at all 4 wheels (*with the extra cushioning of new body mounts, here's the ride that almost lets you forget there's a road under you*).

Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes (*surer stops with less pedal pressure—another important reason Chevy's the kind of friend you can count on*).

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



:here's nothing like a new car—and no new car like a Chevrolet. The Impala 4-Door Sport Sedan.

See The Dinah Shore Chevy Show Sunday, NBC-TV—The Pat Boone Chevy Showroom weekly, ABC-TV

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So easy to care for! This charming colonial floor in long-wearing tile!

Doesn't your bedroom deserve it? This bedroom floor has been entirely created in Kentile® Vinyl Asbestos Tile. You can get the same effect using Kentile Asphalt or Solid Vinyl Tile.

SURPRISINGLY ECONOMICAL! This Kentile Vinyl Asbestos Tile Floor is so practical. Because it's Vinyl, it cleans like a breeze, won't burn . . . is greaseproof, too. Because it's tile, it costs less to have installed than flooring in rolls. Ready for a life of ease? Your Kentile Dealer can be found in the Yellow Pages.

Save extra dollars. Install this floor yourself. It's easy . . . even over old linoleum. Your dealer will tell you how.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

THE BIG COUNT

Next month Federal census takers will track down 180,000,000 Americans. Here are some of the questions you will be required to answer.

By EVAN HILL For the last several months a twisted character who identifies himself as "Mr. Williams, a census taker," has been telephoning housewives in Washington, D.C. His first four or five questions are as righteous—and as right—as the Bureau of the Census itself. But after these, "Mr. Williams" begins asking what indignant Washington housewives call "Kinsey-type questions."

So far this phony census enumerator has eluded police and the possible three-year jail sentence that awaits him, but there will be some relief at census headquarters in Suitland, Maryland, near the outskirts of Washington, D.C., when he no longer can drop dimes into a public telephone.

From one viewpoint Mr. W. and his warped mind are little more than a tiny prickle on the cocklebur of human and statistical problems facing the United States Bureau of the Census as it prepares to take the Eighteenth Decennial Census of Population and Housing, the largest enumeration in the nation's history.

But in another perspective, those phone calls require attention. Beginning April first, 160,000 legitimate census takers—easily identified by three-color credentials pinned to their coats and by a ten-pound portfolio of forms carried in their arms—will search for an expected 180,000,000 Americans in the fifty states, the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, and the possessions of the United States. During such a huge and important human inventory the irrational antics of Mr. Williams can hardly be brushed aside as the acts of a buffoon, for they can affect the confidence and cooperation of many Americans.

In other years less unpleasant incidents have wasted thousands of tax dollars while census officials convinced some petulant Americans that census information about individuals is indeed sacred and cannot be obtained by anyone—in Government or out—and that the Census Bureau converts man into a statistic, one of the most valuable, yet perishable, commodities in a world that needs information almost as much as it needs air.

In 1940, for example, the first year a question was asked about income, housewives in Olean, New York, threatened to use brooms on the census takers rather than "reveal their personal affairs"; Arthur Krock of *The New York Times* wrote about "the inalienable right to refuse to answer"; and the late Sen. Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire attacked the question in the Senate.

Ten years later a group of Southern Illinois farmers—already angry with the Department of Agriculture for measuring their cropland—warned all Federal officers to stay away. They and the housewives co-operated finally, after the need for the information and the secrecy in which it would be held were explained to them. As Dr. Robert W. Burgess, director of the Bureau of the Census, told a congressional committee last year, "The loss of the questions on income would be very serious, because we would be deprived of any satisfactory classification of the population by economic level or current purchasing power."

There have been times when public pressure has kept questions completely out of the census and has deprived us of valuable information about ourselves. This has been the case with "What is your religion?" Certain (Continued on Page 101)

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Are Electric Cars Coming Back?

By J. C. FURNAS

New developments, taking advantage of the old-fashioned electric's renowned reliability and economical operation, may bring about a revival of an automotive museum piece.

Hastings, Mich.: This is the 1915 Milburn electric which Mrs. Harold L. Phillips (far side, rear seat) got as a Christmas present from her husband five years ago. Keeping its batteries charged costs only $2 a month.

One evening last August Jack Paar's television audience heard him stray into the subject of back-to-yesterday trends in automobiles—less horsepower, shorter wheel base. . . . "Maybe electrics will come back," he said dreamily. "Remember the old square jobs, with the flower in the little vase?"

Production of "the old square jobs" ceased thirty years ago, and no one expects their return. Like the Stanley Steamer, they lost out to the gasoline engine. The steamers are gone for good, but electrics are coming back, in a variety of forms. With streamlined bodies and updated innards, new electric trucks and passenger cars are rolling now in Atlantic City, Lansing, Detroit, Cleveland and Spokane, and in several towns in France and England.

So far, all the electrics are being manufactured by small firms in small quantities. The big automobile companies, armed with research data on every imaginable power source—solar, atomic, gas turbine, you name it—still prefer the internal-combustion engine. But battery manufacturers and electric-power companies, eager to expand sales, are taking this projected revival seriously.

Most of the experimental electrics are good-looking on the outside, pretty crude inside. I have driven two experimental models. They were silent, of course, and they handled well. My wife tried them too—and got an I'd-like-one look in her eye. If we lived in a city or suburb, instead of far out in the country, she'd have a case. Trouble is, these cars run only eighty miles or so on a fresh battery charge, so they won't do for long trips. But for in-town use by a two-car family they are unbeatable on several counts.

Fifty-odd years ago, Thomas A. Edison thought electricity better than gasoline for powering automobiles, and he wasn't entirely wrong. Electrics have never become quite extinct. Some of the vintage electric trucks which are still in use were built before World War I. In fact, the durability of the old-timers is one reason why enthusiasts predict a comeback.

The year 1930 saw the end of manufacture of the ladies' electrics of Jack Paar's memories—decorously silent, glittering with plate glass, costing thousands in a day when dollars were way uptown, they were finally smothered when emergence of the self-starter made gas cars practical for women drivers. But Miss May C. Quinby of East Cleveland, Ohio, still glides elegantly round in her 1918 Rauch-Lang electric. Years ago, when she tried driving a conventional car, she felt "like a cat in a strange attic."

"I just wish there were more electrics on the streets," she says, "so mine wouldn't be so stared at."

Mrs. Ernest I. Lloyd of Ann Arbor, Michigan, still uses a Rauch-Lang that she acquired in 1914. It recharges at a wall outlet in her garage. The batteries cost $700 to replace, but they last six years or so. Jacob de Korse, retired tool-and-die maker of Detroit, yearned for an electric as a boy, but his family never bought one. Now he owns three. His 1906 Waverly and 1915 Milburn are kept as pets, but his 1922 Detroit Electric is in regular use as a cheap-to-run second car. Museums cherish some surviving electrics. Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Michigan, has a dozen and uses one of them to take VIP's round in archaic style.

The significance of these grand old buggies is economic as well (Continued on Page 56)

Left: Walter S. Thomas, head of the Cleveland Vehicle Company, likes to startle service-station attendants by driving up in his battery-powered Rambler. Right: Thomas and engineer Richard Dunker inspecting the battery compartment of a pilot-model electric truck designed for milk delivery.

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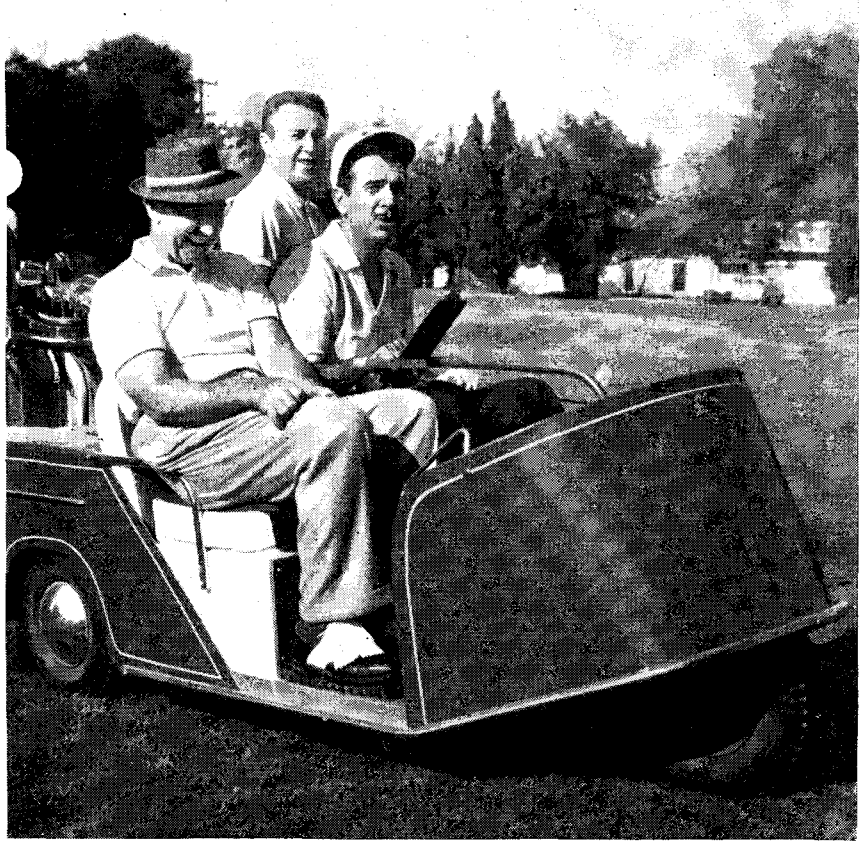
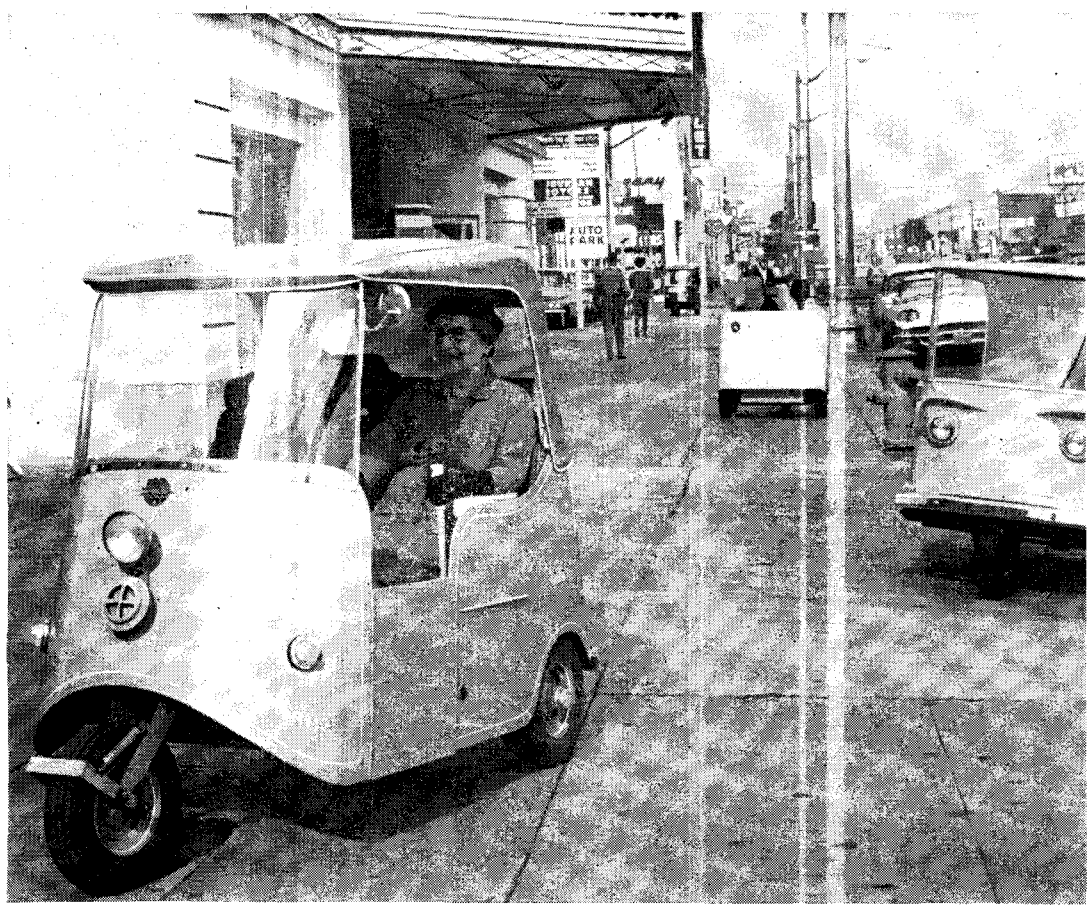
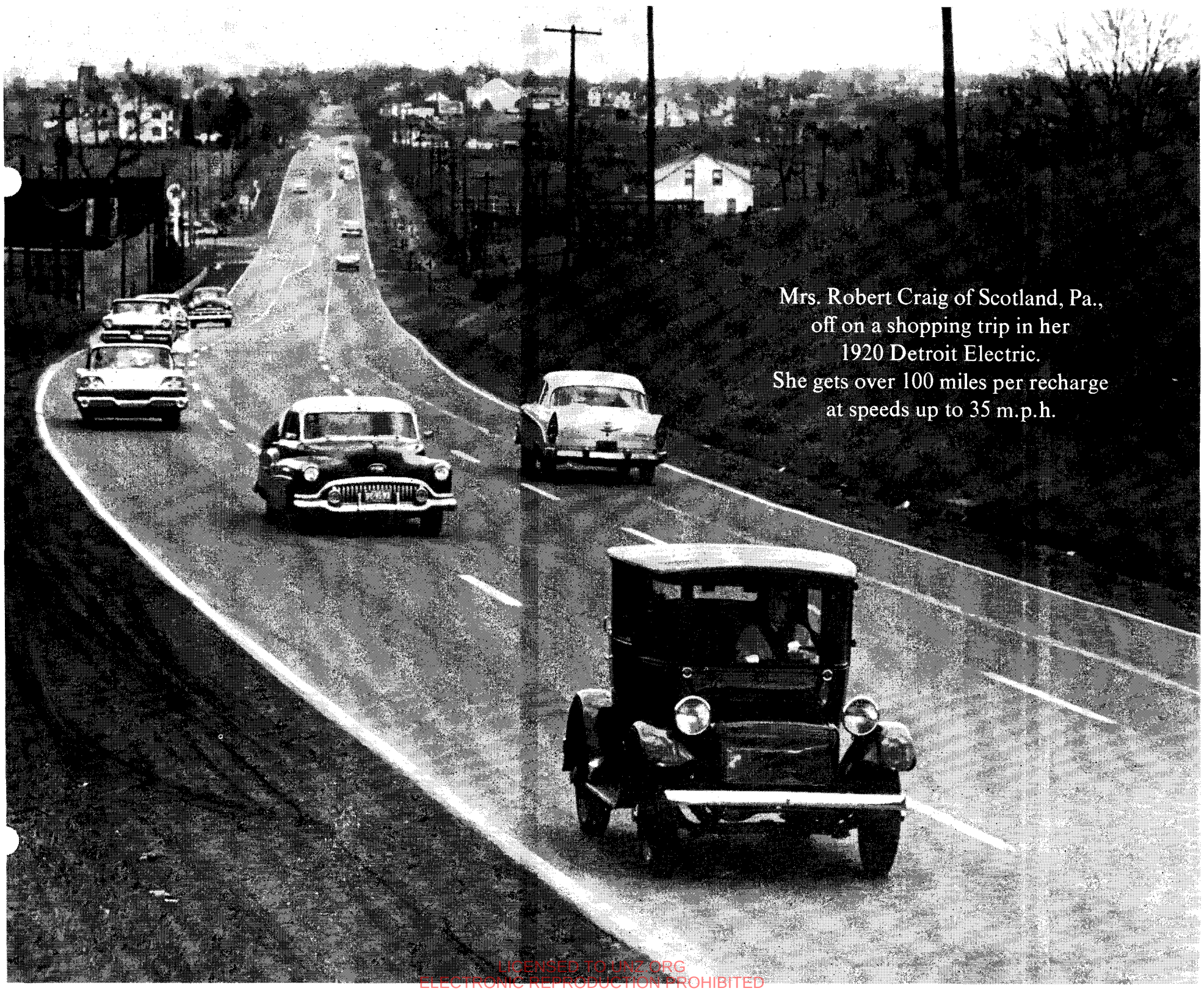


TV's Tennessee Ernie Ford, at tiller, with comedian George Gobel (rear) and singer Curt Massey in an electric golf cart at Burbank, Calif.



In Long Beach, Calif., the streets and sidewalks swarm with more than 4000 electric go-buggies. These elaborate versions of the golf cart are said to be ideal for errands.



Mrs. Robert Craig of Scotland, Pa.,
off on a shopping trip in her
1920 Detroit Electric.
She gets over 100 miles per recharge
at speeds up to 35 m.p.h.

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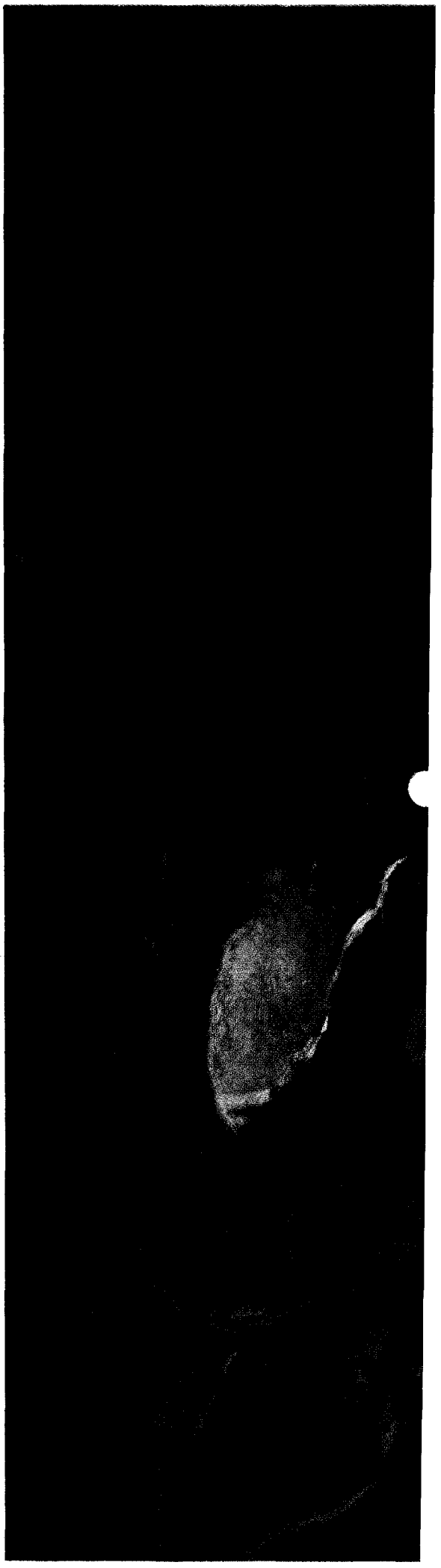
NIGHT OF VENGEANCE

This is what it was like when the galley slaves rose against their masters.

By PAUL DARCY BOLES



Below decks in the second bank of rowers we knew we had been in a battle—and a storm following battle; yet that was all we knew. And who keeps count of battles? Or storms?

The life is that of an animal chained to a post. I, Voldi, must have been a useful animal. For I had lived, I had survived. By the calculations in my head—though sometimes they went wrong—I thought I had been a galley rower for almost a year.

As I say, it is hard keeping tally. At first when you are flung below and they lock the circles of iron around your wrists there is still pride. The pride of knowing your name, where you came from. The pride of remembering how a girl's face looked and the wine jars smelled and the dust of the road moved in the sunlight. When the pride begins to go a different desperation sets in. I have no words to tell of that other terror. Those who have been in the galleys know what truth I speak.

Oh, at first, like all the rest, I had cherished notions of escape. For the galley in which I served was not unusual. It was designed for fighting and that alone; as we Greeks had first designed such galleys for Salamis—and Salamis was 480 years before. It was a vessel of war, slim and long. Below it was packed with rowers. The light upper deck held the soldiery. They had their shields, their bows and arrows, their spears—they had their kind of freedom. When the engagements came, no matter how close to death and complete madness you might be in the rowing banks, there was the chance, small but beautiful, of possible escape.

There were stories of such escape. The old man, the one we called the Bear—gods, he was full of stories! He sat ahead of me in my rowing bank. We were two of fifty-two men on that tier. In the mornings when the first light stole over the water and touched the dark wooden rim of the rowing port beside him I could always see first of all his shoulders, which were enormous; his long, thick hair, grizzled like a great bear's pelt; the way his huge head sat on the column of his neck. If it was a time when the drumbeats of the timekeepers in the bow had slackened to a slow pulsing count or nearly died out, we would talk a little. The timekeepers, who beat out on their heavy-skinned drums the rhythm of the strokes, were called the duumvir. I have thought that they were only men performing their given task. Yet to me it was the concentration of all evil. The very name, duumvir, is Roman; oh, yes, they had adopted our Greek ships, our ways of fighting, our certain wisdom. In the old days it was Themistocles the Athenian who had placed faith in the wooden walls of our triremes and who had magnificently defeated the Persians and all of Xerxes' might at Salamis! But now we had worse than a Persian fleet to conquer. Now we were slaves.

So, when I heard those strokes of the duumvir's mallets on their drums, my teeth would grind together as though I had already gone mad. It was (Continued on Page 49)

Illustrated by Ben Stahl

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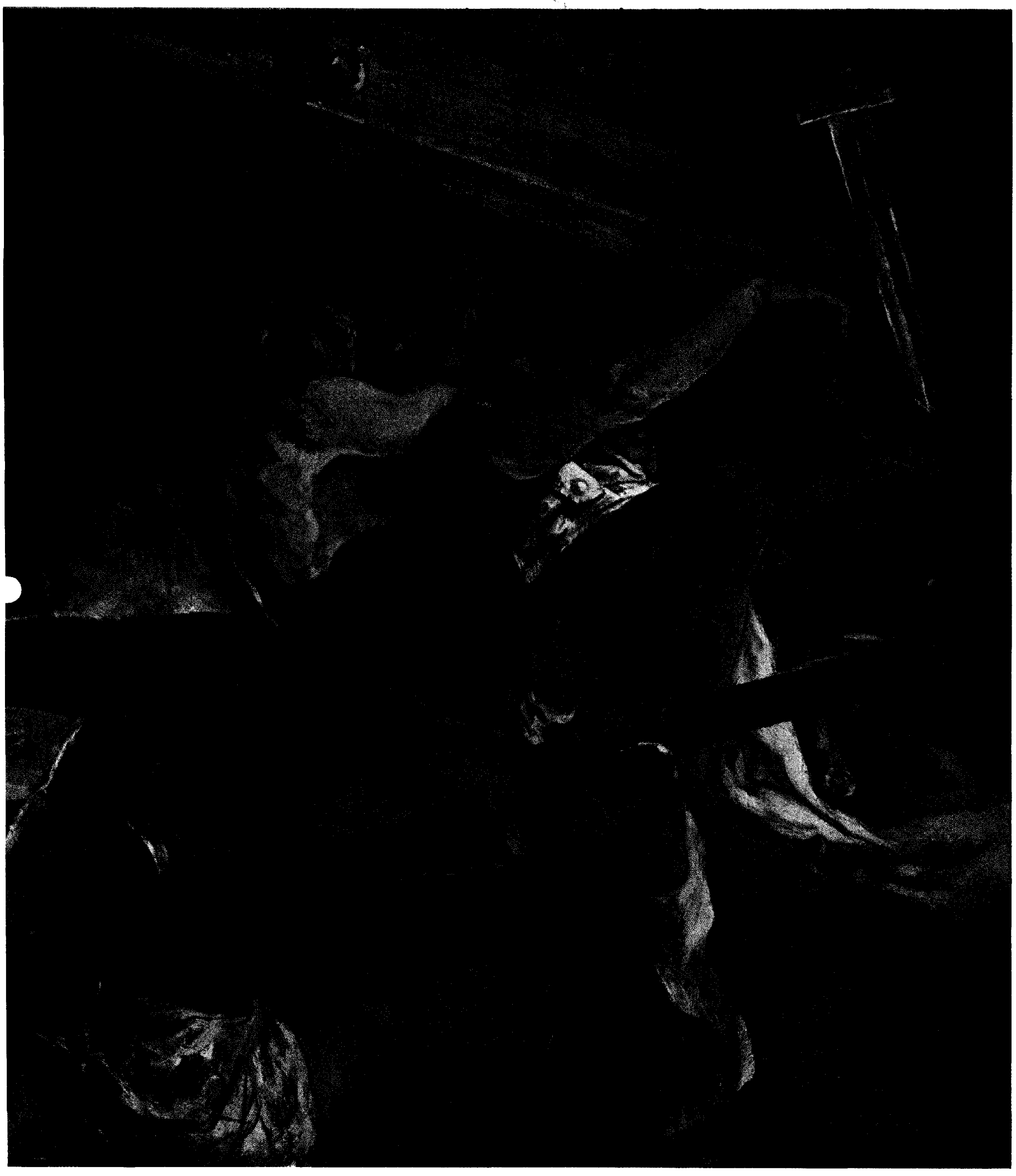

The Bear reached for the overseer and strangled him with his forearms.

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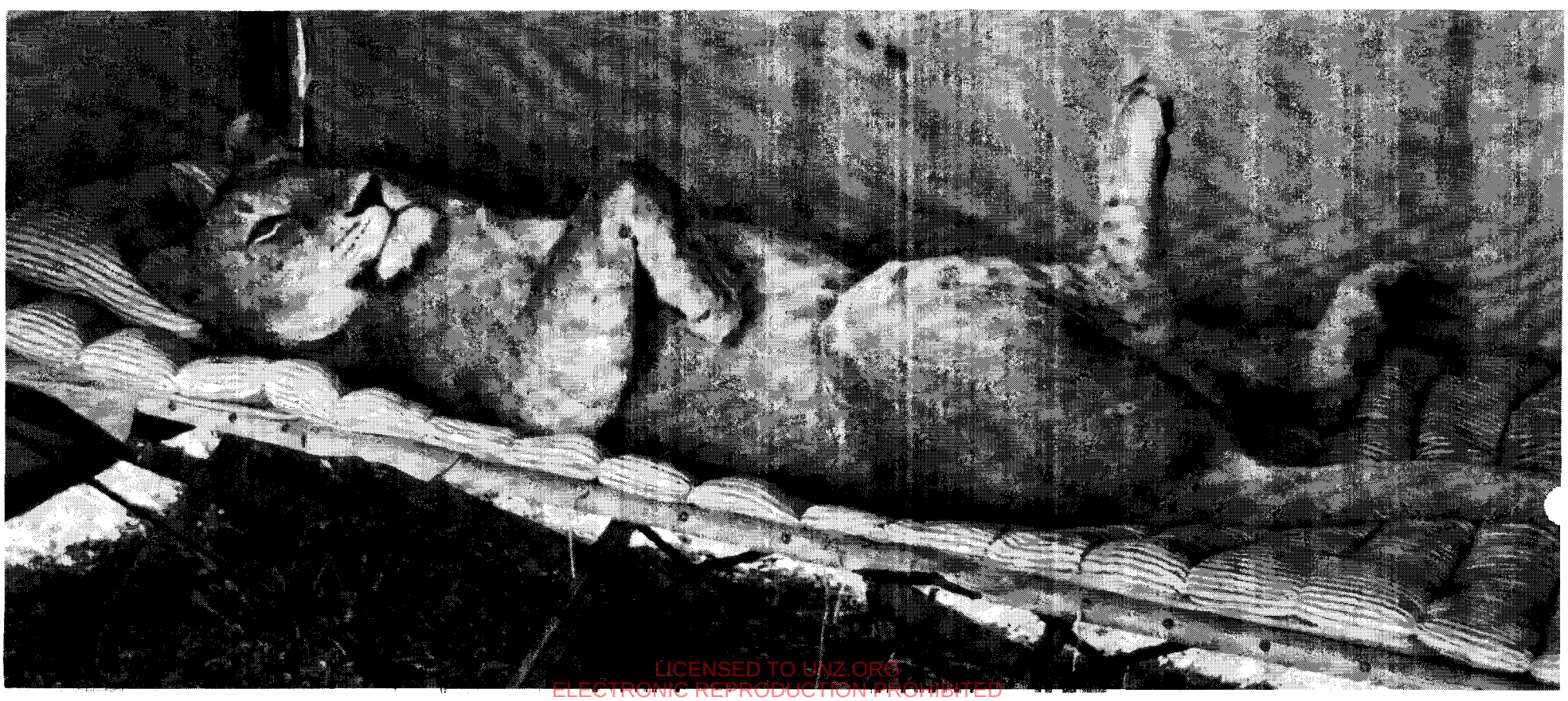
Elsa and Joy. "We never used force or frustration. We tried by kindness alone to help Elsa to overcome the differences between our two worlds."

A POST PICTURE STORY ● COMPLETE ON FOUR PAGES

The Lady and the Lion

© 1960 by Joy Adamson

Once Elsa fell ill out in the thornbush and had to be carried home on a camp bed. She liked it so well she refused to get up until Joy rolled her off.



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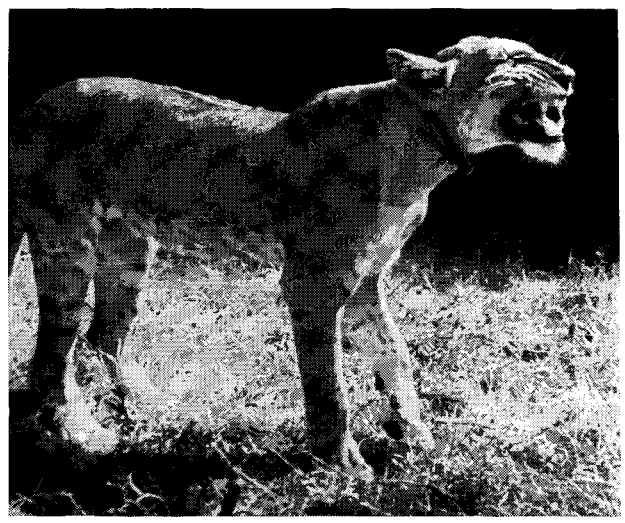
Elsa and her sisters, The Big One and Lustica—The Jolly One. The cubs were bottle-fed for more than three months, but even from infancy they were by nature housebroken.

Elsa asleep with her toys at the age of seven weeks. She was the smallest of the three, but by far the pluckiest in spirit.



The toothy expression indicates neither laughter nor belligerence; it is merely the way she looks when a new scent comes her way.

The long history of the relationship between man and beast records no case more astonishing than that of Joy Adamson and her good friend Elsa, an African lioness. Elsa, a wild lion which freely prowls the thornbush of equatorial Kenya, may be living proof that the fabled tale of Androcles and the grateful lion is not so legendary as we commonly think it. The extraordinary pictures on these and the next two pages, taken from Mrs. Adamson's book, *Born Free*, to be published next week by the Collins and Harvill Press of London, are in one sense misleading—Elsa looks a good deal like an outsize domestic cat or a Peter Pan lion that would be a good pet for the children. The fact is that if a stranger stretched out a hand to Elsa with any of the confident condescension that is the usual human approach to house tabbies, he'd probably lose an arm.

Mrs. Adamson's home is in East Africa, where her husband is a senior game warden. Four years ago, while accompanying him on a hunt for a man-eating lion (to kill such predators is one of George Adamson's jobs), she became foster mother to three orphaned lion cubs. The hunters had been forced to kill their mother—who was innocent of man-eating—when she had charged them unexpectedly. Two of the cubs were shipped to the Rotterdam-Blydorp Zoo in Holland. The third, Elsa, runt of the litter, remained with the Adamsons to be bottle-fed and raised with loving care.

Back at the Adamsons' headquarters, the Kenya "township" of Isiolo (white population, thirty), Elsa became Joy's constant companion. Next to Joy, George was Elsa's favorite human animal; after him came Nuru, a young Somali who had been a garden boy for the Adamsons but had graduated to become lionkeeper in chief. A great deal of George's life is spent on safari in line of duty, and since the Adamsons are childless, Joy frequently accompanies him to remote areas. Elsa, too, learned to be as much at home on the trail as she was in Isiolo. She found the canvas top of the Landrover—a rugged British car similar to the American Jeep—a comfortable place to ride. She soon stove in the car's roof, and George had to repair it, adding extra supports and canvas.

When Elsa was a year old, the Adamsons took her on vacation to a village on the Indian Ocean coast of Africa. She turned out to be a water lover and a natural swimmer. She especially enjoyed the beach and wrestling games with Joy in the shallow surf. Curiously, Elsa hated having her picture taken, and the Adamson camera was frequently endangered by her powerful paws. By this time she weighed nearly 200 pounds, but was far from fully grown.

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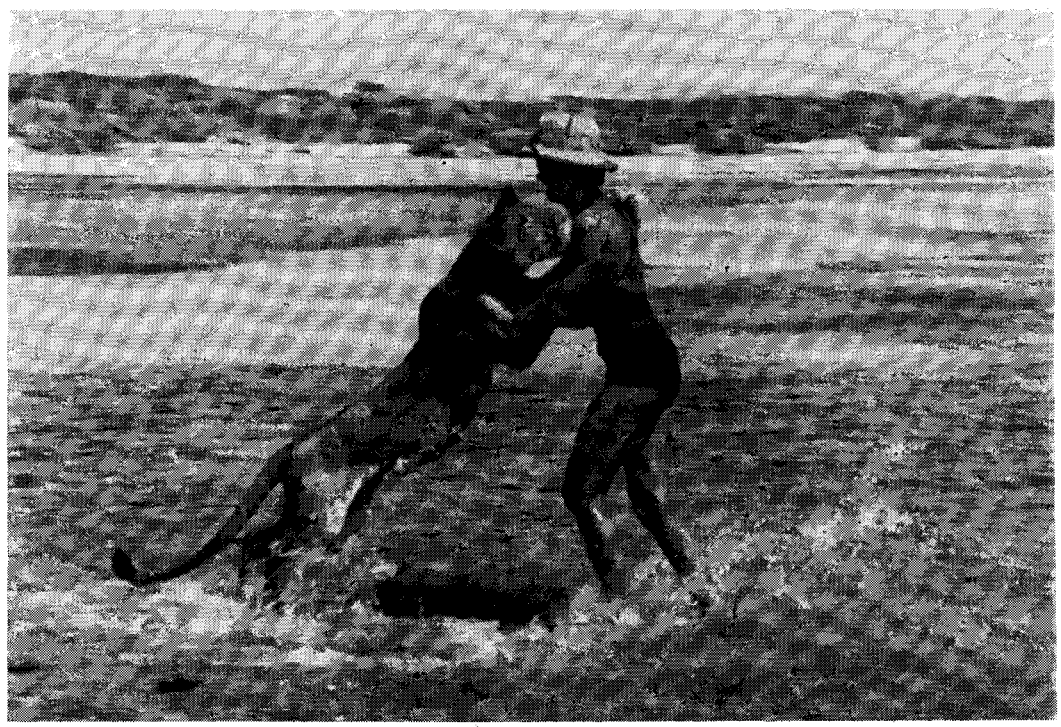

When introduced to the ocean, Elsa soon became an experienced ducker and splasher.

For short distances Elsa preferred to ride on the Landrover. Ultimately her weight and claws became too much for the faithful car, and George had to buy a new one.

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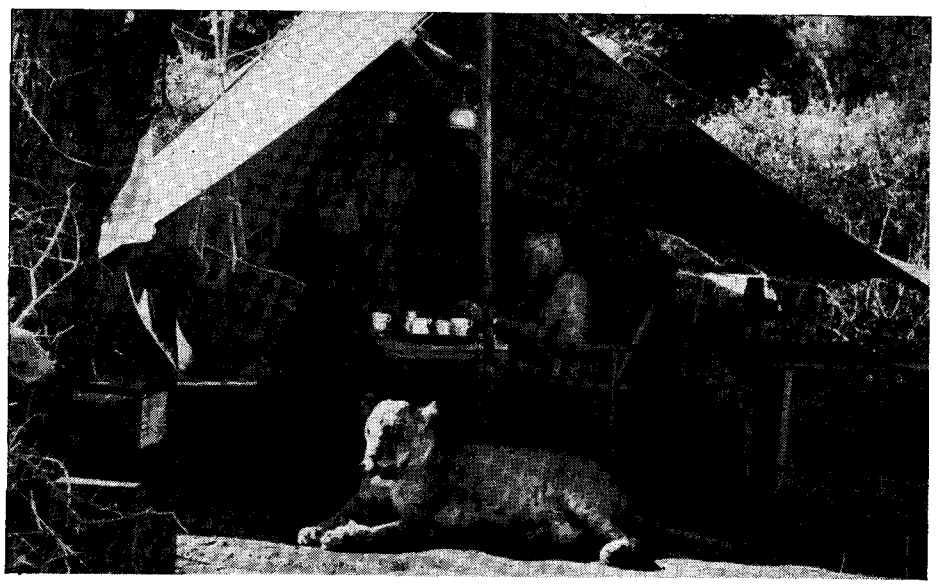

Elsa in camp, with George at tea. When strange visitors happened to call on the Adamsons, it was often understandably difficult to persuade them to get out of their automobiles.

She was not afraid of the sound of a gunshot. She loved retrieving and became the first known retrieving lion since the days of the ancient Assyrians.

On safari Elsa usually slept beside George for the midday rest. Sometimes she preferred to curl up in Joy's bed—and occasionally stretch out at full length.

Although a fully wild lion, who had never known nets or cages, half-grown Elsa was dependent on her human friends for food. In this sense she was retarded, for she had never run with a pride, to feed on the leftovers from the grown lions' kills and, by emulation, herself to learn to kill. Joy Adamson, as foster mother to Elsa, felt obliged to teach her the facts of leonine life. This became increasingly urgent as Elsa reached the age of two and became aware that there were lions of the opposite sex. The Adamsons realized that, if ever Elsa was to take her place in the society of lions at large, she must learn not to depend on human beings. One night Elsa stayed out very late, having joined a pride near Isiolo. Ignorant of lion etiquette, she was nearly attacked by a jealous female and was saved only by George, who drove the strange lions off with warning shots. Joy concluded sadly that it was later than she had thought.

"To know we were responsible for such a proud animal, who had no other creature to satisfy her need for affection, attached us more deeply to her."

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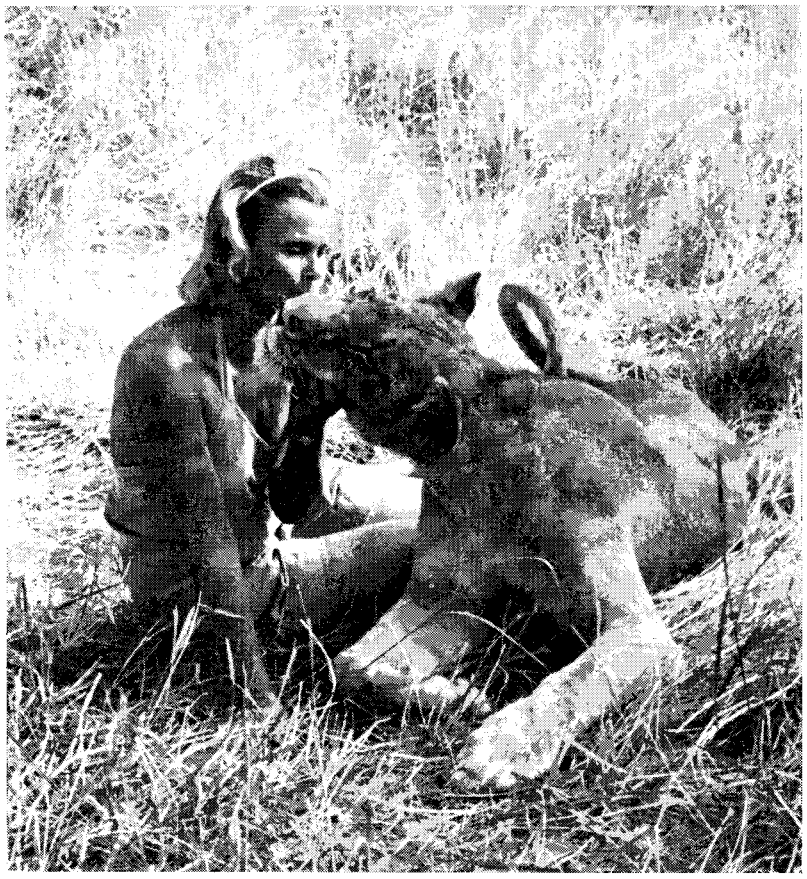


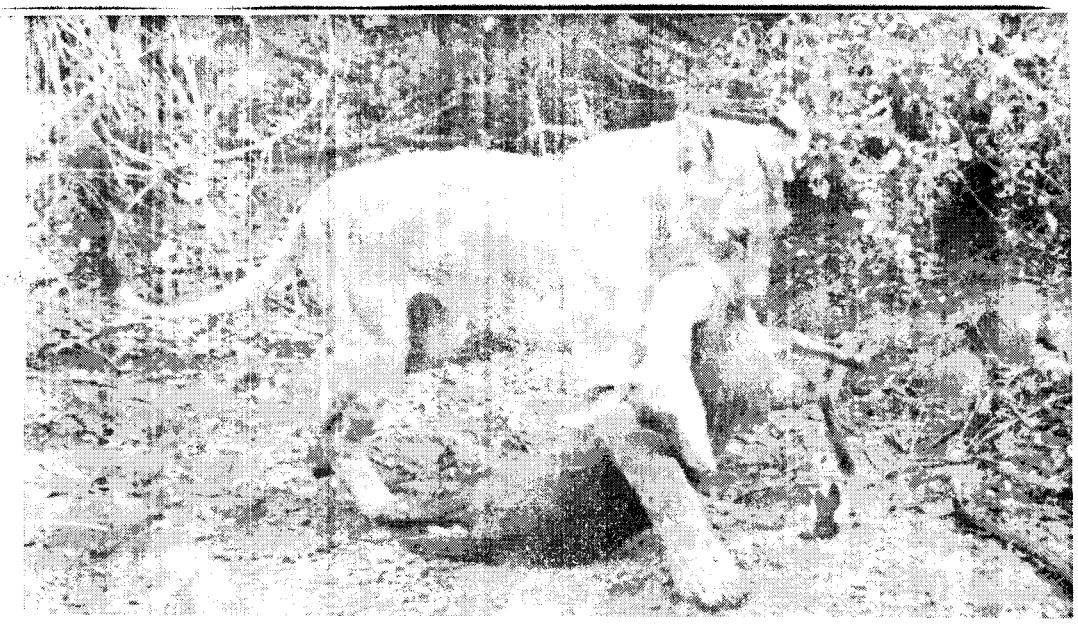
Elsa took great comfort in sucking Joy's thumb, even long after she passed beyond the cub stage. But she also took great delight in terrifying guests.

Weaning Elsa from a pampered, civilized life was difficult. It took weeks of preparation, and the first attempt at release was a total failure. George chose a sparsely settled region about 350 miles from Isiolo; the climate did not suit Elsa, who became seriously ill. Furthermore she made no attempt to kill for herself. The Adamsons took a forlorn Elsa back into their camp and trekked to another location more than 400 miles away, but close to Elsa's birthplace.

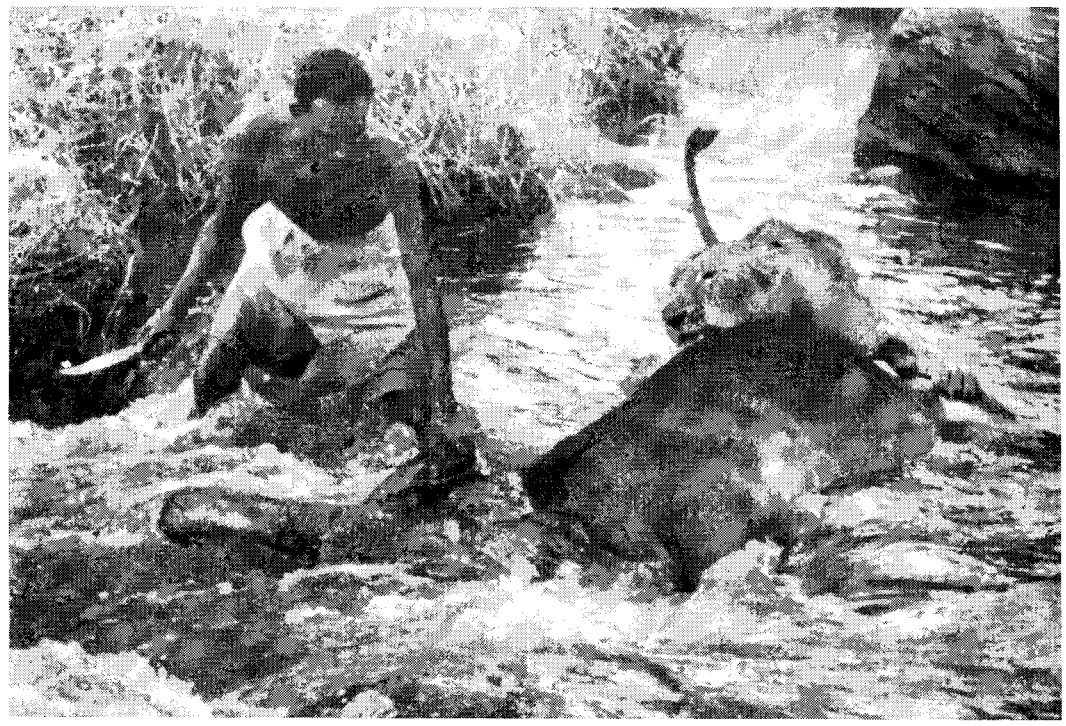
The new location proved a better choice. Elsa's health improved, and she gradually learned to kill—by administering the *coup de grâce* to animals brought down by George's rifle. By the moon-struck behavior she exhibited, and by checking her tracks during absence from camp, George and Joy deduced she was keeping company with a young male lion. This romantic escapade gave Elsa more confidence, but she still spent much time in camp, often lolling on a cot. The Adamsons deliberately broke camp, abandoning Elsa for a week. Upon return they discovered that she had learned to kill independently—at least small animals, such as monkeys. Elsa soon proved she could kill large game too. She attacked a full-grown buffalo in a stream, and in this case it was George who gave the beast a merciful *coup de grâce*. Nuru, the Mohammedan Somali, also saw visions of buffalo steak; his religion required the animal's throat to be cut before it died. Nuru, in his eagerness, rushed to the lion's kill and cut the buffalo's throat while Elsa still clutched the warm and bloody body. She growled, but did not attack—"an astonishing tribute," says Lord William Percy, celebrated zoologist, "no less to her intelligence than to her self-control."

Wistfully, but with easy minds, the Adamsons left Elsa to her wild home, after three years of life with human beings. It would have been only natural for Elsa to have turned completely to savagery, but this was by no means the case. Joy Adamson went to England early last year to arrange for publication of her book. She did not return to Kenya until July. She and George immediately proceeded to Elsa's lair. Within twenty minutes, Elsa appeared, to greet her friend Joy with an affectionate, 300-pound lion hug. The lioness, freeborn carnivore and savage predator, had not forgotten the love she had received during her sojourn with humankind. THE END

Right: Joy's return to Kenya. "Suddenly she saw me—then, with claws well tucked in, she used her 300 pounds to bowl me over and began to play."



Learning to kill: This buck was brought down by a bullet from George's rifle. Elsa always took such game into some nearby stream and there happily played with it before eating.



Her own kill: This picture shows Elsa on the buffalo, watching Nuru about to cut the animal's throat. For a few moments the Adamsons thought she might attack the native.

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LEFT: Loper in the living room at his Beverly Hills home, which he furnished and decorated at a cost of more than $200,000. "I design simple, understated clothes," he says, "because I believe attention should be focused on a woman's face and personality." **ABOVE:** His *Stratford*, a daytime ensemble of Bengal-wool-fleece coat, with matching tissue-wool lining and dress. **RIGHT:** Loper giving a final fitting to film actress Barbara Rush. Her *Claridge* gown is made of moonlight-blue embroidered black lace over blue and black net. **BELOW:** Loper's *Winterset*, an evening costume of green re-embroidered lace on satin.

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California's Arrogant Couturier

By STANLEY FRANK

As dress designer for some of Hollywood's top stars, Don Loper advocates simple but expensive elegance. He loves extravagance—and thinks the French have bad taste.

Hollywood's efforts to recapture the aura of glamour that was its stock-in-trade before television cast a pall over the movie industry have produced a more amusing comedy of manners than audiences see on the screen. Don Loper, a former dancer who now designs clothes for the most fashionable film queens, gets top billing among the town's sophisticated stylists—with a reverse twist. He cuts a more elegant figure than the stars who pay through their handsome, capped teeth for his creations.

This is a neater trick than converting burlap into silk, for Loper's customers include Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Lana Turner, Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers and Esther Williams. It seems preposterous to suggest that a fifty-two-year-old man can steal the show from such decorative competitors. Loper, however, is a throwback to the flamboyant period in never-never land when a limousine with leopard-skin upholstery was a star's second car. Now, with movie notables caught in a squeeze between high taxes and low-production schedules, Loper's extravagance is as conspicuous as a clean white shirt in a beatnik joint.

The fancy front Loper puts on, exploits all the chi-chi facets of his success in three artistic fields—as a *couturier*, dancer and interior decorator. It is an invaluable trade-mark, he admits, in promoting his ready-to-wear women's clothes and a line of men's accessories which gross $15,000,000 a year. The elaborate refinements he cultivates appear to be affectations, but basically they are exercises in doing what comes naturally.

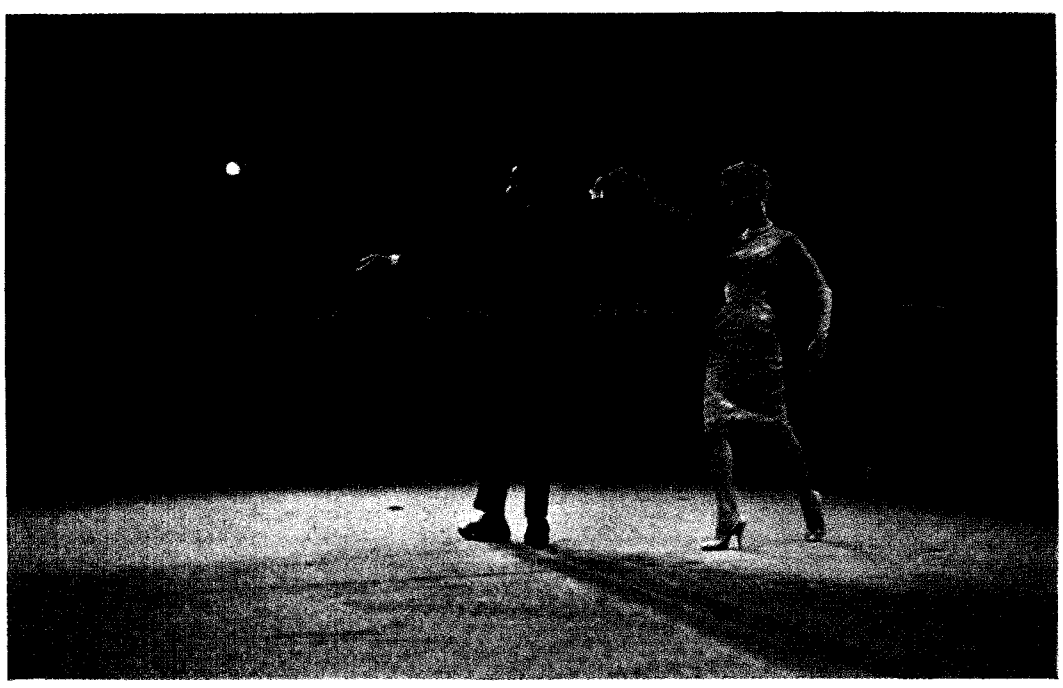
"Money isn't essential to express a sense of style," he says blandly. "You can be classy in an attic with a rose in a pickle jar and a good bottle of wine. It helps, of course," he adds thoughtfully, "to have money. A lot of it."

Loper knows of charming attics only from hearsay. He always has been able to indulge his expensive tastes. His father, who owned the leading fashion salon in Toledo, Ohio, came from a long line of wealthy Dutch diamond dealers and a titled Portuguese Sephardic family with extensive real-estate holdings. Loper, a bachelor since his third divorce in 1938, has been earning between $50,000 and $175,000 annually for the last twenty years, and a good part of it has gone into a home that is regarded as the most beautifully furnished in Beverly Hills. Although well known as an interior decorator Loper doesn't ordinarily do homes. "My time is too valuable to track down a doorknob or an end table that goes with a chair. I concentrate on big hotel jobs," he declares, mentioning the Beverly Hills, the new Beverly Hilton in Los Angeles, and the Roney Plaza in Miami Beach as examples. But he decorated his own two-bedroom house as though he were getting his customary 20 per cent commission from a client on the $200,000 spent for Regency furniture and antique silver, china and crystal. A less imposing place would be a shabby setting for the master.

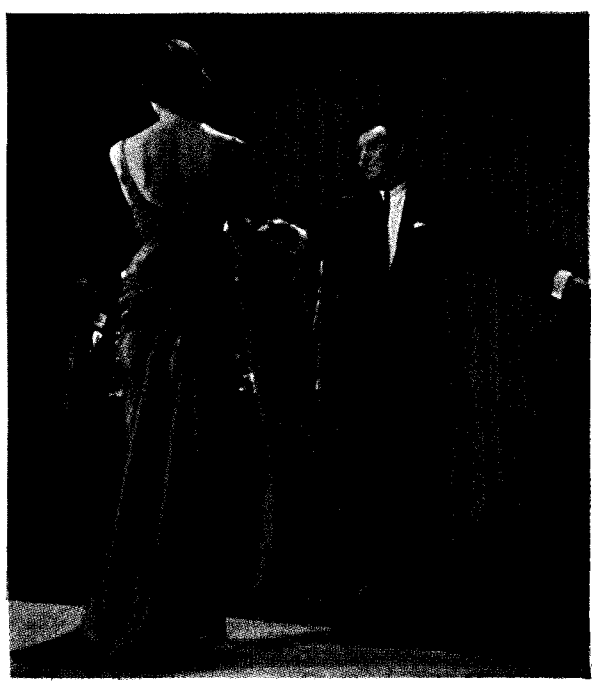
An observer once described Loper as a guy training to understudy Cary Grant in a remake of *Beau Brummell*. He addresses all men—friends, business associates, waiters, clerks—as "milord" and wears clothes reminiscent of the turn of the

(Continued on Page 75)

Photographs by C. Robert Lee



A onetime Broadway dancer and ballroom performer, Loper has taught his models to dance with him at fashion shows. His partner above, at the Beverly Hilton, is wearing his *Mirabelle* dinner dress.



"French designers are the world's most overrated hacks," says Loper, here showing his *Coventry* chiffon ball gown.

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"Did you fall?"
she asked, yawning.

Right from the start he knew that this day was going to be a bad one.

MONDAYS ARE MISERABLE

By FREDERICK BORG

In his dream, the same one Eric had been having on and off for the past year, he was a high-ranking officer in an army commanded by a giant tube of tooth paste. Seven feet tall, clad in glistening white with a red screw-on cap instead of a helmet, the dentifrice general stood beside Eric in a forward observation post, surveying the darkened battlefield through binoculars.

"What do you think, Nilsson?"

"I say now, sir."

"So say I." The general glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist watch, then raised his right arm in a sweeping forward motion. "Follow me!"

Behind him and Eric, as they scrambled over the parapet, came their loyal legions—each, like the general, in immaculate white and with a red cap on his head. Miles to the rear, the big guns began opening up, the shells passing overhead with a sound like trains crossing a trestle, then exploding dully behind the enemy lines.

This is it, Eric thought exultantly as he hurdled a crater. After all these years the battle had been joined. Nothing could stop them now —— *Crash!*

A wall of earth rose suddenly just ahead, hung a moment in the outraged air, then lunged at him. Eric tried desperately to avoid it, but he was too late. The last thing he saw was the general staggering back, clutching his heart. The great man was already dead, Eric knew, but his scarlet cap still voiced defiance.

Crash!

Eric cautiously opened one eye, wondering how, buried as he was under tons of earth, he could hear the sounds of war ——

Crash!

Opening the other eye he saw with a shock of relief that he (Continued on Page 63)

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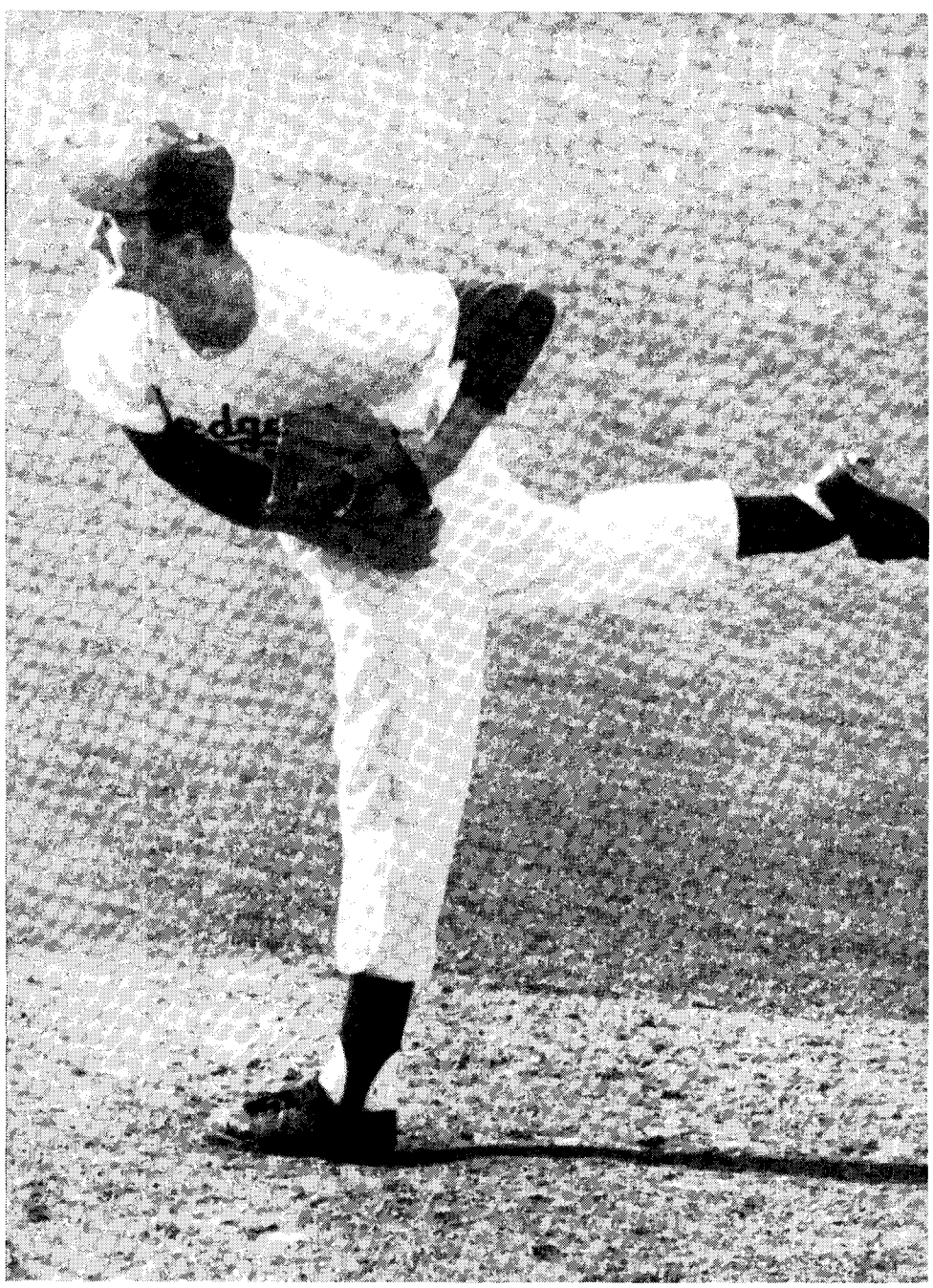
Larry and his wife Sally with their daughter Suzanne, aged 20 months. They live in a two-bedroom furnished apartment in the Cranshaw Village section of Los Angeles.



Sherry against the White Sox in the fourth game of the 1959 World Series. He won, 5–4. Larry pitched in all four victories, was credited with winning two.

The Dodgers' Precocious Pitcher

By Milton Gross

Despite a heroic performance in the 1959 World Series, young Larry Sherry has yet to put in his first full season as a big-leaguer.

In baseball there is a type of pitcher the other ballplayers classify as "hard-nosed." The stock description of such a man is, "He'd throw at his own mother's head to win a ball game." So far no pitcher has had any occasion to demonstrate this, but Larry Sherry, the unexpected hero of the 1959 World Series, has come pretty close to it.

In the training camp of the Los Angeles Dodgers at Vero Beach, Florida, last spring, Larry was being given an opportunity to make the big club, although he had never had a winning minor-league season since entering the Dodgers' farm system in 1953. One day in batting practice his older brother Norman, an aspiring catcher, whacked two successive line drives off Larry. Thereupon Larry sent his brother sprawling into the dirt with a pitch headed directly for Norman's cap.

"Nobody's digging in against me," said Larry. "Even if it's my brother, I'm going to brush him back."

Larry Sherry wound up getting farmed out to St. Paul anyway, but Los Angeles general manager Buzzy Bavasi, who tells this story, says that the episode was remembered when the Dodgers were looking for pitching reinforcements in midseason. Declares Bavasi, "We figured that if Sherry had that kind of determination in spring training, he wouldn't let anything bother him when it really counted."

The Dodgers recalled Sherry in July. Larry was no sensation at first, but the hotter the National League race got, the clearer it became that he was indeed the hard-nosed type. Larry won six games during the regular schedule, and he added a seventh with a remarkable relief job in the first of two play-off victories over the Milwaukee Braves that gave Los Angeles the National League pennant. Sherry took over with one out in the second inning and pitched shutout (Continued on Page 98)

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The World's Toughest Medical Problems

A *Post* editor's firsthand report from the Far East, where American medical teams are helping native doctors and nurses fight disease, poverty and superstition.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER Photographs by the Author

OUR ROVING SCIENCE EDITOR

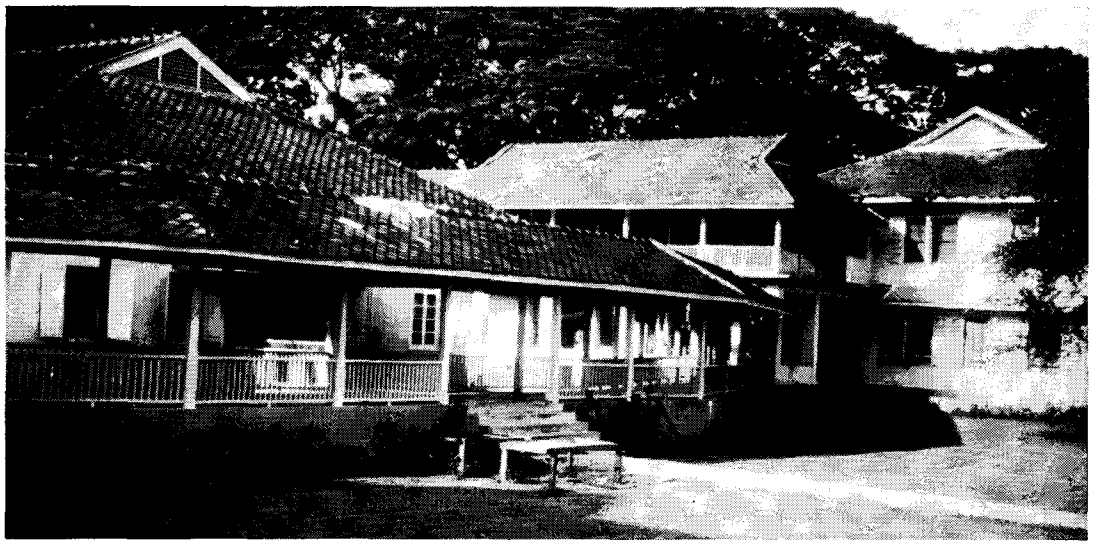
***Post* contributing Editor Steven Spencer gathered material for this article while making a tour of the Far East for the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and its journal, *Presbyterian Life*. The Presbyterians asked Mr. Spencer to make a firsthand inspection of their medical missions in the Orient, and he was given leave from *The Post* for that purpose.**

Improving the health of the underdeveloped countries is a task to which the healthier and wealthier nations have become increasingly committed, spurred on by a sharpened western conscience and a sincere desire to make friends in all corners of the world.

But the goal is not easy to reach. For man's struggle against disease is beset by many barriers, including those of his own making. This is true even here at home, where millions of presumably educated people patronize quacks and peddlers of useless nostrums. It is a much more serious problem where education is hard to get and people are more firmly in the grip of poverty, ancient superstitions and religious taboos.

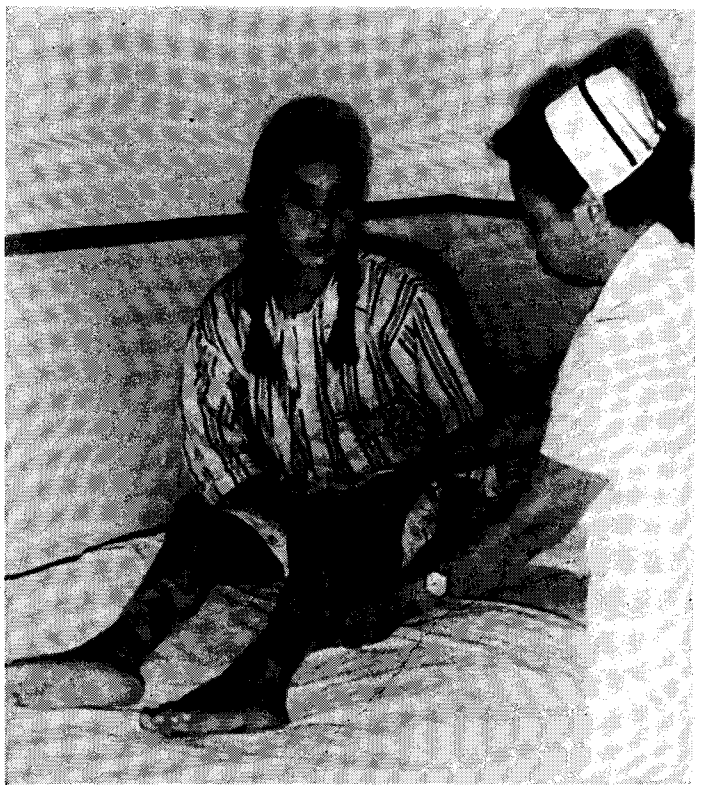
Anyone familiar with world health matters is aware of these obstacles and sees in them the most compelling and exciting challenge facing medicine today. Therefore, when the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. asked my wife and me to take a look at a number of medical missions in Asia, we welcomed the opportunity to tour one of medicine's most important frontiers.

As a science writer who for many years has been reporting the advances of medical research, I was especially eager to see how these contributions were being applied in an area of the world with which we are becoming more deeply involved. The United States Government, through its own aid programs and as the heaviest contributor to the World Health Organization and similar international bodies, is spending many millions to strengthen these Asian countries physically and economically. The President's budget for fiscal 1961 allocates $100,000,000 for health activities in all underdeveloped countries, with a major share for Asia. This is an increase of about $20,000,000 over the previous year. Such aid is considered by many a weapon in the cold war. The missionary groups, however, who accept no United States Government money, regard medical aid as a Christian obligation, and the influence they have exerted in the century and a half since they introduced modern medicine



Thailand: Overbrook, a 35-bed hospital at Chiang Rai, had 2000 inpatients and 8000 outpatients last year.

Below, Dr. Boon Chom Ariwongse, Overbrook Hospital board chairman (holding the X ray), with hospital director Dr. Pipat Trangratapit (center) and at right, Dr. Seri Cholitkul, a resident physician.



Korea: This young woman, patient of Presbyterian Hospital in Taegu, was burned by an explosion in her kitchen.

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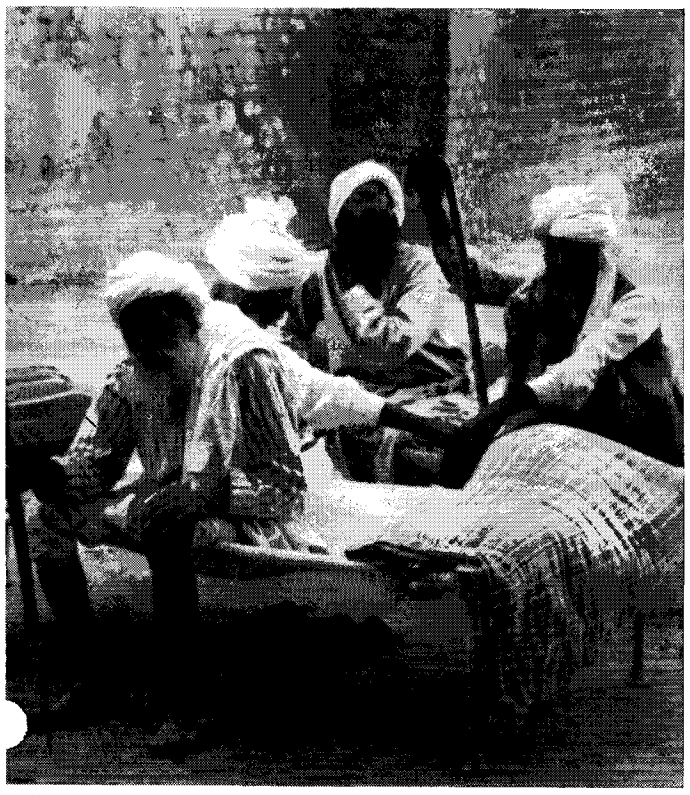
to Asia has prepared the way for present large-scale health programs.

The scope of our six-week tour was not broad enough to produce an exhaustive evaluation of the state of Asia's health. Nor did we have an opportunity to visit the many local government projects. We did, however, get a close look at the major disease problems of Korea, Thailand, India and Pakistan, and at the obstacles that make it so difficult to raise health standards there. We visited several large interdenominational hospitals and medical schools, and the doctors mentioned in this article are of many Christian denominations.

The itinerary of our medical-reporting tour took us first to the green hills and terraced rice fields of Korea, with visits at Seoul, Taejon and Taegu. From there we swung through an irregular 11,000-mile arc across Asia, spending a day in the roaring refugee beehives of Hong Kong, flying to Bangkok and other localities in the smiling kingdom of Thailand, traveling through southern and northern India and on into West Pakistan's handsome city of Lahore and the rugged highlands near Kashmir and the Khyber Pass. We rode in planes, wood-burning trains, cars, jeeps and a sampan with outboard motor. We shared city streets with glittering pedicabs and jingling horse-drawn tongas, and we slowed down on country roads for camel carts—in India and Pakistan—oxcarts and platoons of donkeys half buried under bulging bags of cotton, hay or bricks. And always the roads were full of people walking, many of them with loads on their backs. In all, we visited thirty-five cities, towns and villages, and talked with scores of physicians, nurses, ward attendants, village health workers, ministers, teachers and government officials. We watched operations in hospitals plagued by power and water shortages and equipped with big "Ali Baba" jars to dip from when the faucets ran dry. We interviewed dozens of patients and saw hundreds more—men, women and children suffering from every conceivable ill and (Continued on Page 95)

Pakistan: Male nurses finish applying a cast to a young spinal TB victim in the United Christian Hospital at Lahore. Orthopedic surgeon Edmond L. Rice (wearing glasses) is the hospital's director.

Below, a Moslem mother and her child—a victim of cerebral palsy—at the United Christian Hospital. "We are haunted, as is every visitor to Asia, by the plight of children," says the author.



India: At crowded Frances Newton Hospital, Ferozepore, eye patients often await treatment at an outdoor station known as the "eye camp."

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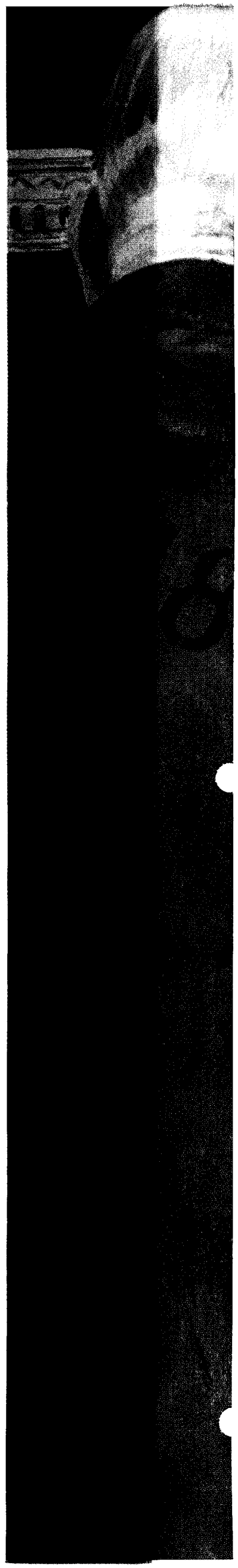
Prison Secret

Inside the penitentiary walls the threat of mass violence mounted—but no one dared break the code of silence.

By JOHN REESE



"The term 'human being' is a general one, and we have here a specific situation," said Warden Cheney. "In a prison we're dealing with men who have willfully seceded from normal human society."

"But they're still human beings," said Vic Woods.

The warden adjusted his pince-nez primly. "Mr. Woods, I have been in the profession of penology for nearly thirty years. I pride myself on being an enlightened jailer. But I take equal pride in not being a maudlin sentimentalist."

"The governor is not a maudlin sentimentalist either," Vic said quietly. "He was a prosecutor most of his life. He put quite a few of these men in here."

"Quite! I have great respect for him," said Cheney, "although it was hardly complimentary to me to send the fourth-ranking member of his secretarial staff here to investigate my administration. Nevertheless, I co-operated as best I could, in the hope that if you saw this situation for yourself you would get a somewhat different concept of our problem. But I still find you hostile, Mr. Woods."

Vic sat silent a moment, a thin, dark, serious man of twenty-seven who still lacked a year of college toward his high-school teacher's credentials. He would have had them long ago, except that first there had been Joan, then the baby and then one thing and another. Not that he had regrets. Joan and the boy were worth it, and the unplanned detours in his life had been more fun than the orderly straightaways.

This was a detour. There was a new governor in office. Vic and Joan had worked in his campaign, but they had barely met the candidate, and then had been considerably awed by him. What made him reach so far down into the ranks of his followers for a fourth secretary, they still did not know, but it was better than a relief job at the post office. Why Vic should be given the job of investigating the state prison was still more puzzling.

"I want to bounce Warden Cheney," the governor had said, when he sent Vic here three weeks ago, "and I want to do it before, not after, they have a riot there. My information is that they're sitting on a volcano. Cheney's an old hand in the state service, with a lot of friends in the legislature. I'm going to have trouble enough with them over the budget, and I don't want to butt heads over Cheney unless I have to, understand? But Cheney has civil-service status, and I can't relieve him without cause. Your job is to find the cause—before all hell breaks loose there."

Vic had tried. For three weeks he had tried, but not a man had come forward to complain. And when he sent for them, choosing those eligible for parole, with the most to gain by co-operating, they still would not talk. He wondered if the governor had any idea how these men felt about a "fink." It was almost heroic, the grim way they clung to the convicts' code of silence.

Yet from what Vic had seen and sensed, the governor's tipsters were right. It was quiet in this prison, but quiet with a dead calm that had suppressed hysteria in it. This spring-loaded undercurrent of venom could explode without warning into the worst prison riot in history.

He said, "Warden, here's another generality—you are in deep, deep trouble. This place seethes with hatred!"

"We know we have tension," Warden Cheney said irritably. "Tension recurs periodically in prisons. There are graphs covering hundreds of institutions that show these cycles."

"It seems to go on and on and on here."

"That's not true," Cheney snapped, "but I'm not going to argue. I have another appointment now, Mr. Woods. Is there anything else I can do for you before you go?"

(Continued on Page 79)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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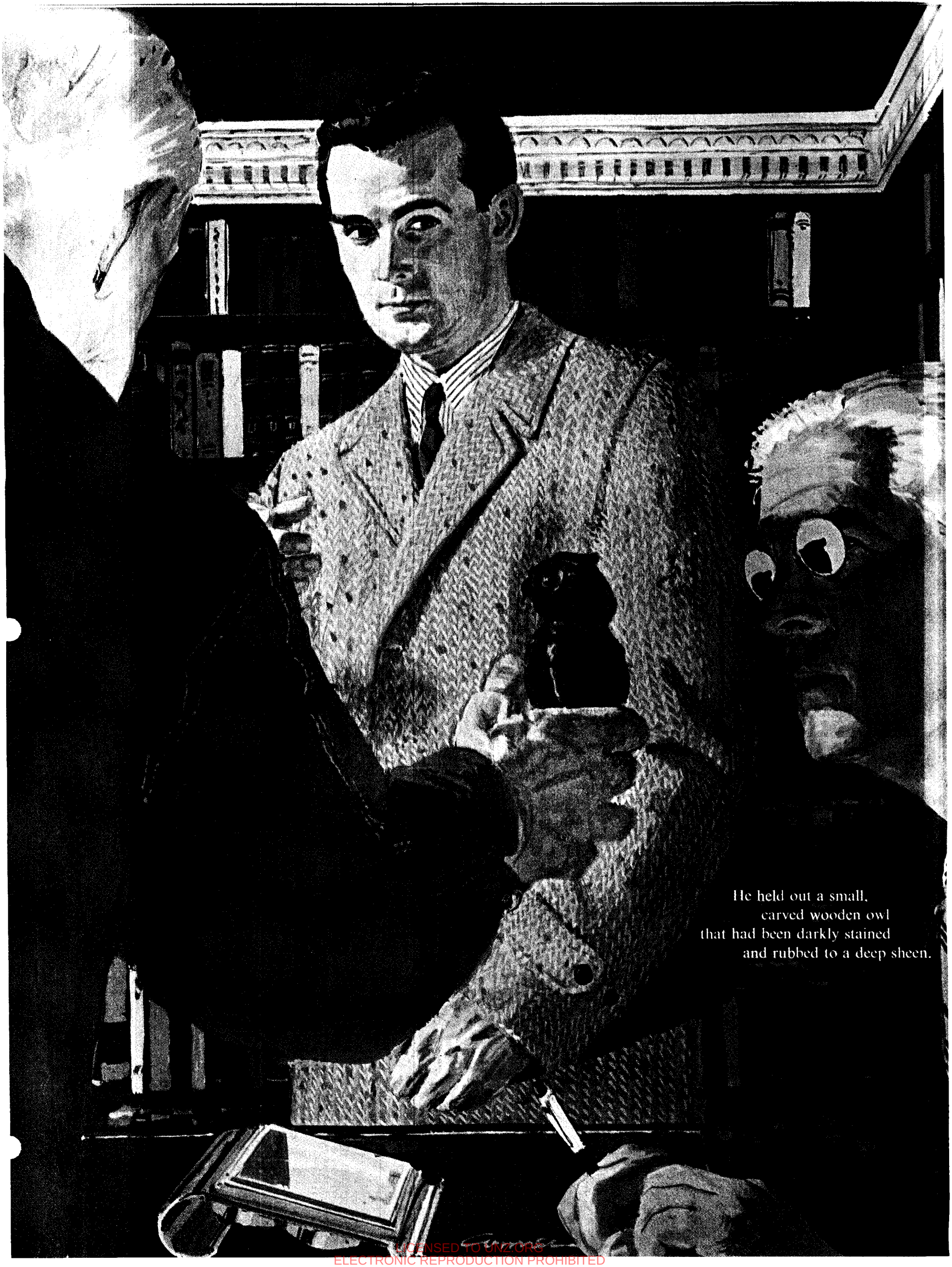

He held out a small,
carved wooden owl
that had been darkly stained
and rubbed to a deep sheen.

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MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR PART FIVE

The author at work on the front steps of a neighbor's house in Stockbridge, Mass. With him is his spaniel, Butch.

By NORMAN ROCKWELL
as told to Thomas Rockwell

How I Lost My Shirt

A civilian once more, the artist salted away a small fortune, only to lose every penny of it to an irresistible easy-money scheme.

After the First World War ended, Irene and I opened a joint savings account in the New Rochelle Trust Company. We had no idea what we were saving for, but the money was rolling in faster than we knew how to spend it.

Apart from my work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, I was painting covers and illustrations for several other magazines, and I had gone into advertising in a big way—food products, bicycle tires, soda pop, automobiles, and so on. George Horace Lorimer, the *Post* editor, advised me to charge twice as much for an advertising job as I got for a *Post* cover. The money piled up in the bank until I had $10,000.

One Sunday my parents invited Irene and me to dinner at Edgewood Hall, where they lived. While we were eating, the talk turned upon my career. (Continued on Page 125)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
OCTOBER 18, 1924
5 cts.
Samuel G. Blythe—Grace Sartwell Mason—Kenneth L. Roberts—R. G. Kirk
Thomas Beer—Horatio Winslow—Ben Ames Williams—Octavus Roy Cohen

THE SATURDAY EVE
Ye Pipe & Bowl
Tavern
FEB. 6, 1926
Judge E. H. Gary—Donn Byrne—Arthur Stringer—Albert Payson Terhune
Thomas McMorrow—Floyd W. Parsons—Octavus Roy Cohen—O. A. Owen

THE SATURDAY EVEN
AUGUST 14, 1926
5c. THE COPY
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Ben Ames Williams—Isaac F. Marcosson—R. G. Kirk
Charles Brackett—Richard Connell—George Weston—Octavus Roy Cohen

The model for each of the *Post* covers shown above was James K. Van Brunt, who worked regularly for Rockwell during the '20's. "He suggested a cover idea almost every time I saw him," says the author. Van Brunt's eight-inch mustache (left) became so identifiable that Rockwell had him shave it off. The artist finally had to resort to poses which obscured the model's face (right).

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As Anse kissed her for the first time, the conspirators watched from behind the barn.

She didn't know she was the victim of a plot to . . .

Marry Her Off

By
WILL STANTON

It couldn't have been more than nine o'clock in the morning when Perly drove in the yard, so I figured he was in trouble. Ordinarily he's up and around by nine-thirty or ten if it's a nice day, but he don't usually do much before noon, and it's seldom he does anything then. He sat down on the porch steps and took off his hat.

"Elvira's got things so stirred up around the house," he said, "I come away without my breakfast."

"Now what's the matter with Elvira?" I asked him. "Has she been fighting with Anse again? Is that it?"

"You wouldn't understand," he said, "not having any family of your own, but a man with a daughter has a terrible responsibility. I doubt if I draw an easy breath until her and Anse are married."

I went over and sat in the rocker. "I don't see you need to worry about having Elvira on your hands," I told him. "A good-looking girl like her can pick and choose."

"It's Anse I'm thinking about," Perly said. "He lets us use his boat without asking and don't care if we hunt and fish on his place and borrow his hounds—I don't know as I could face him if Elvira married somebody else."

"Well, shoot," I told him, "you know how good-natured Anse is. He wouldn't hold any grudge."

"No, but what about the wife he gets? You know good and well some woman's going to hook him—a nice-looking young fellow living all alone in that big house. It would be just his luck to get somebody like that Swanson girl with a no-good father and all those brothers that never did a tap of work in their life. It wouldn't take them long to move in—laying all around and drinking up Anse's hard cider and shooting his quail. If you or me was to stop in to pass (Continued on Page 118)

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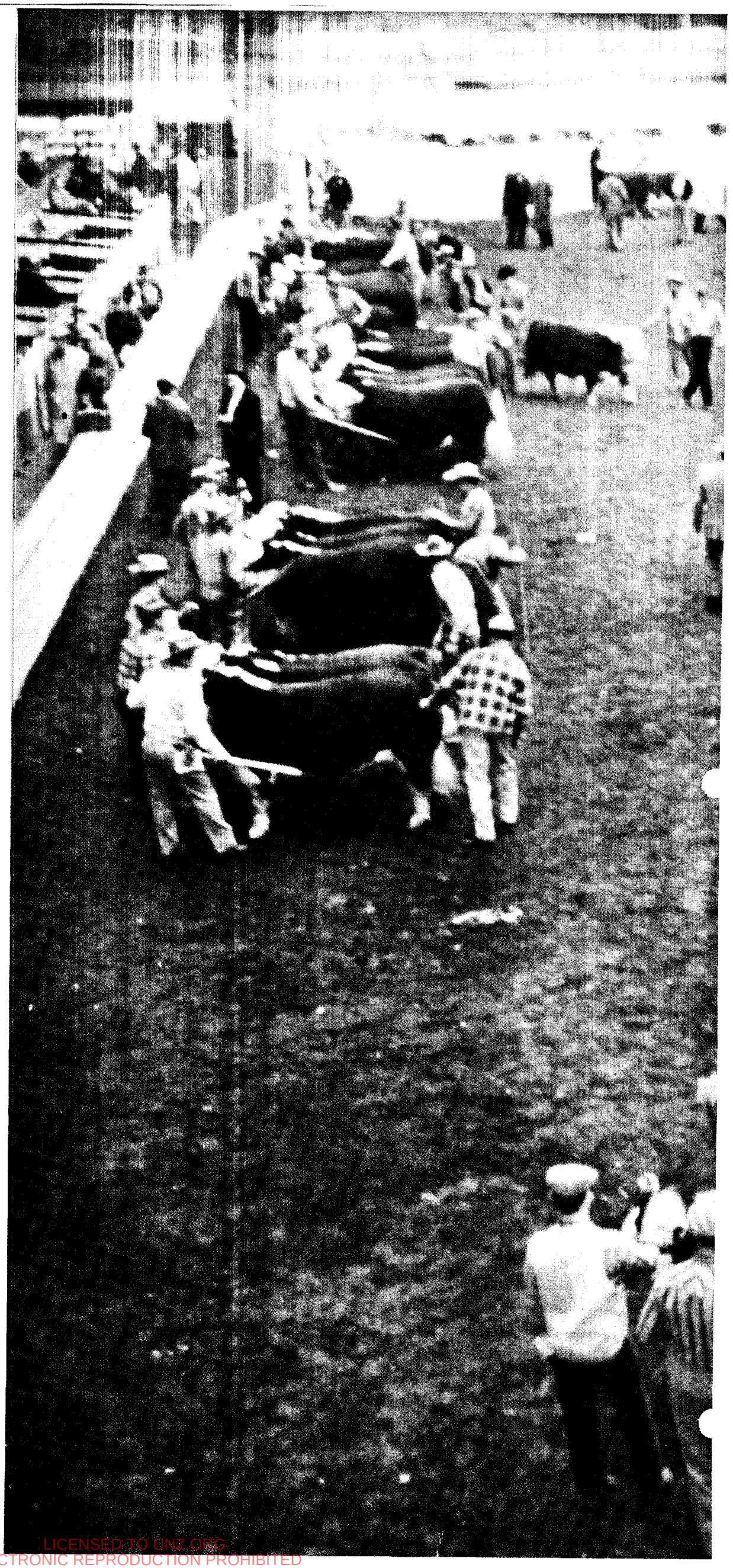
The Face of AMERICA

Champions on Parade

Shining, sleek and fat—hair shampooed and waved, horns and hoofs polished—these massive red-and-white bulls are competing in one of the great shows of the agricultural world, the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago. An annual after-Thanksgiving event for sixty years, this past season's show attracted more than 400,000 people with a display of 12,000 cattle, sheep, hogs and horses. Here, in the International's arena, in just part of its thirteen acres of exhibition space, you see the beefy sires of a proud race of cattle—the Herefords—being placed in a "best group-of-three" contest. The winning trio (lower right) were shown by Poca Dot Farms, Charles Town, West Virginia, and the center member of this hefty team, WHR Coxswain 23rd, went on to become champion Hereford bull of the show. Mrs. F. Edwin Mower, a widow and owner of 5000-acre Poca Dot Farms, is happy with the many blue ribbons and $900 in prize money her cattle brought home from the International, but she was glad when the show season ended. "Now we can get some work done," she said.

• Photograph by Gus Pasquarella



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When Senator Brewster leaped to his feet, Jackstraw fired.

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NIGHT WITHOUT END

Among them were two who had killed—and who would not hesitate to kill again.

By Alistair MacLean

After the mysterious crash of an airliner near his scientific outpost on the Greenland icecap, Dr. Peter Mason and his colleagues, Jackstraw and Joss, rescued nine dazed passengers, a stewardess and one critically injured crewman. Two pilots, another crewman, and a passenger named Colonel Harrison were killed.

Mason noticed that everyone on the plane had been drugged before the crash. The mystery deepened when someone smashed the outpost radio beyond recovery and then murdered the injured crew member.

Concealing his suspicions, Mason ordered his snow tractor readied for travel. The only hope of survival was a grueling 300-mile trek across the arctic wastes. Later, when Mason searched the wrecked airliner for an answer to the puzzle, he discovered that one of the pilots and Colonel Harrison had been shot at the time of the crash. Now, as Mason went through the dead passenger's papers, someone entered the forward cabin of the plane.

IV

Monday: six p.m.– seven p.m.

For five seconds, maybe ten, I sat there without moving, as rigid and motionless as the dead man by my side, bent right arm frozen in the act of folding the newspaper clipping into my parka pocket. Looking back on it, I can only think that my brain had been half numbed from too long exposure to the cold, that the shock of the discovery of the savagely murdered men had upset me more than I would admit even to myself. However it was, I had only one thought in mind at that moment, no thought, rather, but an unreasoning blood-freezing certainty—that one of the dead pilots or the flight engineer had somehow risen from his seat and was walking back toward me.

© 1960 by Gilach, A. G.

Heaven only knows how long I might have sat there, petrified in this superstitious horror, had the sound from the control cabin not repeated itself. But again I heard it, the same metallic scraping sound as someone moved around in the darkness among the tangled wreckage of the flight deck. I dropped swiftly to my knees behind the high padded back of the seat in front of me, for what little shelter it offered. My heart was still pounding, the hairs still stiff on the back of my neck, but I was a going concern again, my mind beginning to race under the impetus invariably provided by the need for self-preservation.

And that self-preservation entered very acutely into it I did not for a moment doubt. A person who had killed three times to achieve her ends—I had no doubt at all as to the identity of the person in the control cabin, only the stewardess had seen me leave for the plane—and protect her secret wouldn't hesitate to kill a fourth. And she knew her secret was no longer a secret, not while I lived. I had stupidly made my suspicions plain to her. And not only was she ready to kill but she also had the means to kill—of the fact that she carried a gun and was murderously ready to use it I'd had grisly evidence in the past few minutes.

Then something snapped inside my mind, and I was all of a sudden fighting mad. Perhaps it was the thought of the four dead men—five, including the copilot—perhaps it was the inevitable reaction from my panic-stricken fear of a moment ago, and perhaps, too, it had no little to do with the realization that I, too, had a gun. I brought it out from my pocket, transferred the flashlight to my left hand, jumped up, pressed the flashlight button and started running down the aisle.

It was proof enough of my utter inexperience in this murderous game of hide-and-seek that it was not until I was almost at the door at the forward end of the cabin that I remembered how easy it would have been for anyone to crouch down behind the back of one of the rearward-facing front seats and shoot me at point-blank range as I passed. But there was no one there, and as I plunged through the door I caught a fleeting glimpse of a dark, muffled figure, no more than a featureless silhouette in the none-too-powerful beam of my flashlight, wriggling out through the smashed windshield of the control cabin.

I brought up my automatic and squeezed the trigger. Nothing happened. I squeezed the trigger again, and before I remembered the existence of such a thing as a safety catch, the windshield was no more than an empty frame for the thickening snow that swirled grayly in the darkness beyond, and I plainly heard the thud of feet hitting the ground.

Cursing my stupidity and again oblivious of the perfect target I was presenting, I leaned far out of the window. Again I was lucky, again I had another brief sight of the figure, this time scurrying round the tip of the left wing before vanishing into the snow and the dark.

Three seconds later I was on the ground myself. I landed awkwardly, but picked myself up at once and skirted the wing, pounding after the fleeing figure with all the speed I could muster in the hampering bulkiness of my furs.

She was running straight back to the cabin, following the line of the bamboo sticks, and I could both hear the thudding of feet in the frozen snow and see the wildly erratic swinging of a flashlight, the beam one moment pooling whitely on the ground beside the flying feet, the next (Continued on Page 107)

Mason caught a fleeting glimpse of a muffled figure wriggling out through the smashed windshield.

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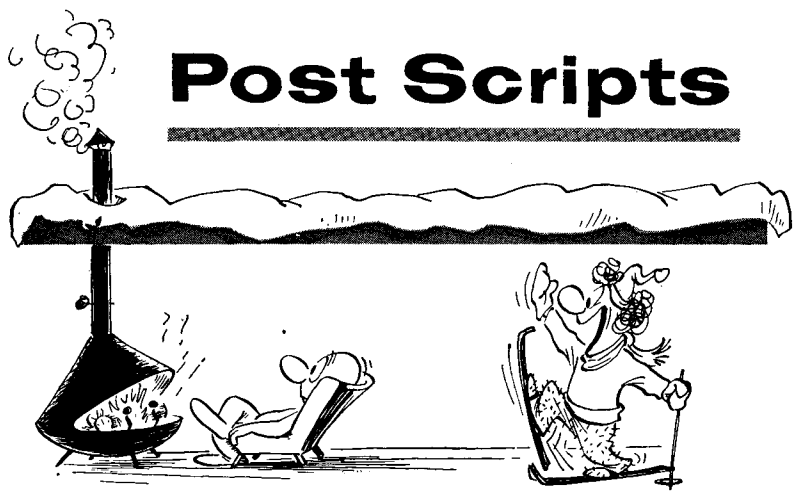
Post Scripts



Information, Please

March 4, 1960

Dear Doctor Harper: I enclose my check in payment for last month's statement, but have a few questions about it. We understood that house calls are only $5 each—did the two calls on February 8th and 10th include Trudi's penicillin shots? And what about that item, "Treat ent."? I can't remember her having anything called "ent." Mr. Brown says perhaps this is the medical term for eczema, but didn't we bring her in for that back in December?

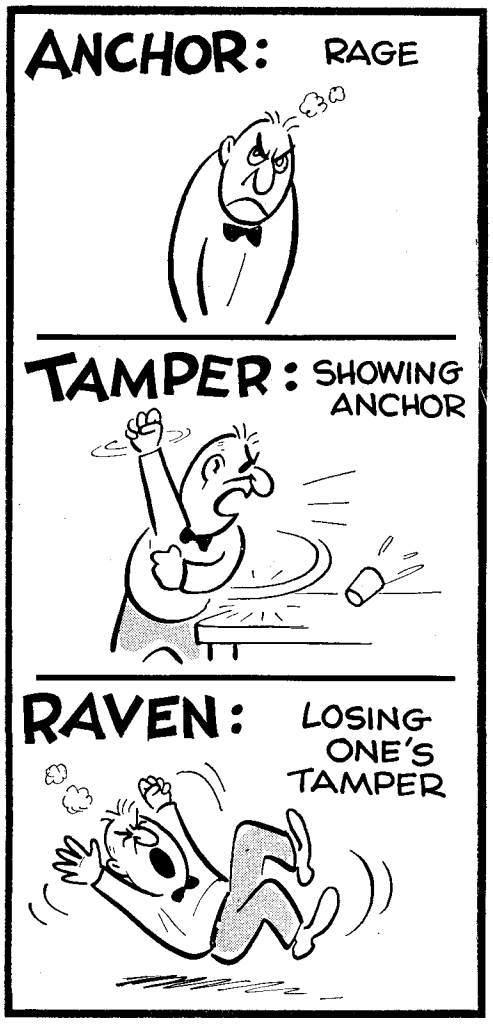
We are delighted with Trudi's progress since the tonsillectomy, and feel that the fee is very fair, indeed. Is the extra charge for the anesthetist or for the oral surgeon who extracted those baby teeth during the operation? It really doesn't matter; we're just curious.

Thank you for any explanation you can give us. We'll be seeing you in a few weeks when Trudi has her puppies.

Very truly yours,

HILARIE BROWN (MRS. R. E.)

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE

Captive Audiences

"Mrs. Marsh, I want you to know that I like you and the family very much, but there are things about this job I don't like at all. The mealtimes are too irregular and there's too much company. The kitchen is too hot, and my room is too cold. When you bought the dachshund for Jane, she promised to walk him. Who did? Me! You got no washing machine, no freezer, and the vacuum cleaner is ten years old. Things got to change around here, Mrs. Marsh, or I'm going to make a change myself. Lots of your friends have offered me jobs, and I don't want to walk out on you with tomorrow's cocktail party coming, but unless ——"

"Googly, googly, googly, goo—whose itsy bitsy baby is oo? Mommy's baby? Daddy's baby? Yes, I guess you're daddy's baby all right—you look just like him. But what's the difference as long as you're healthy. Want to hear a nice little song that your Auntie Alice made up for you? Bibbly, Bobbly, Babbly, Bimple—smile, little lambkin, and show your dimple. Now what's the idea of crying? Stop it. Stop it this very instant, I say! . . . Oh, Martha, Martha, come here at once! Your infant is wailing and weeping and he actually looks mad. I can't, for the life of me, understand why. All I've been doing is entertaining him while you've been on the telephone talking to ——"

"That completes this evening's play on the Boogle Biscuit Television Theater. Next week we shall bring you *She Snoops to Conquer*, the story of a prying mother who tries to dominate the life of her married daughter, only to end up lonely and rejected. I know you are eagerly waiting for me to name the lucky winner of the Twenty-Five-Thousand-Dollar Boogle Biscuit Prize Contest. But before I do, here's a musical message for you by the Boogle Biscuit Bopsters:

'Boogles are crunchable,
Lusciously munchable,
Durably dunkable, too;
So kind to your tummy.
So very yum-yummy
Are Boogles, the biscuits that we bake for you.'

"Yes, folks, make Boogle your buyword in biscuits. That's Boogle, spelled *B-O-O-G-L-E* and pronounced to rhyme with 'frugal.' And now, the golden moment has arrived. Draw closer to your TV sets, turn up your volume and keep your fingers crossed. The lucky winner of the Twenty-Five-Thousand-Dollar Boogle Biscuit Prize Contest is ——"

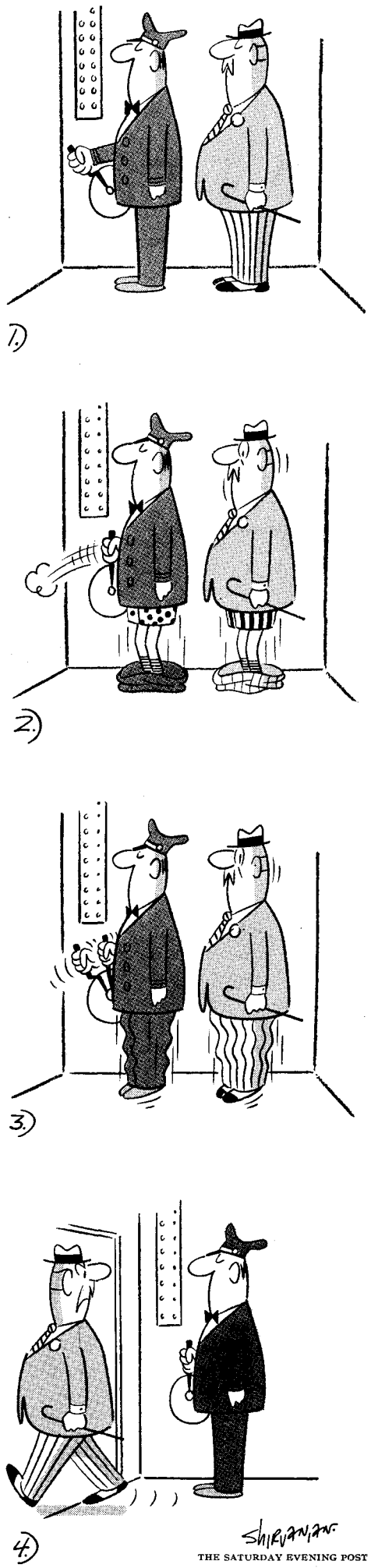
THIS PROGRAM IS INTERRUPTED
DUE TO TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES
KINDLY STAND BY
WE WILL RETURN TO THE AIR
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

Maxims I've Been Meaning to Needlepoint

1. There's No Place Like Home, Which Is Why Motels Are So Popular.
2. He Who Laughs Last Won't Be With the Company for Long.
3. A Penny Saved Is Hardly Worth the Effort.
4. Let Sleeping Dogs Lie, They Seldom Tell the Truth Anyway.
5. Where There's a Will, There's a Wave—of Nieces and Nephews.
6. You Can't Take it With You, But You Can Sure Have Fun With it While You're Here.
7. Every Man Has His Price, and Mine Is Extremely Low.
8. Beauty Is Only Skin Deep, Which Is Adequate as Far as I'm Concerned.

DICK EMMONS



Reuben Revised

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a grand world this would be
If the men were all transported
By the wit and charm of me.

PHILENE HAMMER

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When a man comes home to soup for lunch

GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN

Head of the house come home for lunch? Good things happen when you give him good hot soup. Soup warms him up. Cheers him up. Just plain makes him feel good all over. And you can feel good, too.

For that man of yours is getting a real lunch when you give him Campbell's Soup. Vitamins, proteins and minerals. All from good, basic foods like meats and vegetables and cereals – foods nutrition experts tell us folks need every day.

How about making it Scotch Broth today? That's a man's soup for you. Meat and vegetables and barley, in good, hefty broth – warming and satisfying. A big husky bowlful is almost a meal in itself.

And what could be easier for you? You're eating that good Campbell's Soup 4 minutes after you reach for the can. And soup smells so good, tastes so good –somehow everything you eat with it seems to taste good, too. And slides down nice and easy. Soup's soothing broths sort of warm the way for other foods.

Soup's a good friend at any meal – the way it warms you up, the way it gentles you down. A good friend when you're meal-planning, too. Just start with one of your favorite soups. There are 21 kinds of Campbell's!

Say! Have *you* had your soup today?

Once a day . . . every day . . . enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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Each ship was held to be unconquerable. And now they were joined in battle.

The Monitor Affair

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"*Monitor*," boasted John Ericsson, "will sink *Merrimac*."

Not everyone was as sure. The *Monitor*, a revolutionary, iron-hulled warship designed by Ericsson for the Union Navy, had yet to make her trial run. And even if that were successful she would find a formidable adversary in the *Merrimac*, the Confederate ironclad now threatening the Yankee fleet.

So far attempts to sabotage the *Monitor* had failed. The Southern agent Hugo Tempest was severely beaten when he tried to wreck Tom Rowland's shipyard. But Madame Ouverard, head of the rebel spy ring in New York City, was not the kind who gave up. She knew that the inventor's assistant, Eric Nelson, loved her niece, Yvonne Constant. And so she held the girl hostage in order to force Eric to co-operate. Eric, however, rescued Yvonne and put her in his housekeeper's care. Now, with Yvonne safe, Eric could ready himself for the next rebel attempt to stop the *Monitor*.

CONCLUSION

Tom Rowland and Eric were crossing on the Tenth Street ferry. Plowing toward them, heading upstream, came a tug surging powerfully against the current. It passed astern of the ferry, missing her by not more than fifty feet. Standing, shoulders against the pilothouse, was a broad-shouldered, graceful figure, its elegance marred only by a black skullcap covering the pate almost down to the brows.

"Do you see that man?" Eric demanded.

"In the skullcap? Yes."

"That," Eric told him, "is Capt. Hugo Tempest."

Rowland stared in the brief interval when the man was visible. "What," he asked, "is he doing aboard the *Eliza P.*?"

"You know that tug?"

Rowland nodded. "She docks up Newtown Creek."

They watched the craft veer toward the Long Island shore and then head for the mouth of the creek.

"Who owns her?" Eric asked.

"Don't know," Rowland answered.

"Tom," Eric said, "*Monitor* will be making her trial run in a few days."

"And then, we hope, off for Newport News."

"If there's going to be another try at stopping her," Eric said, "it will have to be before the twenty-seventh, or on that day."

"Right," Rowland agreed.

"But why a tug?" Eric asked, puzzled. "Tempest and that tug mean no good to the *Monitor*." Eric narrowed his eyes. "No one would suspect a harbor tug. But with the crew aboard the *Monitor* what could he do? Not attempt to board."

Rowland stared at the deck, shaking his head. "Your man Tempest seems a desperate sort of fellow."

"Desperate is too mild a word."

"The news is," Rowland said reflectively, "that this *Merrimac* is equipped with a ram."

"So we hear." (Continued on Page 84)

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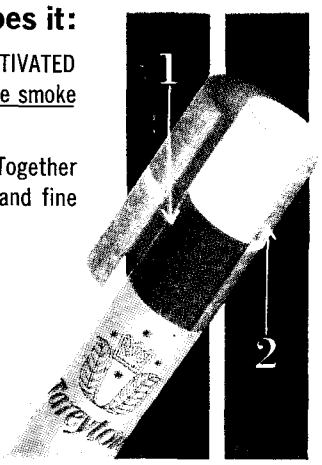
Filters as no single filter can...

for mild, full flavor! Tareyton's remarkable *Dual* Filter delivers more than high filtration. It brings out the best of the best tobaccos... the mildness and fine tobacco taste that pay off in pleasure. Pick up a Tareyton pack or carton—you'll see.

Here's how the Dual Filter does it:

1. It combines a unique inner filter of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL... definitely proved to make the smoke of a cigarette mild and smooth...

2. with an efficient pure white outer filter. Together they bring you the real thing in mildness and fine tobacco taste!



NEW DUAL FILTER **Tareyton**

Product of The American Tobacco Company "Tobacco is our middle name" © A. T. Co.

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Do we really need him Mom?

The kid brother is here to stay, Sis, and you'll learn to love him. In fact you—and Scott Paper products—will cheerfully help get him out of some of his worst jams

It can get a little sticky at home when it dawns on the Queen Bee that she's been dethroned by a brand-new addition.

But love all around—soft smiles and words to match—soon sends fears and tears arunning. It isn't long before little brother has a Big Sister who'll shield him from Life's Early Bumps . . . help hide the chocolate smudges from Mom...and get him out of big-world jams in general.

One of Big Sister's staunchest allies in the "let's-keep-brother-out-of-trouble" conspiracy is Scott, with their time-saving, trouble-easing, work-lightening paper products.

And Scott Paper Company keeps looking for ways to make their good products even better. Their search in the past produced such revolutionary improvements as Wet Strength in towels and facial tissue.

Today another extraordinary change—paper products with TEXTURED SOFTNESS. Scott can now give paper the patterned *look* and soft *feel* of a fine woven fabric. This makes many of the Scott products for your home—and for business and industry—much more pleasant and practical to use. Look for Scott whenever you go shopping.

Scott Paper

. . . also creators of Dura-Weve®, ScottFoam and Scott Papers for Industry

The better the paper, the surer it's Scott

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LOOK AROUND, DRIVE, COMPARE
NOTHING LIKE 'EM ANYWHERE

LOVE THAT **LARK** *BY STUDEBAKER*

Newest 4-door wagon on the road, new heart-throb convertible stands in a class by itself—both demonstrate how The Lark gives you so much more than the others **CHOICE OF TWO PROVEN ENGINES**—the thrifty V-8 that topped all other eights in the most recent Mobilgas Economy Run or the improved Super Economical Six **THREE TERRIFIC TRANSMISSIONS**—pick your favorite: automatic, standard or overdrive **UNMISTAKABLE QUALITY**—obvious as soon as you open the door **NOW MORE THAN A BILLION OWNER-DRIVEN MILES**—proven by over 150,000 happy Lark owners. All this is yours, in six stunning styles, from the world's first and only full line of new dimension cars Visit your Studebaker Dealer. See it, drive it, price it—and you'll love that Lark.

The LARK for '60—world's first and only full line of new dimension cars—available in 2 and 4-door sedans; 2 and 4-door station wagons; sporty hardtop and exclusive convertible. Choice of Six or V-8.

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Night of Vengeance (Continued from Page 22)

not until I saw the light seeping in the port to touch the Bear's dignity—even naked, he possessed dignity; a hillman, he'd been, one of those who work their little crop even as Ulysses did in the golden days before war or our gods' wrath—that I could know the joy of remembering that I was, after all, still alive. And that there might still be freedom.

So we would manage to talk, the Bear and I, in those mornings. The old Bear would turn his head slowly, until I could see the brightness of one black eye. "Voldi," he would say in his gruff, half-croaking hillman's speech. "It was thirty-one years ago, I was thinking, Voldi, that the battle of Actium took place. Ah, Voldi, I was a young man then; as young as you are."

I would say, "I am not young. My hands are as old as yours, old man. I have held this oar so long my hands are grown to it. I have smelled filth and eaten bad bread and looked squinting into blackness so long I am as old as you are. I have forgotten what it is to be young."

He would laugh, a soft laugh yet harsh because of his cracked voice. "You are yet a child, for no aging philosopher could contain that bitterness. But, Voldi, I wish to tell you: I heard the news of Actium from a running messenger, four days after the event. How it stirred me! Antony against Octavian, you recall—using machines that had immense springs in them, mounted on huge wooden towers on the upper decks. The machines threw darts and boulders. But what impressed me most ——"

"Antony lost that battle," I said with relish. "And who cares, when Roman fights Roman, what the outcome may be?"

"Yes, it is a child," he would say, nodding. "A child's answer. What impressed me most, Voldi, was the interesting number of galley slaves who escaped. The messenger said they had worked in concert, taking advantage of the confusion to tear up their benches ——"

"And if they did, old man?" I would say softly. For the Bear when he spoke in this vein made my heart turn in my chest—in a galley it is not good to let yourself be excited too much; it brings on the madness. A dozen men had gone mad in the time of my slavery. As soon as their madness was accredited by the overseers—who whipped them to make sure they were not shamming—they were slain, then cut up with short-swords and flung through the sweep ports.

"It has been done, Voldi," he would say in his quiet husk of a voice. "It has been accomplished. Think on that."

Now we had been in a battle and in a storm afterward. The galley was removed from the bulk of the fleet; we'd been blown off course by the storm—I'd heard the officers shout it in the confusion. The memory of the battle, like ten battles before it, moved through my muscles. Once during the tumult I'd had the notion that in the screaming and the clamor of ship against ship we would, this time, go under. Yet we had not gone under; perhaps we'd won the battle.

It was night—what time I could not tell, though as a rule from the look of the water you could read the approximate times of night or day. In the hour of midnight the water would be a clear deep blue—unless we were near shore, or shoals, when it would change to a cold green. If there was a moon you could nearly tell by the light of it on the water—though you could seldom see the moon herself—what the hour might be. Yet now, though it was light out, I could not read the signs.

I will tell you: it was a strange night. I have never known a stranger one. Nor could I tell what had wakened me. After battle, or storm, or both, the overseers—and the officers, and the captain above them—have grace enough to let the rowers rest. It is a small rest, short and uneasy, filled, as all our sleep was filled, by the sudden moans of men whose very sleep is riddled by fear; by the slow sound of chains, shifting with tumbled human bodies; by the steady, undying sound of the Roman duumvir's drums. For when one pair of duumvir ceases, another takes over in its stead, and they do not miss a stroke. They were counting now, only, for the stern sweep—all other oars trailed silent; lifting myself a little, I could see the froth line along my oar blade.

That second of straining to see gave me another strange thought. It was of all the fish and the water animals in a night like this one; how pleasing it was for them to be free and unafraid! Just before the storm, while we were still shaking from the battle—when the overseers were inspecting us to see how many dead we had—many birds had come rushing by. Through the groans of the dying, through the splashes as the bodies fell into the water, we below decks had heard the birds. For one instant I had seen them through the sweep port as they passed in a cloud—and then, I recalled, I had felt as now. There was something in me which went out and out to the tameless wonder of fish, sea animals and birds. Of course, they'd been merely the harbingers of storm, running before it like ships of the air rowed by their wings. Yet the feeling that remained was the same I had often from the old man called the Bear. And suddenly, as I watched, I saw that the old man also was awake, for he turned his head to me.

"Voldi," he said. There was that in his voice which had been there before. But it was stronger now. It was the strongest I had ever heard it. In spite of myself I felt my heart leap up and begin beating hard against the smooth-worn heavy grip of my oar.

"Yes," I whispered. "Old man, I am awake."

"Of course," he said in that throaty, creaking murmur. "What wakened you?"

"Oh, old man, who knows? Hunger, perhaps. They fed us before battle. It seems a long time ago." I paused and then went on. "It is a miracle, old man, that I have developed a liking for their coarse bread and warm water. Is not that a miracle? For I was always a careful chooser of food and drink."

"No matter," he said. The eye was yet turned toward me; in the pale glimmer—it might have been moonlight, though I had never observed moonlight so clear and searching as this—the eye blazed with life. I wanted to tell him he seemed to me in that instant as young as any man I had ever known. But it was no place to bandy compliments, and I had my defenses to think of. For, I have thought since then, when men are trapped together—in war, in slavery, in darkness—each must keep his own invisible shield up at all times. When the shield drops away he is worse than naked; he is at the mercy of his emotions. And we Greeks, before the Romans, had learned to keep those emotions in harness. Before they stole our bodies and our truths, we were men. It was still possible to be a man if one kept the shield.

"No matter, Voldi," the old Bear was saying. I could scarcely hear him; yet the words seemed to burn my bones. "There is other food and drink. What has wakened you had wakened me. Now think." All was quiet again—only the rustle of the waters, the creak of the stern sweep and, somewhere above, a soldier laughing softly. No doubt he'd be congratulating himself on having come through another battle and a severe storm. My teeth ground together despite myself and I said, whispering hard, "I think, old man! Sometimes I think too much."

"No," he said strongly. "Think. Have you ever smelled air like this before? Or seen light like this before?"

Gradually then his words—they still seemed in my bones like fire—took hold. I turned my face to the sweep port; though I didn't raise myself again, yet as I examined the quality of the light falling through there, I could see that he was right. It was fluid as melted silver; yet it held something else. When I was a child I had observed light like that. It had been long ago, when I was seated with my father and mother and brothers, just beside the white wall of our home. The stars had been out, and each shape of bush and tree and path rim and leaf had been clearly outlined.

Cautiously, as one might test the edge of a cliff before crawling outward to an eagle's nest, I smelled the air. And again the feeling of wonder and strangeness filled me, for the air was different.

My nostrils contracted then. I said softly, "Old man, it is only that we are near land. Those are the land smells."

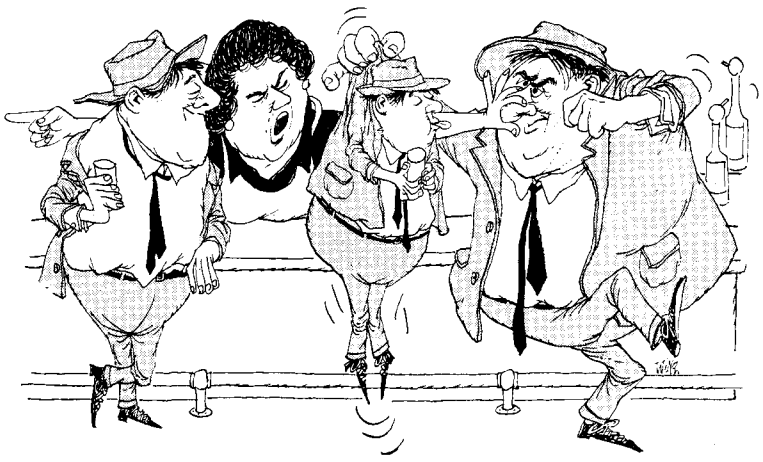
"Yes, land. And what else?"

Rage filled me. My hands tightened on my oar grip.

"What else must there be? Signs and portents, visions and wonders? Old man, old Bear," I said cruelly, for I could feel the shield slipping a little and I must hold it high. "One morning soon the overseers will come here and find you smiling at them. Or discover you trading your joyful words for a moment of happiness. Then they will kill you; one blow—as hale as you are, one blow. Then the short-sword and the fishes. It would amuse them. And I will tell you this, old one"—I was leaning forward, the oar grip pressing my chest—"they are fools, but in this they will be right. When there is no chance for truth to exist, to mention its name in faith and trust is a sin. It is a black sin."

I realized then that he was laughing and my rage could not hold back. He was laughing softly, but it was a real laugh. I said, "I speak as a Greek, not a soft-headed believer in hearth idols." I lifted my hands; the chained wrists felt my anger, blood pounding in them. "Let your words cut these, old man."

Even as I spoke, he had ceased laughing; and now, I thought, our friendship, such as it had been, would also stop. For I'd seen it happen before; for a time, two men would strike up a mumbled acquaintance here below. They would tell each other where they came from, their family name, and would confide small details of a past which was all they possessed. That (Continued on Page 53)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The boys were whooping it up in a neighborhood saloon. Jack offered to flatten Jim's face because it offended him. The bartender promptly asked the boys to take their fight outside. Jack walked to the door. When Jim failed to follow him, he turned back and laid Jim low beside the bar. For his injuries Jim sued not only Jack but the saloon.

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"Jim went into the saloon for a drink, not a beating," his lawyer replied. "When the other man picked a fight and tried to coax him outside, he remained peacefully where he was. And he was entitled to protection, which the management failed to give him."

If you were the judge, would you make the saloon pay for Jim's personal damages?

• •

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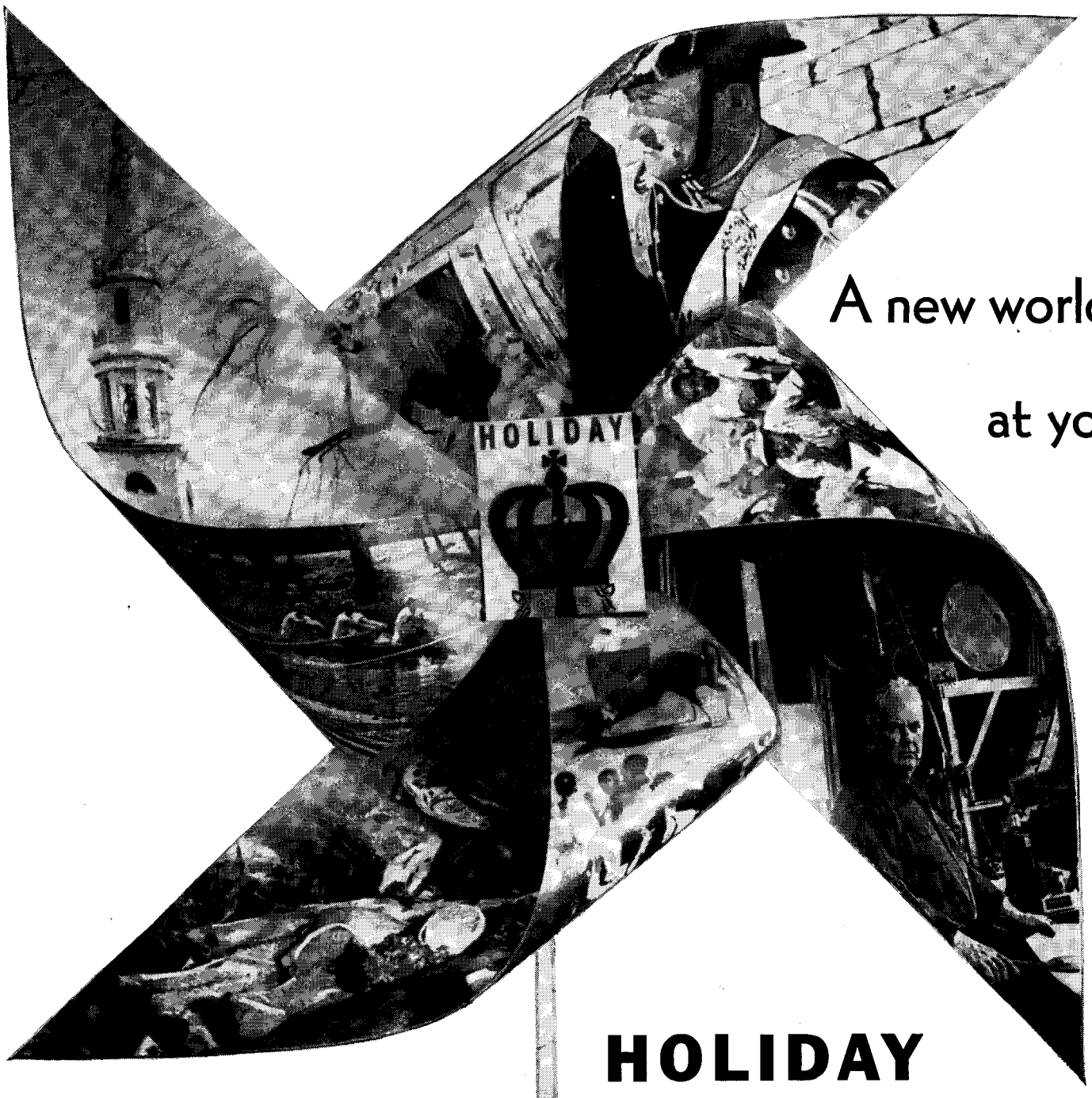

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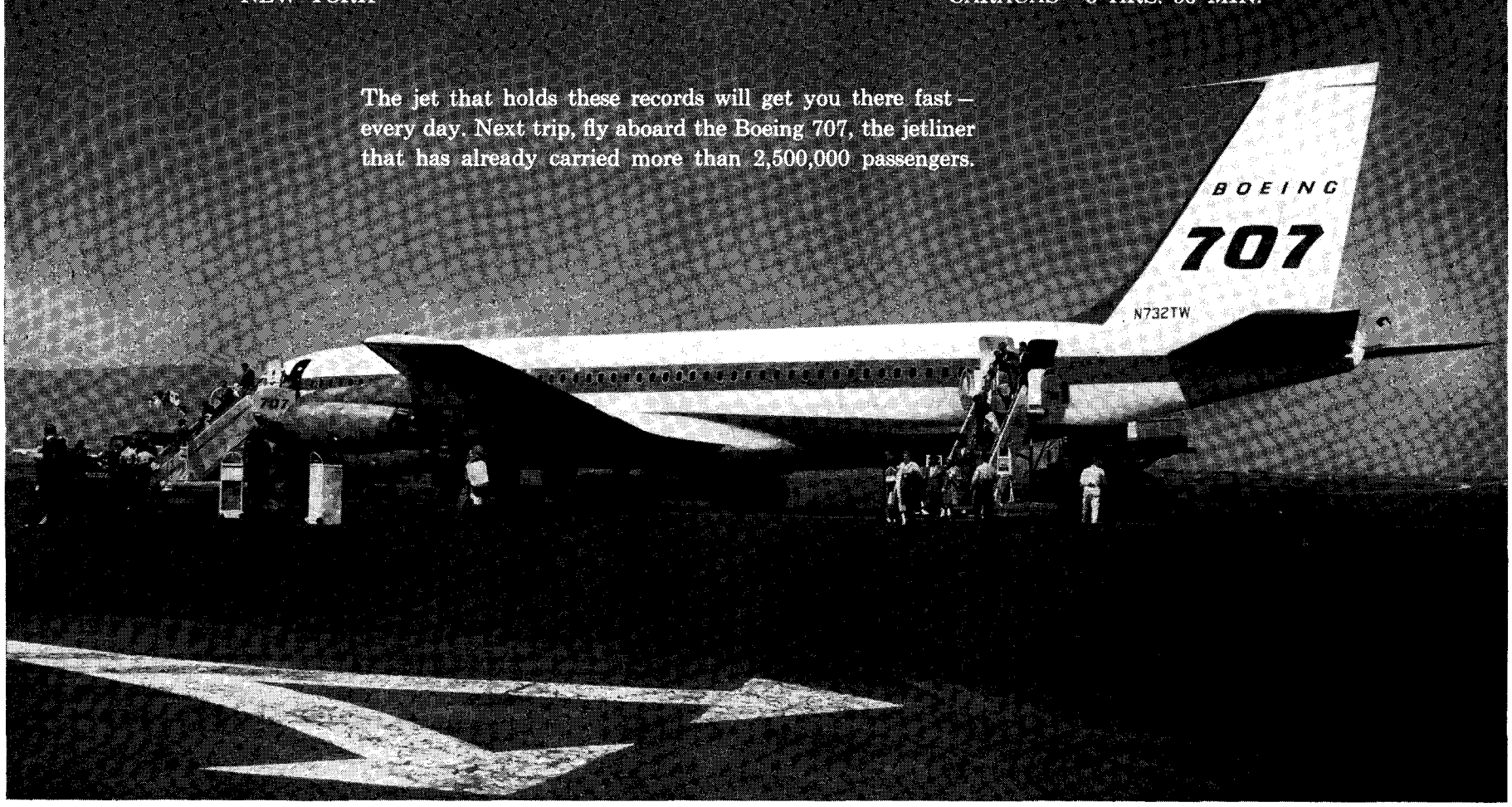
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(*Continued from Page 49*) was all very well, but what they did not know—could not know, as they grasped at these straws of comfort—was that regret and the pain of regret's poison began destroying them. Soon they would go mad, or at the least become implacable enemies. It was better if they had been enemies from the start, I had thought; for then they possessed shields, and these and these only could save them.

But the Bear was not offended. He was still looking as far toward me as his great head could turn.

"Yes, Voldi. By your lights you are a Greek. By mine you are a man and somewhat of a thinking man; one who deserves better of life than this. I think we are near shore. That much is true."

On the opposite tier of benches a man began howling like a dog gone mad, and those around him wakened and cursed; chains clanked, and the benches made that shifting sound that comes when many men stir in the agony of being wakened. From above there was a sharp word, and the sounds of footfalls on the short stair; peering along the aisle, suffering the fetid stench which was worst there, I could see the feet and legs of an overseer. But he came no farther, only remained crouched in the entryway, eyes shining in the light of an oil lamp.

The man who had been taken by nightmare quickly ceased his noise—it trailed off into a series of whimpers and then stopped utterly. Somebody on the first bank of rowers cursed the overseer, voice low but savage. I could hear the overseer laugh. It was a satisfied laugh. He slapped his whip at the wall of the hatchway; it made a sound like an oar breaking. Then he went up again, footfalls soft and softer.

Somehow sight of him had made solid the weight in my chest. It was not my heart, though that was beating almost richly enough to suffocate me. It was something else, part of what I have called my shield, perhaps; I do not know what it was. But it was as heavy with depth as a boulder no man could move. "There," I whispered. "So much for being near shore. Break him, Bear. Remove him, as you would cut my chains with words."

"Not words alone," said the Bear; and this time he made a forward motion with his head. I leaned close, the oar grip digging again into my chest muscles, and the old man said, "Words and very simple action. Now, Voldi, listen."

I understood as I listened that I had never truly listened before. Oh, I had thought of his words; had considered what he had told of that battle of Actium, in which Antony lost to Octavian, and in which, more vastly important to me, galley slaves had gone free. But what had an event thirty-one years past to do with the present? Yet, as he spoke now, all I had worked to put down and forget rose up again in me; I must confess it, I was no true Greek then. My veins began working with a yeast of triumph; it seemed to me, with one part of my person, that madness lay just beyond the next thought. My thoughts richened and grew like a boy's when he thinks for the first time of the world before him, with its infinite chances.

I could feel the shield slip and slip; I grunted, nodded from time to time, attempted—in a desperate clutch after the slipping shield—to throw dark reason into his shining plan. Yet I could not. And it was not all so unreasonable. There was a drunkenness in me, though I had not had a draught of unmixed wine for more than a year; there was a feeling of forward-going, as though something that shone in the light were about to release me like an arrow. When I heard this thing, I thought the old man was a kind of sorcerer; so simple was the plan, yet it needed so much to assist it.

So he talked on, while the light shone and the drumbeats sounded; craning there, I had ceased to protest even with grunting objections. Again as we sat in that clear light from the ports I thought, beneath the sense of his words, of my past life; of the way the grass had shone beneath my sandals. Of the temple where my mother had gone on the holy days to make little sacrifices for the peace and health and joy of our family; of the colonnades, some of them broken, others proud, of our ancient places of worship. The voices of the Romans at their games were like the voices of crows; but my mother's, at her worship, had been a dove's. My hands clenched over the oar grip, and the sweat that dripped from my forehead was not in the weather, for there was coolness on the water, and the still light shone.

Then at last the old man we called the Bear ceased to talk and waited. I said, "It has come to me, old man. The knowledge that I would rather die in the attempt than live as I have for a year gone on living. Breath without freedom is dead in the lungs. It stinks in the throat. Up to now"—it was hard saying, but I had to inform him; though possibly, it comes to me now, he knew—"up to now I have owned a shield." He nodded. I said, "It served as my armor against madness; it guarded me from the helpless thoughts of those who dare to hope. But ——" I was breathing more slowly, and the racing tide of my blood had calmed. He nodded again. I went on, "But that itself is, I see, a sort of madness. I do not know how others in the past have felt concerning slavery. I do not see now—though in the past I thought I had seen—how any man born could be a good slave. A good slave!" I laughed—only a little. And he was laughing as well. "Well, well, then," I said. "You have my apology for being born a fool."

He said, "Wait. Wait, now. I will tell Diarno, on the bench ahead of me." And he nodded once more, slowly, as if we had all the time in the world; as if the sand in the hourglasses, the water in the water clocks, were not falling and floating. I felt the same. I felt that the same light would come in through those ports forever; that until we willed it, the dawn with its cries and alarms, its crowing of the pet fighting cocks the officers kept in cages for their amusement, would never come. So I sat back, watching my hands on my oar grip; they were lightly clenching now, and for the first time since I had come to this place—save in broken dreams—I was at peace.

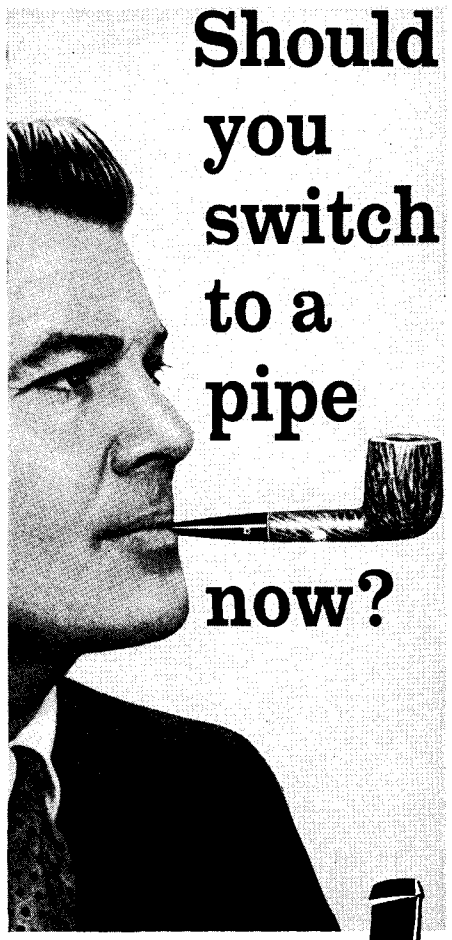
And yet it was not a safe plan. No soldier alive whose existence depended on it would have thought it foolproof. We had no maps scrolled out, no definite campaign deploying this man here, that one there. We had a battered multitude upon whom we might, if the gods smiled, depend; Jason in his magic ship had safer protection! And as for our men, they were all in chains. Yet I must tell this too: the structure of the ship, its heaviness and substance around me, did not seem to be there. It was as if the known world were weightless and also as if I could, a little, see through it into something beyond. I lifted my head and mumbled what I could recall of the prayers my mother had always made to her important gods. As I did so I was astonished to see the circles of iron still clamping my wrists. They seemed to have no place there; to be figments of my thought, unimportant and not encumbering me. Ahead, the old Bear had succeeded in wakening Diarno; I could hear them in low converse. I could make out their bare outlines in that light.

The wonder of that light! Sometimes it comes back to me at untoward moments; when I am only walking down my village street, an old man now, and with my mind on something else—there it is, quick and flashing like the look you catch, slanting, in the eye of a child; but sustained and lasting long. I do not think it is a simple light to find. And yet it comes most simply and when it is not expected. It has appeared to me often and clearly since.

I sat in it then and waited; and presently, in the timeless slowness of all around me, the Bear leaned back once more and murmured, "Now." Only the word; it was enough. For I stood, crouching as high as I could in my chains, and gave a great roar fit to bring down all the Roman false gods in a black-winged fury. At the (*Continued on Page 55*)

"Turn around slowly, Kranston, and don't panic."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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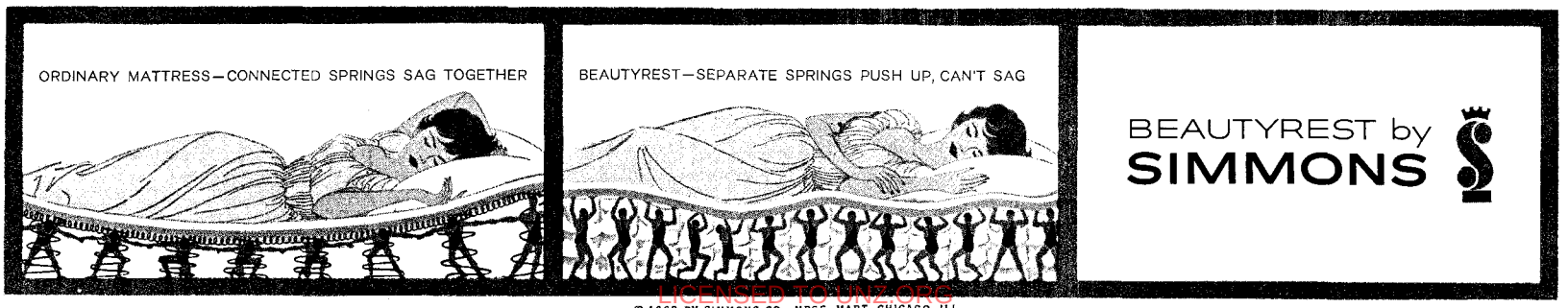
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(*Continued from Page 53*) selfsame moment the Bear stood and roared at the top of his lungs; and smaller Diarno, beyond him, was upon his feet, clutching as we did at the chains, shaking them and calling.

I tell you it was a sound. All around us the half-sleeping men stirred and jangled their chains, cursed and reviled us—for such a noise brings out the most grim, whimsical side of overseers and officers and captain. Then, when I saw the overseer's lamp, this time come bobbing in haste down the stair, I stopped the noise and sat once more. He had seen me, no doubt of it; I was the last of us three to slump back in my chains. Around us all tumult ceased also, as the overseer, lamp flashing high, pounded down the aisle way. Through near-shut eyes I could see him as he raised the whip in his right hand—they are strong, these Roman half-servants, and they have their own sense of rough justice. Yet his voice seemed to me thin and unworidly.

The whip fell upon my shoulders. It fell, and fell, and fell again. Through the lashing, through his voice, angry and full of its self-importance, I watched the light which did not alter. And surely the gods are wondrous when they arrive, for I only pitied him. To be sure I pitied him even a shade more when the Bear, rising in front of me, reached and managed to drag the overseer within a tremendous grip of forearms. But that had been in the plan, to anger this overseer—in a year you know a man well, at least on the outer side, and can gauge what he will or will not do—and it was falling out as it should have. I must tell, too, that I was not surprised. This overseer was the same who, a month before, had tortured the man on the bench in front of Diarno until he drove that one to madness; there is rough justice in all of life, it seems. And fortunately the Bear had clutched him in the proper position for breaking a neck, so that there was no outcry. The lamp had been knocked down; it burned for a little and then went out with a splutter and some mild smoking. After that we worked in the shadows, while the light through the sweep ports stayed as it had before. All along the banks of crouching men it went its way, touching an eye here, a curve of knotted shoulder there. A great gentle light; remembering my mother's gods, I wished the soul of the overseer well on its journey through the dark underworld. When we were done with him in the shadows and had his short-sword, little Diarno said in the voice of an agitated reed, "Hit with the blade, strike off your chains!"

But the Bear's voice was strong and reaching as the duumvir's drums above deck. "We will not blunt the blade on our chains, Diarno." The Bear was standing as high as he could in his chains; he held the sword, it glittered in the calm light. He spoke to the banks of rowers; all were awake now, turning and watching, waiting. "I have the overseer's sword!" he called. "If we stand together—all of us pulling to the limit of our strength—we can break these benches. We outnumber overseers and soldiers. I will walk up the stairs in the lead, using the sword, so that if there is more bloodletting, mine will be the blood first spilled. And now, come!" Suddenly his voice rang and was greater than the duumvir's drums. "Stand, pull for life and freedom as did those slaves under the decks at Actium!"

Of course it had been done before. Slaves in the galleys had pulled up their benches in the past. Yet for so long had it been a blind and empty dream to these men that, as the Bear's words ceased ringing, there was at first only an echoing growl and mutter among them—but I was standing, straining on the chains; Diarno was standing. Then I could see a scrawny-necked, knob-shouldered wreck of a man in front of Diarno, also standing; and the murmur was growing to a shout, and more were upon their feet. In the wood of the benches to which the chains were attached came a slight shudder. Now the strain on the circles of iron around my wrists was intolerable, as though it would cut my hands off. I knew every man was feeling it, and there was no time for cheering or shouting; only for the vast, concerted effort.

And then with a rending crash a bench came up, splintering and cracking as it came; and another; and just when I had felt that my bench was of iron rooted to stand forever, the heavy but rotted and sea-water-spoiled timber yielded, groaned, and my hands flew high, the chains jangling together as the bench wood flew to strike my back with jagged edges. I noted no pain; only that the light was as steady, as full and serene as it had been. I marveled a little that these benches, built to withstand just such an insurrection, had finally broken; yet to tell the truth, I marveled more at the serenity of the light. For in those moments—as, all around me, more benches cracked, split, as more men stood to their full height—I felt that any man alive can do anything he truly wishes to do. Often I still feel that. It is a feeling beyond jubilation. It has to do with calm, with strength, with a silent light.

We were a strange, bedraggled army—dragging stumps of benches from our arms, wedges of wood that swung heavily, we stood high and free—walking into the aisle, clambering down from the ports, leaving those accursed oars. We were a strange awkward army, but there was strength in us as fierce as any army at Thermopylae. And as more and more of us stepped into the aisle, and as there was noise above decks—a cry, a shout, the running of feet, the signals that the officers had heard us and would meet us above the hatchway—Diarno and I took our places just behind the Bear at the head of this slow-footed, freedom-breathing army. The sword glittered in the Bear's right hand. The chains that swung from his wrist did not impede the clean strength of that hand. Chains, too, could be weapons; it came to me that all of us were well-armed. Just behind me a dark little man with one eye said, peering forward and up to the hatchway stairs, "I am not crying from fear, friend. It's not fear! But I had never thought to be standing upright again. I had never thought it!"

Twilight Song

By Edward Shenton

The dusk comes quickly, softly,
And trees are dim and stark;
The winds forget to whisper
About the silent park.

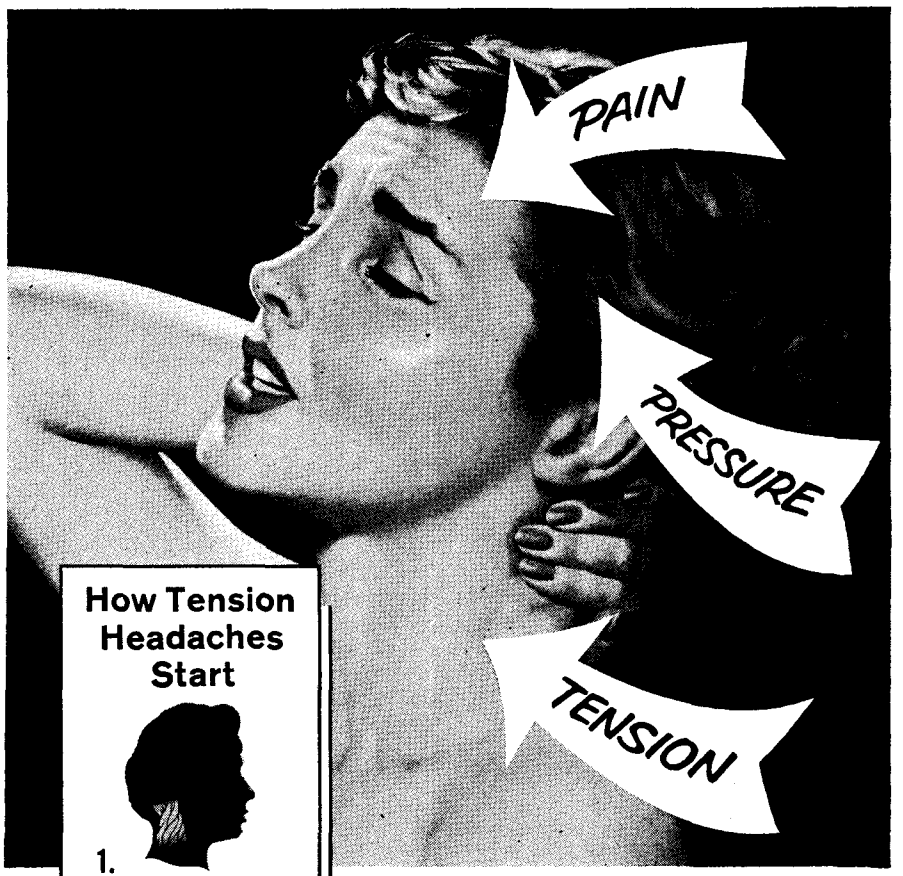
The light goes swiftly, faintly,
And night slides down the
trees;
The sun's bright cup drips
slowly
Its golden, fading lees.

My heart goes gaily, lightly,
Beneath the cooling gloom,
To where a lamp is burning—
The window of your room.

Better than aspirin—even aspirin with buffering for

TENSE, NERVOUS HEADACHES

Acts Instantly to Give More Complete Pain Relief



How Tension Headaches Start

1. Tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles . . .

2. . . . puts painful pressure on nerves.

3. Tension and pressure cause headache pain. Anacin contains special medication (**not** found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) to relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast.

ANACIN® relaxes tension, releases pressure, relieves pain fast!

Tense, nervous headaches need the special medication in Anacin. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever and *no* special medication to relieve nervous tension. But Anacin contains a *number* of medically proven ingredients — each with a specific purpose. Anacin not only relieves pain incredibly fast but also contains special medication to relax tension, release painful pressure on nerves—assuring a better 'total' effect—more *complete* relief from pain. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not upset the stomach. Buy Anacin *today*.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in•••

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We were moving forward now, the Bear, then Diarno and I, then the rest at our backs. As we reached the hatchway steps, carrying our chains, the duumvir's drums sounded out above us. The tip of the sword in the Bear's right hand reached into the light pouring down those steps. It was like an answer to the drums. I knew, watching it, that soon the drums would be silenced; yet, though I had always, as I've said, hated the duumvir and the idea of the time-keeping drums most of all, yet now there was no hate in me. It was past hate. It was very quiet. It was justice and need. Watching the Bear, too, as we climbed on—there they were, ringing the hatchway, a dozen or twenty soldiers, their swords ready, their armor on, their faces set in that cascade of brilliant light—watching the Bear as I also watched these soldiers, I had the thought that he would have made a great gladiator. But then he was a farmer and not a believer in that sort of fighting. He was a man and no skilled beast. That was part of the reason why they could not stop us. They had precision and the art of arms on their side. We had nothing but ourselves and one sword and the chains and the bench ends—and our terrible need.

The first soldiers leaped; the Bear swung his sword; I was attacked from the left, and was flailing with my chains, with all my released strength. From the hatchway poured the rest of our men, streaming up and up, pouring out to cover the deck—even then, in the maelstrom of blows and blood and shouts and the swarming blindness of battle, I noted how the vast light shone. It was not a soft light. It was gentle, but very strong. It seemed to me then that it stood beyond battle, beyond the raging shadows on the deck boards, as though it contained and cupped the final truth of battle and all man's striving. We fought on.

They fought well, I suppose, those soldiers. Their captain—he was astoundingly young—was very valiant. He would gladly have died rather than bear the ignominy of enduring an escape of the galley slaves from a ship under his command. Yet they had fought one battle that day and had been in a storm afterward. I have thought much, since then; I know how they felt; I can, perhaps, sympathize. We were too many for them; at the first there was bloodshed, and some of our men went down, and some of theirs. But even then, at the first, you could tell how it would end. Yet there was a mystery past all this; I think somehow that they felt it too. I think it slowed their sword arms and gave pause to their trained rushes and bitter sallies.

Later—oh, it seemed much later, though it appeared to me that the light in the sky would stand forever, and that whatever dawn came after it would be like no other dawn yet seen—we had conquered them. We had bound them hand and foot; had laid the bodies of the dead apart for decent burial. And, though you would think the utmost vengeance would live among our men and that, even with the Bear commanding us, we would not leave a soldier or an overseer alive—this was not so. It, too, was part of the mystery. I have no easy words for it. Yet it was there, moving among us, bound into the light which seemed part of our bones and bellies. I am an old man now, yet even today I have not answered the questions that came to me then as, after the battle, after the silencing of the duumvir's drums, I walked with the Bear on deck. We stood in the stern, near that high-curved sweep of wood. Its shadow was a swan's throat on the hushed water. And again I smelled the land—it smelled of olive trees and beautiful darkness; it was not far off past this deck.

After we had rested a little and before the morning came, we would finish striking off all of our chains and would row for shore. That had been decided. But now the questions leaped on my tongue.

"You were right," I said. "I have never smelled land like this one. Where are we, then, old Bear?"

He was leaning on the bulwark, watching the light on the water. He said, "I have smelled this land before in other seasons. I could not forget it, Voldi. I came here with my father when I was very young. There"—he gestured—"is the edge of Egypt; and this, before us, is Palestine. And we are near Jaffa, off the Palestine coast." He plucked at his chin and stared into the sky. You could see where most of the light came from. It came from a single star. I remember its light. Where are there words to say it all? It was a young rose, and the fire in the blood of youth, and the new air of morning, and the end of countless years. "There was a town, Bethlehem, they called it the House of God. They waited for a sign in the sky—I remember well. The sign would tell them of the birth of a king." He stopped; then went on. "Voldi, that star is the sign; I think it hangs near the town, near that Bethlehem."

I did not answer. I could tell that he could answer no more of my questions, so I asked no more then. We only went on looking at the star. Sometimes I think I still see it—that it has never gone out.

Are Electric Cars Coming Back? (Continued from Page 20)

as nostalgic. Since their time, the price of electricity has gone down by two-thirds, while the cost of gasoline, with taxes, has almost tripled. In 1955, Harold L. Phillips of Hastings, Michigan, an antique-car fan, found an electric in good-enough shape to be his wife's Christmas present. Never did Santa Claus make a better deal. The vehicle is in steady second-car use, and recharging the batteries of this Christmas gift costs only two dollars a month, about the price of seven gallons of regular gas. It needs no antifreeze and in winter it starts instantly at temperatures that make gas cars sulky. And thanks to smoother application of power to the drive wheels, it behaves better under slick-surface conditions.

The old-timers seldom reached a speed of thirty miles per hour, and eighty miles per recharge was their best range. But consider what Robert Craig of Scotland, Pennsylvania, gets from his 1920 Detroit Electric, bought during World War II to save strain on his gas ration. Now run as a second car, with modern heavy-duty batteries, the old electric gets well over 100 miles per recharge, makes thirty-five m.p.h. on level blacktop and takes all the grades in his up-and-down neighborhood. Recharging nuisance? A modern recharger plugged into an ordinary electrical outlet handles that problem overnight, automatically cutting off the juice at the right point.

An amateur orchid grower, Mr. Craig puts a fresh spray of orchids in the traditional flower holder every day. But he has trouble keeping the old girl well polished. After an hour's parking in nearby Chambersburg, it is usually covered with the handprints of inquisitive people who have never seen such a rig before. Once Mrs. Craig found a man on his back underneath the car, only his legs visible.

"What on earth are you doing down there?" she asked the legs.

A red-faced head appeared. "Trying to find out what makes it go, ma'am."

Old-timers fit for rehabilitation are hard to find, hence seldom seen in traffic. More conspicuous examples of applying electricity to steered vehicles are the battery-driven golf carts, designed for players with heart ailments and now leaving the fairways to invade the streets. In good-weather areas favored by retired oldsters, such as Florida and Southern California, many "senior citizens" and some junior ones find these little go-buggies handy for shopping, visiting and going to a movie.

The golf-cart prototypes are often modified with canopies, dashboards, steering wheels instead of tillers, and greater carrying room. In effect they become two-seater electric automobiles, costing several hundred dollars less than small European gas cars. In Long Beach, California, for instance, more than 4000 of these electric vehicles present grave problems in licensing and sidewalk congestion—and give ingenious people ideas.

An engineer named H. Drake Harkins retired not long ago and moved to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, planning to take it easy. The place was swarming with golf carts being used for anything but golf. Mr. Harkins, whose background includes auto dealerships, contemplated them thoughtfully and wrote to people he knew up North. For more than a year now he has been busy developing the electric-automobile idea under the auspices of the Atlantic City Electric Company, of which he is a director.

Atlantic City Electric's program has also included a study of electric trucks in England, where close to 30,000 of them are making many-stop deliveries of milk, bakery goods, laundry, sacked coal, and so on. The electric's quicker handling and acceleration, English studies show, enable it to cover go-stop-go routes at higher average speed than gas trucks or horse carts. Besides, they don't waste gas idling during the delivery stop. "Stop an electric, and it stops all over," says Mr. Harkins with relish.

"Would you mind not whistling while you're adding up my check?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Some companies, realizing these virtues, have never abandoned electrics. The United Parcel Service still runs seventy of them as "little warehouses on wheels" out of its mid-Manhattan loading depot, whence routes are short, and stops at apartment houses long. U.P.S.'s indoor, underground loading docks make the absence of exhaust fumes particularly desirable. The Brunswick Laundry of Jersey City keeps delivery costs down with twenty-eight electrics on runs of less than thirty-five miles a day. Some are still rolling with the same electric motors, although frequently reconditioned, after forty-eight years of service.

A revival of electric-truck manufacturing is already under way. Light experimental models, fathered by the Gould-National Batteries, Inc., have been added to the Brunswick Laundry fleet and are doing well for the Blanding Milk Company of Greenville, Michigan. Since February, 1959, Westinghouse Electric has run a natty Gould-National truck out of its East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, plant up and down the hilly local streets on short-range errands previously assigned to station wagons. Oscar Bickel, the driver, likes its easy handling so much that he is building himself an electric car out of an old Crosley chassis, a salvaged Crosley station-wagon body and a motor from a warehouse-type electric tractor. Westinghouse engineers have privately suggested some of the ideas he has adopted.

The Warren Sanitary Dairy Company of Warren, Ohio, is keen on its new electric delivery truck from the Cleveland Vehicle Company, designed to handle a fifty-mile route with 200 pay stops. On its usual up-to-twenty-mile route its "fuel"—recharge electricity—costs a cent and a half per mile. Cleveland Vehicle already has thirty-seven of its trucks on daily delivery chores, mostly in Ohio. The United States Post Office is testing one for pick-up work in Maryland.

The Electric Storage Battery Company, Detroit Edison and Atlantic City Electric are among big brothers solicitously aiding and abetting Cleveland Vehicle. Its head, Walter (*Continued on Page 58*)

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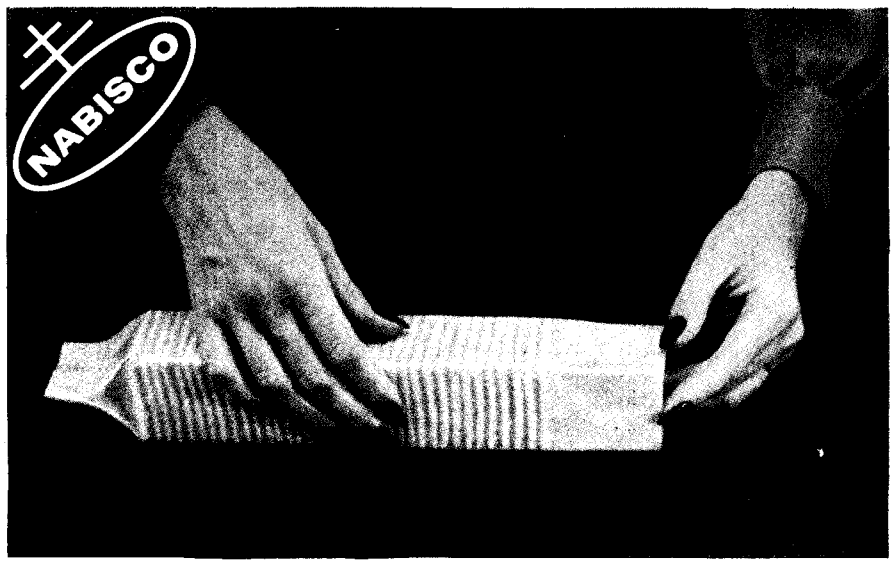
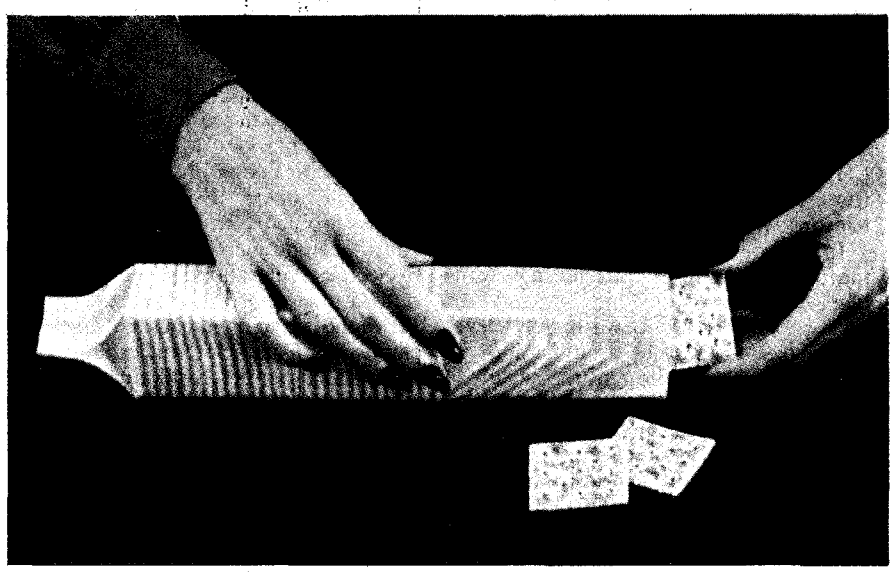
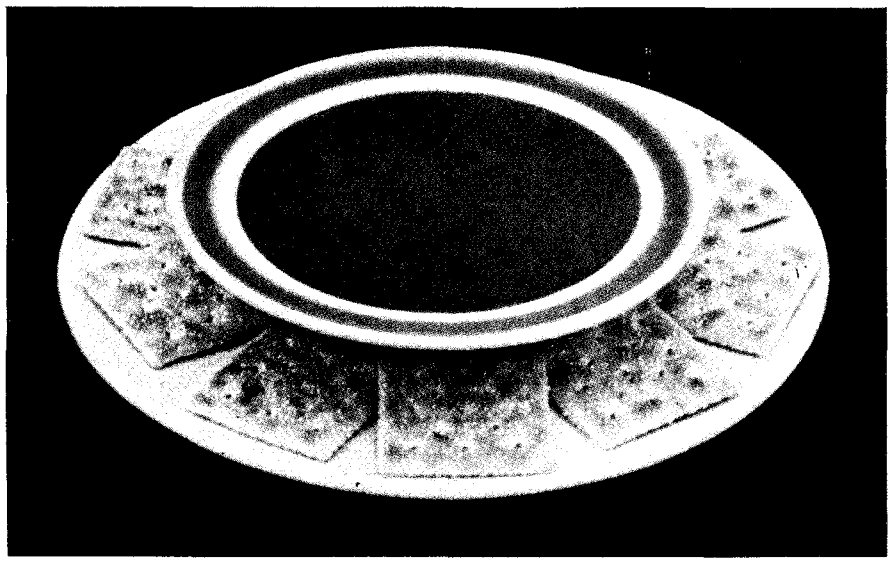


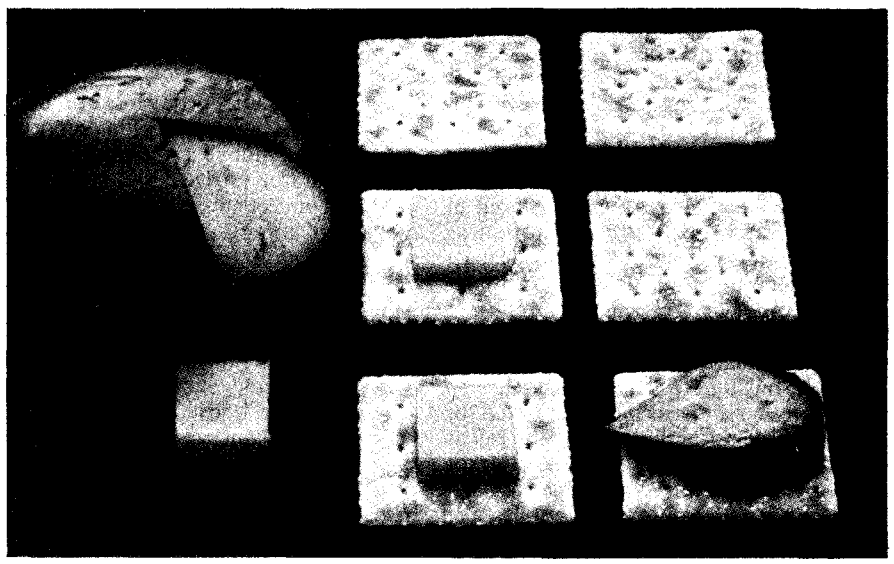
Open up a Stack Pack...



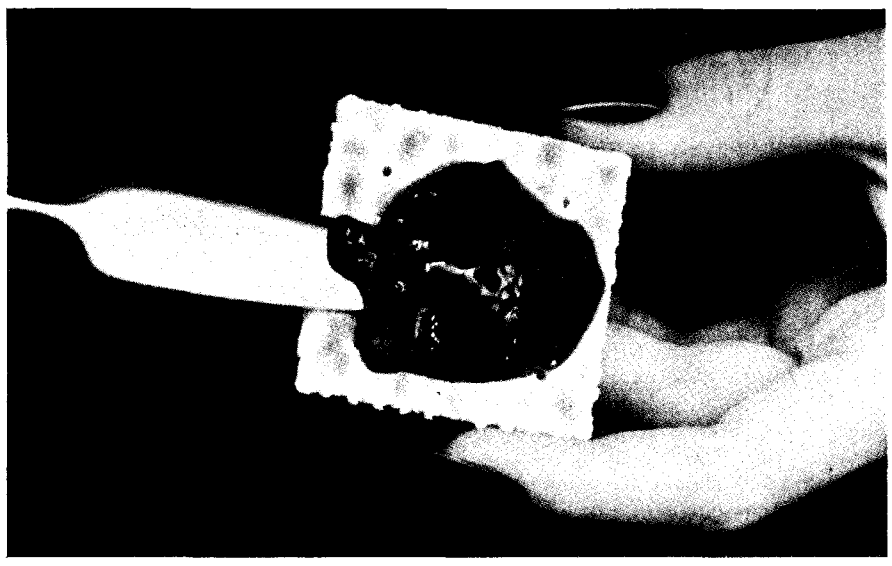
Crackers are singly stacked...



Snapping-crisp with soup...



or cheese...



or jams...and they stay crisp...'cause you can reclose the Stack Pack.®

Reclosable Stack Packs keep PREMIUM SNOW FLAKE crisp to the very last cracker!

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(*Continued from Page 56*) S. Thomas, is an engineer who has loved electric vehicles since he was a youngster. He owns and cherishes an old Rauch-Lang with a wrap-around windshield and sometimes takes her out for a run. Naturally he has entered Cleveland Vehicle in the race to produce the electric passenger car of—maybe tomorrow morning.

In June, 1958, he installed an electric motor and a bank of batteries in a Rambler American supplied him by American Motors. Then he went cruising on Cleveland streets—to the mystification of other drivers, who thought the silent car was stalling every time it stopped for a light, and yet heard no starter noise before it took off again. Policemen sometimes stopped him to ask what made it run. Once, as a joke, Mr. Thomas drove into a gas station and asked for a tankful, saying he had just managed to coast up to the pump. After frustrated fumbling, the proprietor asked in outrage, "You just get this car new?" Mr. Thomas replied he had. "They didn't give you any gas tank!"

"No wonder I ran out," said Mr. Thomas shaggily. He stepped on the control pedal and drove silently away without benefit of internal combustion.

From this makeshift vehicle he learned an important fact about electric cars—you can't rip engine and gas tank out of a heavy, Detroit-sized car, substituting batteries and electric motor, and expect dazzling performance. Instead of a more-than-100-horsepower engine, you have one or two electric motors delivering four to sixteen horsepower at best. So the new electric must be as small as a foreign economy car and specially engineered for lightness—glass and plastic get the call as body materials. And then you settle for speed and range comparable to Mr. Craig's old-timer—say forty miles per hour top speed, and ninety to 100 miles' range per recharge.

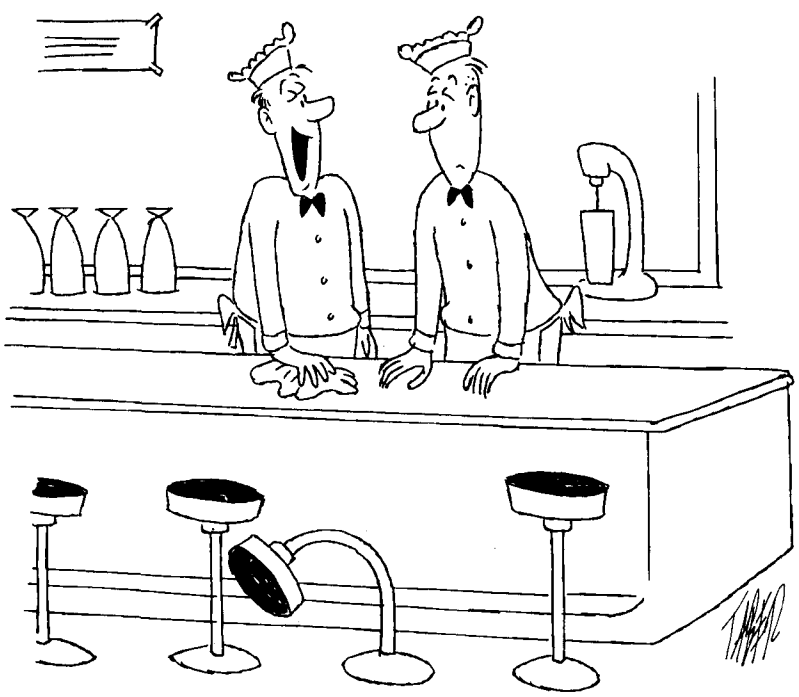
It sounds puny until you recall the practical use that owners of old electrics get from their elegant pets. An electric is the ideal economical urban-suburban family second car for shopping, child fetching, going to a nearby job. It costs far less per mile to operate than the average standard-sized gas car, is better suited to urban traffic than some European models and has quicker acceleration. Since anything over thirty-five miles an hour is pointless as well as illegal on city streets, its forty-m.p.h. speed is adequate. Seven different companies are known to be cooking up electric automobiles, and all are committed to this second-car market—a limited field, but nevertheless taking in millions of potential customers.

The problems have been to develop controls smoother than those acceptable in electric trucks and to get enough power output in proportion to the weight and life of the dozen or so batteries an electric car needs. For their vehicles Europeans have a high opinion of alkaline-type storage batteries that team up nickel and iron or nickel and cadmium or silver and zinc. This side of the ocean, alkaline batteries so far have been largely confined to military use. But as refinements appear and production rises and costs fall, one or more of these metallic teams may pay off in an electric. In the meantime, recent improvements in the conventional lead-acid storage battery enable it to satisfy more than key requirements for an electric of reasonable lightness—forty-mile-an-hour speed, 100-mile range.

Body and frame problems are being bypassed by C. Russell Feldmann, a pioneer in automobile radios and enthusiastic operator of five de luxe golf carts on his Connecticut estate. He has arranged to import unitized Renault assemblies from France, to be electrified in a bus-manufacturing plant in Canastota, New York. Carrying some 640 pounds of the latest lead-acid batteries, the car will reach thirty-five- to forty-m.p.h. speeds.

B. L. England, board chairman of Atlantic City Electric, has ordered the first two Feldmann cars turned out. As to range, Mr. England says he would settle for thirty-five to forty miles per recharge, in order to get the cars on day-by-day testing as soon as possible. Actually these electrified Renaults are expected to go much farther.

So far, Mr. Feldmann has orders for fifty-one cars from thirty power companies. In the foreseeable future his whole output will go to utilities yearning to get them into street use by meter readers, collectors and other many-stop employees. Painted so as to identify them as electrics, they will also advertise the electric-vehicle idea to private motorists, who, the (*Continued on Page 60*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Then she said, 'Oh, well, one more double banana split won't hurt'!"

ON-THE-SPOT REPORT

Products and Ideas that can pay off for you

KOPPERS®

These stories illustrate how Koppers customers are using our products to cut costs, make a better product and improve efficiency. If there is an idea here that suggests a money-saving solution to you, just return the coupon and we'll send you full information on the subjects you check.

Plastic film keeps new homes "Durethene"® Dry

EVERYWHERE, U.S.A. — DURETHENE polyethylene film is eliminating an annoying problem in new home construction—water seepage. This tough, durable, plastic "membrane," shown here being placed around the basement of a new Edward M. Ryan, Inc. home in Pittsburgh, Pa., stops moisture penetration completely. It is used around foundations, inside walls, under floors, over ceilings, under concrete slabs and crawl spaces. It is excellent, too, for enclosing areas for cement curing and for flashing.

Moisture causes millions of dollars in damage annually. It peels paint, decays lumber, cracks and spalls concrete, warps and rots wood floors—not to mention mildew damage to stored materials. More than 80% of this moisture infiltrates from the ground; water is under *every* house.

DURETHENE film puts a stop to this sabotage. It is completely impenetrable to water, will not crack or break, and it is rot-proof. To builders, this means fewer call-backs and lower construction costs. To home buyers it means extra assurance. To both it is like money in the bank. (Special note to builders: DURETHENE film comes in easy-to-handle rolls, in widths up to 40 feet and in 100-foot lengths.)

There is a way to make sure you are getting a "Durethene" Dry home. Look for the bright, new Desert Dan symbol (shown at left)—the sign of a "Durethene" Dry home.

If you are a dealer or distributor of building supplies, write for details on our "Desert Dan" promotion. Just check the coupon for complete information.

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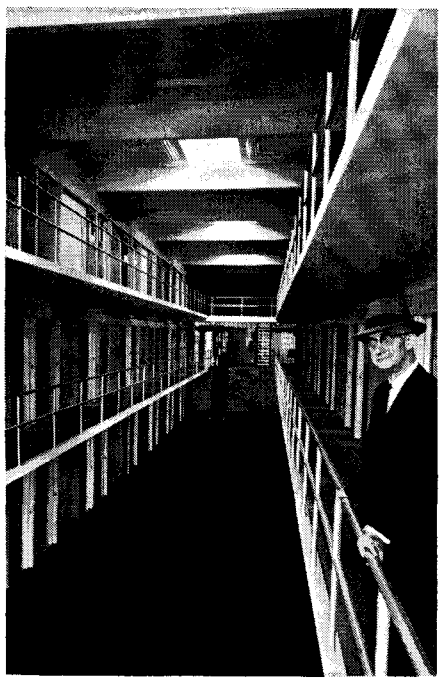
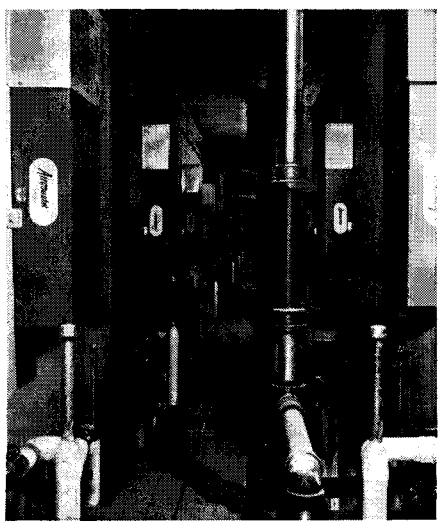


Sound Traps prune prison grapevine

PORTLAND, OREGON—"Isolation" used to be a joke in the old Oregon State Penitentiary. Prisoners talked and passed objects freely to each other through the air ducts connecting the cells in the isolation buildings. Troublemakers were able to foment unrest even when prison officials did their best to keep them separated from other prisoners.

Not so in the new Oregon State Correctional Institution. There AIRCOUSTAT® Sound Traps throughout the ventilating system keep a damper on unruly spirits. The design of the AIRCOUSTAT sound attenuator is based on a principle utilized by Koppers to silence jet aircraft engines.



Prison officials, including Superintendent P. J. Squier, say there is no doubt that AIRCOUSTAT'S silencing of the "speaking tubes" makes for easier and more effective control of inmates. Now troublemakers can be quarantined till tension dies down. The 261 AIRCOUSTAT Sound Traps in the institution's ventilating system were specified by Annand, Boone & Lei, Architects, Portland, Oregon. The consulting engineer was W. Bruce Morrison, Portland, Oregon.

Koppers is the nation's largest producer of sound-control equipment—devices used to help quiet our most modern schools, office buildings, recording studios, institutions, and prisons. For complete information, check the coupon.

Wolmanized® lumber keeps out uninvited guests

MYRTLE BEACH, S. C.—Wood is a favorite construction material with architects—especially for ultra modern motels along our vacation coasts. But dripping bathing suits, wet, sandy feet, salt spray and rain invite decay and termite attack in lumber. The finest hosts and hostelries shy from these unwanted guests that always mean higher maintenance cost and lowered prestige.

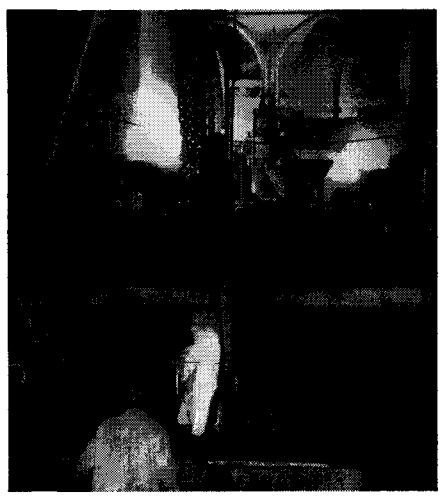
At more and more of the newer luxury motels, there's a "no vacancy" sign posted for decay and termites. WOLMANIZED® pressure-treated lumber—a product of Koppers and its scores of independent licensee treaters—is being widely used because of its built-in chemical protection against these wood destroyers.

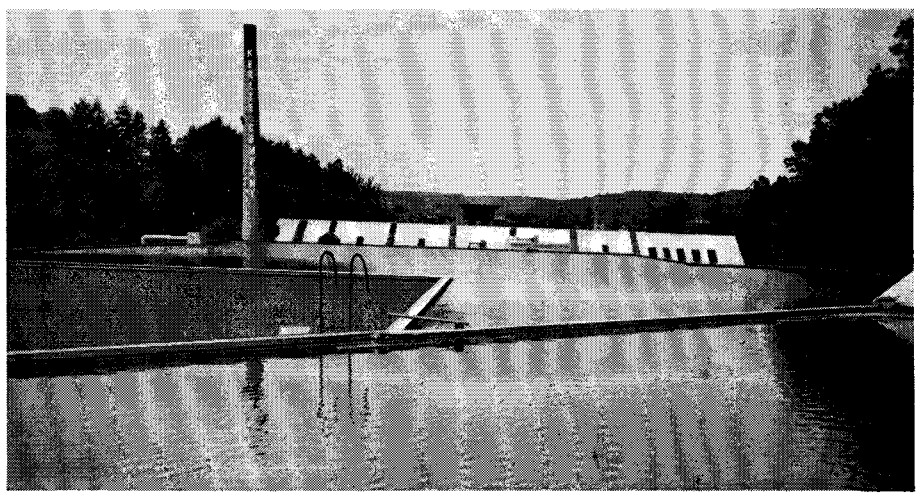
Architect James E. Cooney made extensive use of WOLMANIZED treated southern yellow pine in the 85-unit Dunes Village Motel. For many years to come,

WOLMANIZED lumber will provide structural soundness for the expensive finish materials. Best of all, the lumber in this splendid motel was pressure-treated for only pennies extra per board foot.

WOLMANIZED pressure-treated lumber, protected against decay and termite attack, is being used for sills, joists, subflooring, lumber in contact with masonry or near the ground; in wet process plants; in fact, virtually anywhere wood is used.

For the many ways WOLMANIZED lumber can help you safeguard your building dollars—check the coupon.





Steelmaking made easy

ONTARIO, CANADA—The plant at Niagara Falls, Ontario, doesn't look like a conventional steel mill. There are no towering rows of stacks, no blast furnace in sight. But, once inside, you find it's every inch a steel plant—a very special kind. Here, steel is produced *directly* from iron ore by the Strategic-Udy Process.

The Udy process is simple. It does the iron-making job in just two steps: raw materials are charged into a kiln where the ore is partially reduced to a free-flowing sinter; and the sinter is then fed into an electric smelting furnace. From the furnace comes the molten semi-steel, which can then be refined by any of the currently used steel refining processes.

Commercialization of the Udy process has been undertaken jointly by Koppers and the Strategic Materials Corporation, and more recently by a third partner, Elektrokemisk A/S of Oslo, Norway—the world's leading designer and builder of electric smelting furnaces.

The new Udy smelting technique means that integrated steel plants, employing a direct reduction method of operation, are now economically possible. Low-grade or contaminated ores, once considered useless, can be successfully reduced to steel. Capital investment is lower, and operation is economical. Could on-the-spot ore reduction save money for you? Then check the coupon.

They work under water and like it

SEYMOUR, CONN.—Summertime morale runs higher than it used to at the Kerite Company in Seymour, Connecticut. One reason: Koppers Built-Up Roofing, covered with three to four inches of water.

Making wire cable is a hot business. When the temperature soared outside, this 106-year-old electric cable manufacturer used to have to shut down occasionally when working conditions simply became unbearable. Naturally, production suffered.

The installation of Koppers water-cooled built-up roofing—on all eleven of the company's newer buildings—reduced inplant temperatures by 10° to 15° on hottest summer days. This not only eliminated summer shutdowns, but, say company officials, the plant's production improved over past years and employees were happier.

The basic ingredient of Koppers ponded built-up roofing system is coal-tar pitch, a truly water-resistant material . . . in fact only coal-tar pitch can be used successfully for a ponded roof.

Koppers built-up roofs, water-cooled or not, are bonded for 20 years. Service records show they far outlive their 20-year bond. For more information on how Koppers can help you solve your roofing problems, check the coupon.

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(*Continued from Page 58*) electric industry hopes, will eventually go for it.

This fervency is understandable. Atlantic City Electric figures that, on the average, each electric car with batteries being recharged at night will use fifty dollars' worth of juice a year. And most of the current—this is the creamy part—will be drawn at off-peak hours after midnight, which means far more efficient use of generating equipment. No wonder the mere hint of an electric car in the works brings eager inquiries from utility companies. The Washington Water Power Company has ordered an electric-to-be from the Nic-L-Silver Battery Company of Santa Ana, California; another power company is anonymously encouraging Electricar Manufacturing Company of Freeport, Long Island, in its electric-car project.

Contemplated cost to private owners varies according to who is talking. Cleveland Vehicle and Electricar have set their sights on the $1600 range, to meet the competition of small European gas jobs. Stephen P. Kish of NuKlean Corporation, Lansing, Michigan, whose plastic-bodied entry will carry a motor at each rear wheel to make differential gears unnecessary, has the $2500 range in mind as a starter. Utilizing long experience as an engineer of Detroit car-body models, he hopes to allow for changes in body styles by selling owners inexpensive plastic shells for the never-wear-out basic car.

Actually data from operation of electric trucks suggest that an electric second car at $2500 would be a good investment. Annual depreciation can be based on twenty years of vehicle life; many electric trucks are twice that old. The cost of replacing batteries is offset by the extraordinary cheapness of electric "fuel." Tires last longer because of smoother acceleration. Maintenance is almost nil.

"This job will have eight moving parts," says Claud R. Erickson, mechanical engineer for the Lansing Board of Water and Light, an eager ally of Mr. Kish's project, "and four of them are wheels."

Most of these engineer enthusiasts are professionals, but they show the zeal of amateurs. Most are already well fixed, with good jobs, or with adequate retirement income, like F. L. R. Brown, a retired English engineer whose prototype electric runabout is spinning through the Surrey countryside.

Douglas Dow, who has long had a basic electric car running around Detroit, was formerly with Detroit Edison, now with Detroit Testing Laboratory. Seymour Lederer of Electricar is a retired colonel of United States Army Engineers. His engineer colleague, John Christian Schuld, retired last year with all the money he'd ever need. He intended to loaf. Then he heard of Electricar and within three months was working seven days a week.

"I don't care if I'm paid or not," he says. "I'm having fun."

Schuld expects that Electricar, utilizing modern batteries and structural know-how gained in making de luxe golf carts, will have by late spring a prototype combining fifty-m.p.h. speed and 100-mile range. Capt. C. G. Grimes, USN (ret.), head of Electric Storage Battery's Carl F. Norberg Research Center at Yardley, Pennsylvania, is confident that today's batteries and motors are up to such performance.

As the subject heats up, ideas keep popping out: Why not put electric chargers on parking meters, an extra dime giving a parked car ten miles of recharge while it waits? Why not design the motor to become a generator going downgrade, recharging the battery and helping to brake the car? Charles P. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, had that worked out in 1913. Robert Sewell, an engineering student at the University of Idaho last year, now with Washington Water Power, has applied this idea to an electrified Crosley station wagon.

Some owners of taxi fleets hope for low-maintenance, long-lived electric cabs—another new-old notion. The Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, was the first fare in London's first electric taxi in 1897. By 1900 New York City had hundreds of them. Quick battery replacement—slide out a pallet containing the old batteries, slide in a pallet of fresh-charged replacements—is simple to design. With this arrangement electric cabs could work the usual two shifts, with half an hour in the garage for changing batteries. Gasoline taxis might do better on fifty-mile round trips to airports via freeways, but forty-m.p.h., 100-mile electrics could handle most fares in urban traffic at average speeds.

American Motors and the Sonotone Corporation are developing an electric vehicle with nickel-cadmium batteries kept at full charge by a small, constant-speed gasoline engine running a generator. This is a clever design, but it cancels one of the electric's virtues—its lack of gasoline fumes and exhaust gases. Many American cities would have less smog trouble if taxis, delivery trucks and a sizable proportion of private automobiles were electric.

Reacting to outcries about pollution, Detroit will soon put new gadgets to work on automobile fumes. By late 1961, the motor industry promises, new cars will carry some type of "afterburner" to clean up exhaust gases between engine and tailpipe. Even sooner, cars intended for sale in California, where smog is a chronic problem, will probably have a device to channel unburned gasoline fumes from the crankcase into the intake manifold. But these innovations inevitably add to the cost of the car, and nobody yet knows how much they will thin out air pollution.

The electric has its own shortcomings. The heater, if one is installed, will have to be a gas burner—to save current. Extremely cold weather will reduce the batteries' output and thus cut the cruising range. Other things being equal, electrics will sell better in St. Augustine than in St. Paul. They will pull any grade ever paved, but the steeper the slower; obviously they will sell better in flat San Antonio than in hilly San Francisco. But in most of the nation, says the true believer, the electric as second car is bound to win favor.

Every day Mr. and Mrs. Robert Craig of Scotland, Pa., faithfully put a fresh orchid in the flower vase of their 1920 Detroit Electric.

Until she gave up driving last year, Mrs. Ernest Lloyd, 88, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, had used this Rauch-Lang continually since 1914.

The true believer hankers, of course, to get the electric out of the second-car class. He talks of gasoline-car rental depots at city limits, where city dwellers owning short-range electrics can change cars for long trips. He cheers the suggestion of the late Dean George Granger Brown of the University of Michigan's engineering school—that electrics qualify for expressways by taking power from overhead trolley wires, switching over to storage-battery power when leaving the expressway for secondary roads.

Certainly speed and electric propulsion are not inconsistent. One of the first cars to exceed 100 m.p.h. was Walter Baker's electric Torpedo in 1905. Its little brother, a streamlined job called the Torpedo Kid, hit 104 m.p.h. Electric Storage Battery's Captain Grimes talks expressway-style performance—sixty-five to seventy m.p.h., 500-mile range—for electrics without trolleys. The power source he has in mind is not the storage battery but the "fuel cell"—a device producing electricity directly out of certain fuels, far more efficiently than the indirect methods of running generators with steam plants or diesel engines.

In its simplest form, a fuel cell sets oxygen to "burning" hydrogen, a process that gives off energy and combines the two elements into water. Such "burning" of hydrogen by oxygen usually means a violent explosion, but the fuel cell tames this reaction by interlocking arrangements of metal diaphragms tied in with electrodes. The energy released turns directly into usable electric current. The principle has been known for generations, but only recently have scientists worked out the finicky details necessary for practical application.

The fuel cell's efficiency is amazing. The best-designed electric-power plant, burning oil or coal to make steam to run a generator, cannot transform into electricity more than 40 per cent of the potential energy in the fuel used. Internal-combustion engines are even less efficient. But fuel cells are getting close to 80 per cent under laboratory conditions and will soon do better. To translate even half that advantage into economic use would revolutionize power supply.

Most fuel cells now in operation are strung out as layman-puzzling complexes of wires, tanks, tubes and valves. Essentially, however, a fuel cell can be thought of as a box, like a storage battery, packed with porous metal plates associated with other metals acting as catalysts. At one end of the box, compressed tank oxygen feeds in steadily; at the other, hydrogen. As the two gases—hydrogen and oxygen—approach each other through mazes of porous plates, they are catalyzed into joining in a continuous low-temperature "burning," flameless and nonexplosive. The energy thus released is sidetracked into expressing itself as current, led off by the electrodes. The waste product is just everyday distilled water.

A conventional storage battery works the same way—up to a point. It, too, contains chemicals and metal plates so arranged that (*Continued on Page 63*)

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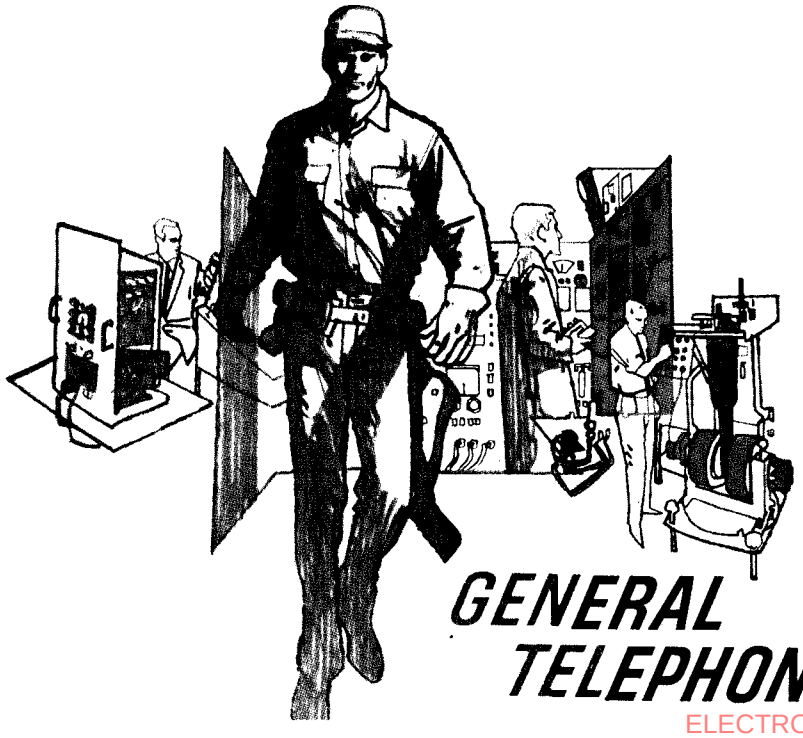
First look at telesight



Our continuous search for new ways to make the telephone more versatile, and thus even more useful, leads in many promising directions.

For instance, our scientists believe they have taken the first step toward a simplified form of visual communication over ordinary telephone lines.

The device is a thin, flat panel of "cold light" which can now produce changing patterns and will ultimately be capable of producing detailed moving images on its surface.

Its potential uses will be in the fields of radar, air traffic control, instrumentation, and in special military applications.

It is not too hopeful to suggest that this device may well foreshadow the coming of flat wall television or even of a telephone you can see with!

Here—then—is a typical example of how research not only is solving today's communications needs—but is looking toward the needs of tomorrow.

General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, 730 Third Avenue, N. Y. 17.

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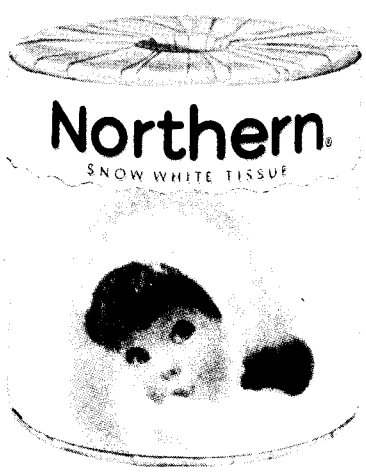
A furry mitten
white as snow
Is not the softest
thing I know



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(*Continued from Page 60*) newly released oxygen "burns" lead as fuel, which frees energy as electricity. But the process must stop—meaning the battery has "run down"—when exhaustion of available oxygen and formation of new chemicals make the battery's contents useless.

Recharging runs outside electric current through these new chemicals to reorganize them into their original combinations. But recharging involves delay and is slightly less effective each time, until the battery finally wears out. Recent improvements have greatly postponed that evil day. Modern lead-acid batteries powering electric trucks and experimental automobiles can stand upward of 2000 recharge cycles. But they lack the advantage of the fuel cell's steady supply of fresh fuel and oxygen, which enables it just to sit there and sweat usable electricity without ever running down.

Handling hydrogen and oxygen in high-pressure tanks can be awkward. One answer is to use hydrides—chemicals giving off oxygen when damp—and free oxygen from the air, provided the problem of air impurities is solved.

Hydrogen is by no means the only fuel potentially available. Researchers also work with carbon monoxide and with wood alcohol and hydrocarbons derived from oil. With any fuel, experimenters must get just the right catalyst alloys and find just the right subtle modifications of diaphragms and electrodes. With all fuels except hydrogen, operating heat presents problems ranging from troublesome to very tough, and keeping waste residues from clogging the works is a constant headache.

Those technical challenges are now the concern of a whole mob scene of European as well as American scientists. Most of them aim for usable electricity, but some are studying fuel cells to learn things valuable in other industrial fields. The list of American companies already at work includes Union Carbide, Curtiss-Wright, Lockheed, Radio Corporation of America, Dow Chemical, General Electric, Gulf Oil, Koppers, Consolidation Coal, Chrysler, Electric Storage Battery, Allis-Chalmers and Universal Winding.

So far a fork lift and a farm tractor have been run by fuel-cell power, albeit needing highly cumbrous and complex controls. Estimates of when practical use will come to pass range, as usual, from "next year" to "never." The first such use will certainly be military, to supply power at remote bases and possibly in satellites. The British are pointing for fuel-cell-powered locomotives. Continental researchers lean toward multiple hook-ups of fuel cells to generate industrial power.

Cheap power thus obtained would in itself stimulate development of electric vehicles. Captain Grimes of Electric Storage Battery expects to see within three years a prototype of a high-speed, long-range, fuel-cell-powered electric car. Union Carbide researchers recently showed me an operating hydride-oxygen fuel-cell layout small and light enough to carry in a suitcase, and putting out enough current to light a couple of small headlights. They consider it now in good enough shape to justify telling their engineer colleagues, "Here it is. It works—all ready for you to adapt it to useful jobs."

Many other experts think that this view of the matter is wildly optimistic. But Captain Grimes says that research into fuel cells has incidentally shown the way to making conventional storage batteries stronger, lighter and longer lived. Fuel cells, better batteries—either way, the electric car will benefit.

Mondays Are Miserable (Continued from Page 30)

was safe in the master bedroom of his handsome, ninety-per-cent-financed, ranch-type home in San Mateo. The sounds that had awakened him—and cut short a battle which might have changed the oral-hygiene habits of the nation—had come from the garbage collectors, who for reasons known only to themselves chose to complete their rounds in the middle of the night.

Turning from the picture window, through which he could detect the first pink hint of dawn, Eric became aware of a pain behind his eyes. Sundays usually were quiet in San Mateo, but last night had been different—Jim and Alice Keating had dropped in just as Eric and Gail were having the first of their two pre-dinner martinis by the pool and a casual visit had turned out to be a party. Now Eric had a Monday-morning headache, the worst there is.

Moaning, he turned to his wife, who slept beside him with an expression on her lovely face which suggested a child dreaming of confectionery. Gail's hair, cut short—apparently with an old pair of linoleum shears—was a dark halo around her head. Her lips were slightly parted. Eric smiled despite his pain.

"Hi, pixy," he whispered. The fact that he would not recognize a pixy if it came up and kicked him in the shins did not alter his belief that Gail, who was as small and quick as he was big and slow, was kin to the little people.

"Go back to sleep, poet," he told himself. It was only a few minutes before six, and he did not have to get up for another hour. But now his head was pounding so vehemently that sleep was impossible. Finally, unable to endure his anguish any longer, he slipped out of bed and started for the door.

Halfway there he tripped and fell, his forehead striking the floor with a sound like temple gongs. Meteors flashed before his eyes as he staggered to his feet.

He was not particularly surprised to discover that the reason for his flight through space was the pair of shorts Gail had worn last night. Apparently she had stepped out of them before going to bed and had simply left them there. It was a favorite trick of hers. Eric peered at her and saw she was awake—not only that, but smiling. At him? At what could have been a tragedy? Anger seared his soul.

"Did you fall?" she asked, yawning.

"No," he said, fingering the growing bump on his forehead, "I was just doing my setting-up exercises. I find it invigorates the brain to knock my head on the floor a couple of times in the morning."

"Oh-oh."

"What do you mean, oh-oh?"

"You're in one of those moods again. I can tell by the way you're breathing, like Old Ninety-seven."

Eric said carefully, "I fell over your shorts. I could have killed myself, but you just lie there grinning as if I'd done something howlingly funny."

"Darling, I didn't mean ——"

"Sometimes," he went on, "I wonder if you'll ever learn to do things right. Remember last week when I was looking all over for the pliers? Were they in the garage, where they belonged? Heck, no. They were out gathering rust under the fuchsias, where you'd left them after using them as a hammer on the stakes. Remember that book of poems that was missing so long from the bookcase? I found it finally under a table leg in the guest bedroom."

"I needed something ——"

"Why couldn't you have used a piece of wood?"

"I'll make you some coffee."

"Don't bother," Eric said, hating himself for what he was doing, but impelled at last to speak his mind. "It's the same story with everything you do. Look at the way you treat the tooth paste. If I've told you once I've told you a thousand times—squeeze it from the bottom. Yet every doggone time you use it you squeeze it from the middle. One of the things about you that attracted me from the start was your intelligence—I'd never met a girl who'd read Kafka and could discuss Veblen—but, by golly, I sometimes wonder how you can switch your brain on and off like that."

"Are you through?"

Gail was sitting up in bed, her bosom heaving. (*Continued on Page 66*)

"Mother thinks Richard isn't good enough for me—but then, who is?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Oh!

Oh!

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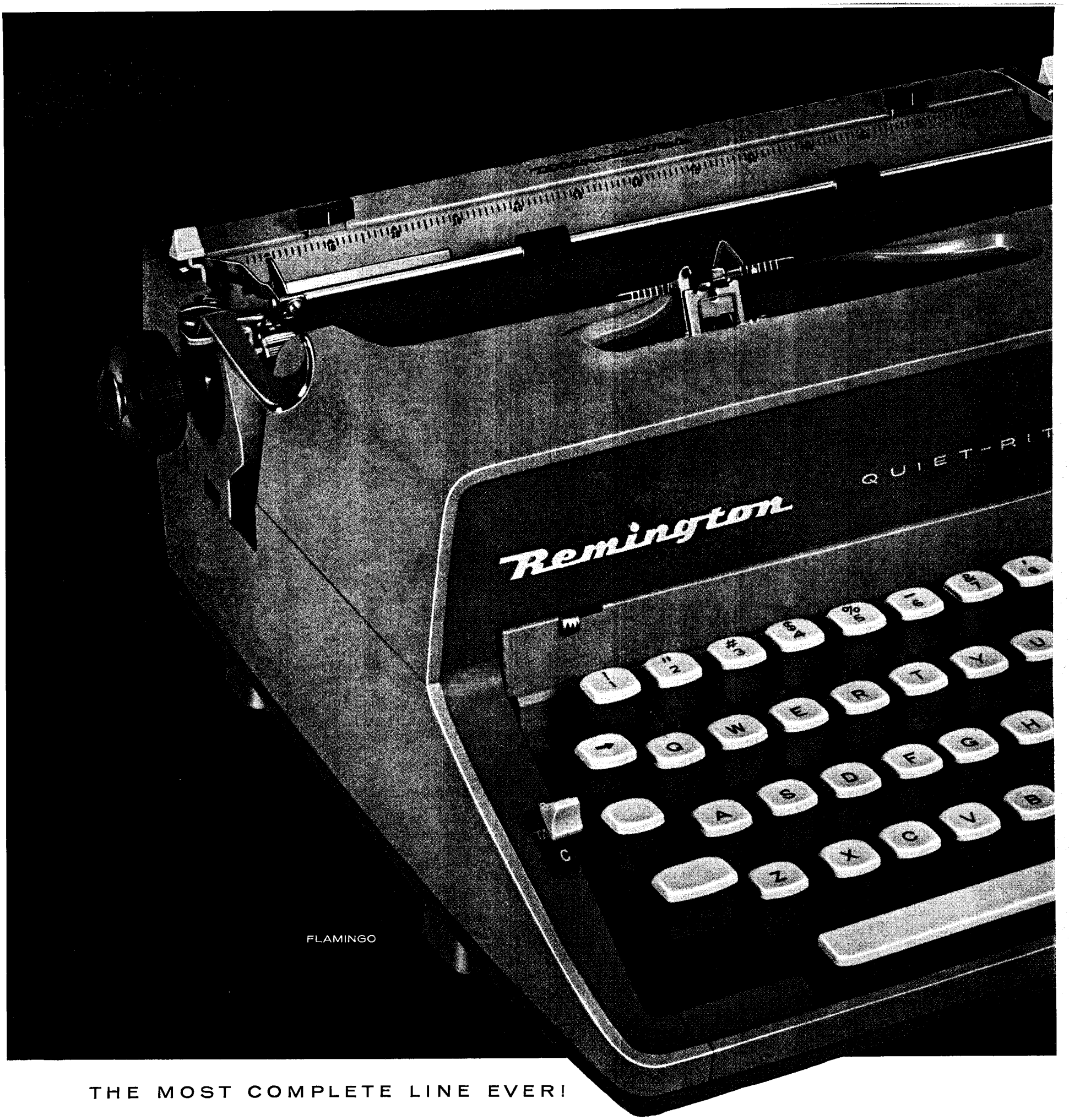

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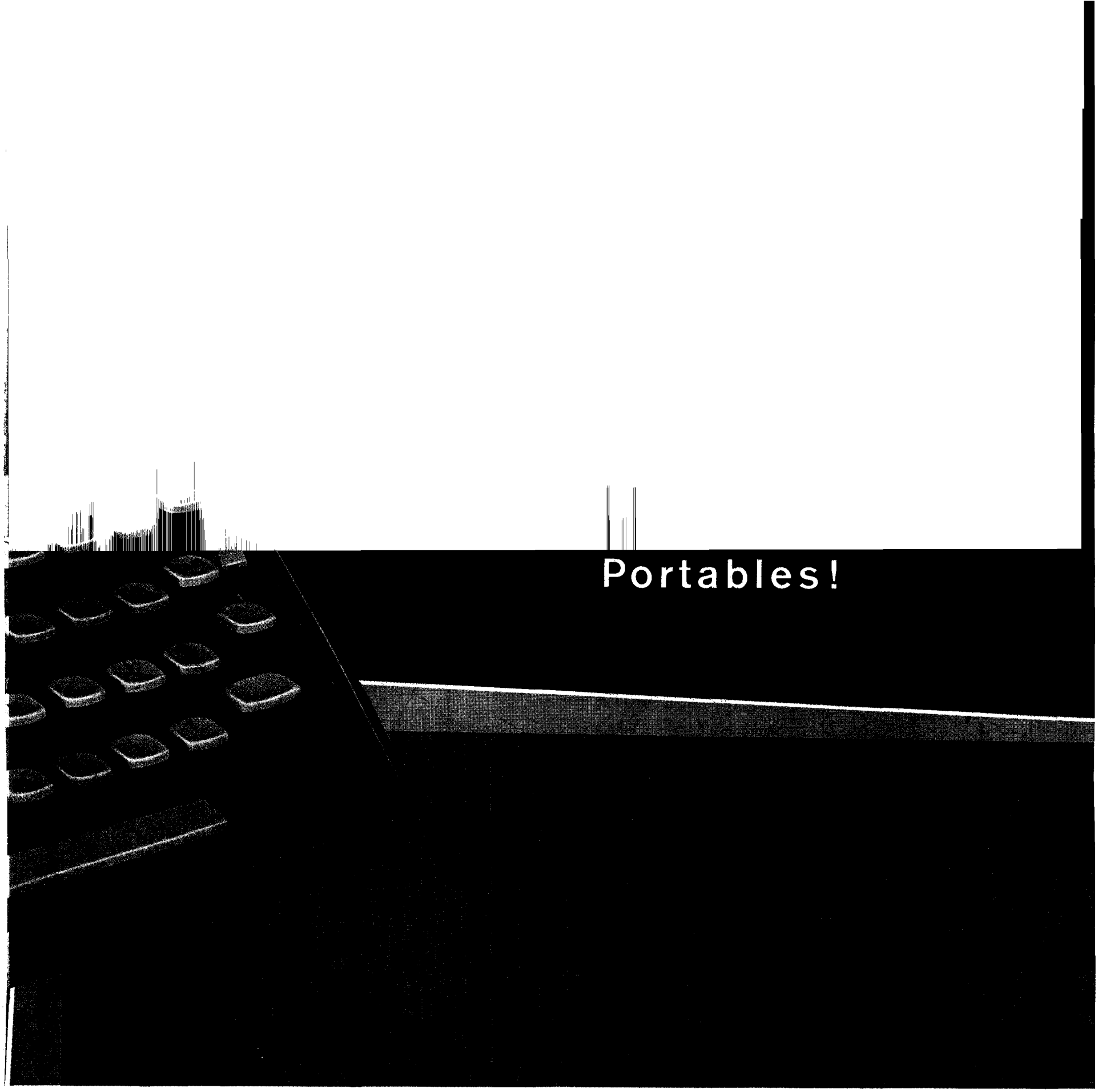

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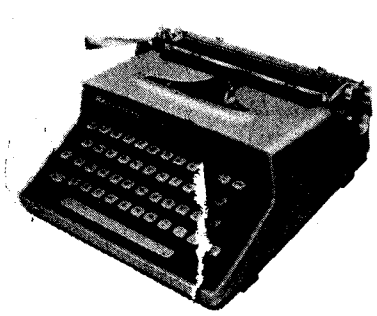

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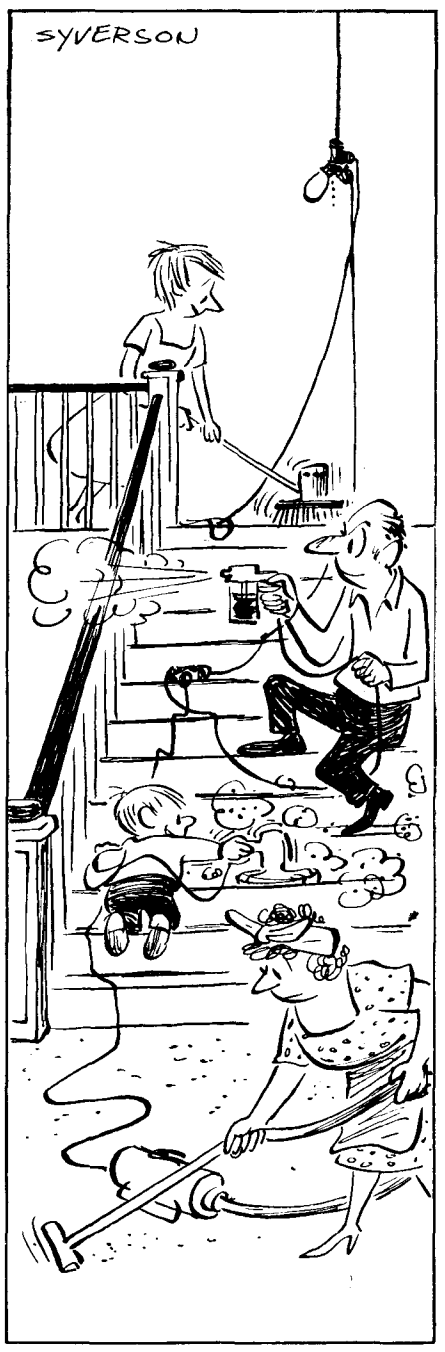

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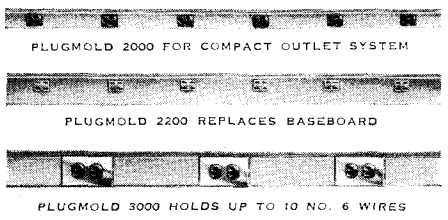

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(*Continued from Page 63*) Suddenly, Eric grew cold. Never before, in the two years they had been married, had he and Gail come this close to open warfare.

"Go back to sleep," he said gruffly, and went out before she had a chance to speak her piece. What he had wanted to do was take her in his arms and tell her he was sorry, but pride had intervened.

"You're a jerk," he said to his image in the bathroom mirror. The idea of his talking to his wife like that! Poor child—so small, so soft, so helpless—should he go back and beg her pardon?

He opened the door of the medicine chest. The first thing to assail his eyes was the tooth paste. The dun-colored tube was cruelly constricted in the middle, its cap was missing and a foot or so of paste lay coiled beside it on the shelf.

Eric searched for the cap, found it on the floor, replaced it, restored the tube to its natural shape and cleaned the shelf.

"Easy does it," he said between clenched teeth. Among his associates at Doctor Diefendorfer's Dental Elixir, where he was sales manager and assistant to the president, he was known for his even temper; but there was, he thought, an end to everything. Some day Gail would go too far.

After brushing his teeth twice—not out of loyalty to the product that paid his wages but because once seemed not enough—he took a couple of aspirins, then started shaving with the fine old straight-edge razor he had inherited from his father.

"Something's got to be done," he said to the mirror as he plied the deadly steel. "I love the girl, but dammit, there's no reason why she can't learn to do things right —— Ouch!"

Staring at his reflection he saw an almost imperceptible line appear on his left cheek—a line extending from his ear halfway to his mouth. As he watched, the line widened and grew crimson; a moment later blood started pouring down his cheek. Dropping the razor, he seized a bunch of tissue and pressed it to the wound, then groped in the medicine chest for the adhesive bandages. Gail had mentioned buying some last Saturday, he knew; but that was not to say she had put them where they belonged. They could easily be elsewhere—in the breadbox, say.

Miraculously he found them, but when he opened the package he saw the bandages were colored—not a white one in the lot. Blues were there in various shades, also green, red, orange and purple. One was striped like a peppermint stick; two were plaid.

Eric groaned. Well, he thought, his pixy wife had done it again. Instead of the conventional kind, she had chosen these surrogate Purple Hearts which some enterprising soul had put out for children—and for those who never grow up.

Blood oozed between his fingers. Realizing he must either bleed to death or use one of these chromatic aids, he covered his wound with the least giddy of the lot—a blue-and-green plaid.

Surveying the result in the mirror he thought, *The first one, male or female, who makes a crack—pow! Right in the smacker.*

Entering the bedroom he saw that Gail had pulled the covers over her head. The blanket enunciated the curves of her young body. He resisted the temptation to unveil her so she could see what her love of the bizarre had done to his dignity.

"I cut myself shaving," he said, after making a lot of unnecessary noise getting into his shoes.

"My heart bleeds for you." Her voice from under the covers was so muffled that Eric could not decide whether or not she was crying.

"Your heart bleeds for me. That's good. That's very good for so early in the morning. I'm laughing."

"Go away."

"I'm going. But first—did you get gas Saturday?" Monday was his day to drive the members of his car pool up to San Francisco, and he did not relish running dry on the freeway. Gail had used the car last, he knew—she had gone to the supermarket to buy, among other things, adhesive bandages.

"Gas? I don't remember."

Yes, he thought, she definitely was crying. He took a step toward the bed, then stopped short. For a long moment he stood looking down at the delightfully outlined bundle which to him represented all that was good and exciting and desirable—and yes, dammit, irritating—in woman. Should he capitulate, tell her he was sorry? No, he must make a stand. Maybe if he really threw his weight around—but not now.

As he went out he thought he heard her call his name. He almost went back—this was the first time in two years that he had gone to work without kissing her—but managed to keep going.

The first thing he did after getting into the car was check the fuel gauge. As he had expected, it read EMPTY.

Eric exhaled slowly. It was only four blocks to Frank Hillyer's service station on El Camino, but with the sort of luck he had been having he would never make it.

"Be with me, Lord," he prayed as he started down the drive. The Lord apparently heard him, for he reached the service station without incident. But Frank gave him a bad time when he saw the bandage.

"Ye gods," he said, "what's that?"

"Bandage," Eric said, after counting to ten.

"I know, but why *plaid?*"

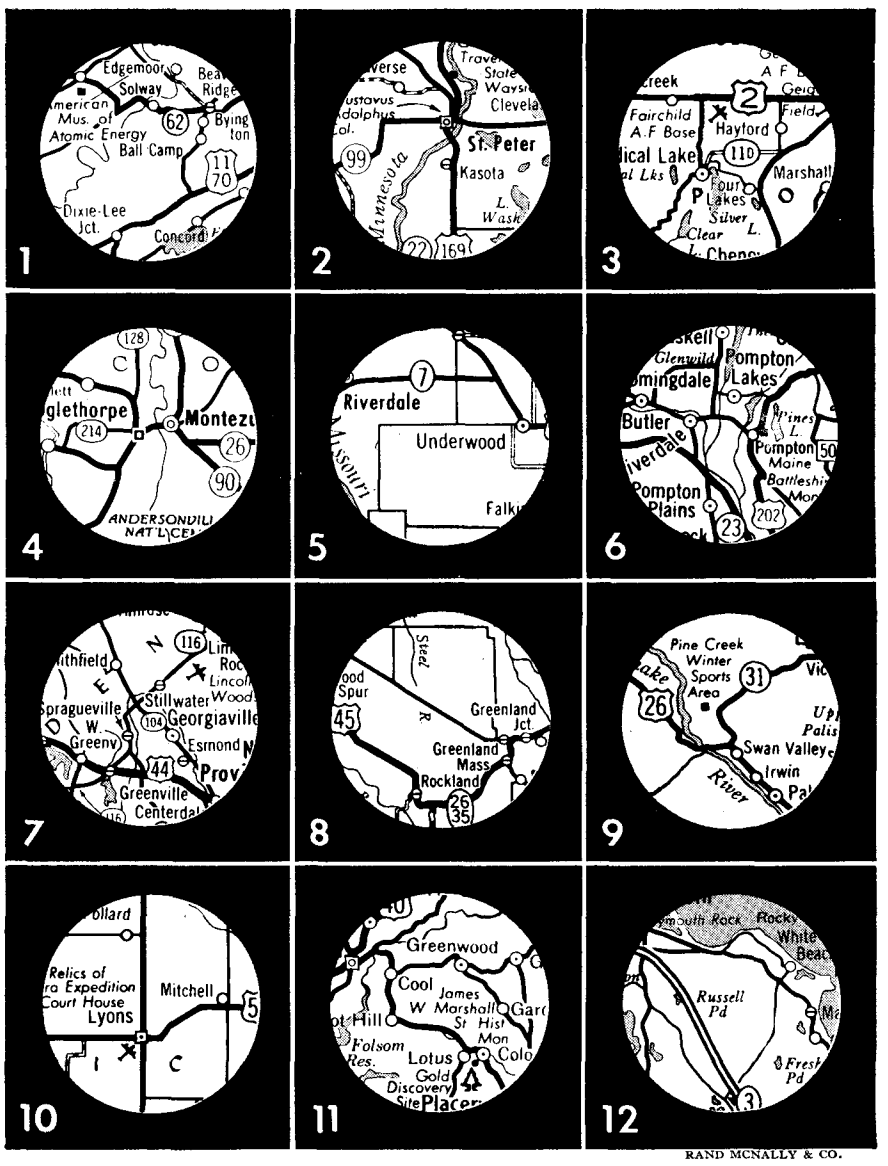
Eric explained how singlehanded he had fought off three crazed dope addicts in a San Francisco bar. One of them, he went on, had slashed him with a switchblade knife, but when the dust had settled, all three were out like lights.

"So you're a hero—but why plaid?"

"The doctor at Central Emergency is named Cohen—Irving Cohen—so naturally he insists on plaid bandages."

Driving the short distance to Alameda and Portola to pick up the boys, Eric remembered his promise to himself—to smack the first one who made a crack about his decoration. That he had not leaped out of the car and given Frank what he deserved was, he thought, a tribute to his self-control.

But his control was sorely tried when he picked up (*Continued on Page 68*)



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? Harry P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 68*)

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©

FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

The Four Roses Society goes fishing

(A great catch!)

They've got the ice and they've got the "Roses." The members have got it made.

Indoors or out, there's no finer combination. It's true—you just can't find another full-bodied whiskey so smooth to the taste as mellow-gold Four Roses. So warming to body and spirit!

This blended perfection makes every drink an occasion. Ask for Four Roses today at your favorite store or tavern—and you'll agree:

Another great catch is Four Roses!

Four Roses—*Same great quality...new popular price!*

No other full-bodied whiskey is so smooth. 86 proof.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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"I've given up hunting!"
I've discovered everything a pipe smoker hunts for — pleasing aroma, new mildness, rich taste. Stop hunting — start smoking Carter Hall.
CARTER HALL
HANDY POUCH INSIDE
A Distinguished Tobacco Mixture
HANDY FOIL POUCH INSIDE

IT TAKES JUST ONE HOUR

TO INSTALL BENDIX POWER BRAKES ON YOUR PRESENT CAR

FOR THE MOST RELAXED TENSION-FREE DRIVING YOU'VE EVER KNOWN— ASK THE MAN WHO DOES YOUR BRAKE WORK

BENDIX PRODUCTS DIVISION SOUTH BEND IND.

Like Walking on Pillows!

Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO INSOLES

Air-Cushion your shoes for only... 60¢

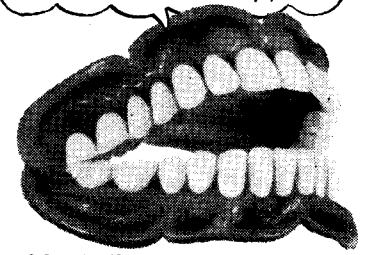
1. Relieve painful Callouses.
2. Give mild cushioning support . . . ease pressure on nerves of feet.
3. Help lessen strain from long standing or walking.

Try this modern miracle of walking ease and you'll never be without it. Cushions, ventilates your feet from heel to toe. Sizes for men and women. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores.

Dr Scholls AIR-PILLO Insoles

UNTIL MY DENTIST GAVE ME FASTEETH I NEVER DREAMED FALSE TEETH COULD FEEL SO NATURAL WHEN EATING, TALKING, LAUGHING

K.McM Rye, N.Y.



When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place—helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

(*Continued from Page 66*) the boys—who, seeing the bandage, began making cracks about it.

"Elegant," said Howard Roth, who sold insurance.

"Divine," said Paul Stark, a grain broker.

"Cute," remarked Jim Keating, who with his wife Alice had visited Eric last night and was at least partly responsible for his headache.

"What I like about it," Jim went on a few minutes later, when he and the others had run out of insults, "is the way it matches his eyes—blue for one, green for the other." Leaning toward Eric he said in a falsetto, "My dear, you must tell me the name of your modiste."

Eric said, as they swung into the Bayshore Freeway, "If you jerks would like to walk the rest of the way, just make one more crack like that."

A long silence followed this pronouncement. Finally Jim said quietly, "So you have a hang-over—but what else?"

"Not a thing," Eric said loftily; but suddenly he was telling them his woes. "Guess maybe I am a little touched about some things, like how a tooth-paste tube should be squeezed, and so on," he said, after giving the boys a rundown on how Gail sometimes managed to annoy him, "but what the heck, is it unreasonable to expect a grown woman to behave like one? Trouble is, I guess, I've never had the heart to get tough with her. She's so darned wide-eyed about everything ——"

"Heck," scoffed Howard, "you've been married only a couple of years. Wait'll you celebrate your silver anniversary ——"

"What's probably at the bottom of it all," Eric went on, slowing down as they crossed the city line, "is what's happening at the office. I haven't mentioned this to anyone else, and I know you'll keep it under your hats, but I'm afraid Doctor Diefendorfer's Dental Elixir isn't much longer for this world."

The boys, astonished and dismayed, asked for details.

"It's a combination of a lot of things," Eric said, stopping for a red light at Market and Van Ness. "Take the name, for instance—it's much too long. Say a steno goes shopping during her lunch hour—she hasn't the time or the inclination to ask for a tube of Doctor Diefendorfer's Dental Elixir, please. By the time she's finished asking, and the clerk has understood her, and looked, probably in vain, for an item in about as much demand as bustles, her lunch hour's shot."

Also, Eric went on, the package was too drab. It might have been all right in 1898, when it first came out, for bilious tan was then apparently the height of fashion. Now, however, the tube was less conspicuous than a blade of grass in a ten-acre lawn—and conspicuousness was what a package had to have these days in order to survive.

"The first thing Schroeder should do," he went on, speaking of the company president, "is change the color from tan to white, then stick on an oversized cap in the reddest red he can find. . . ."

Again, as in his dream, Eric saw General Tube, his crimson cap in sharp contrast to the bold white of his uniform, leading his army against the foe.

"The old man won't listen to me," he said, when Howard asked why nothing had been done to improve the situation. "What was good enough for his father-in-law, he says, is good enough for him. The biggest mistake he ever made was marrying the late Horace Diefendorfer's only daughter—the old bag's got a grip like a bulldog on the company finances. Come to think of it, she looks like a bulldog. Wish I'd gone into something easy, like getting myself shot out of cannons."

After leaving the boys at the corner of Bush and Montgomery with the usual promise to pick them up at five, he drove to his garage on Battery. From there he continued on foot to the home of Doctor Diefendorfer's Dental Elixir, a squat, mustard-colored relic of the pre-Fire era, which looked as out of place among its elegant neighbors as a chimney sweep at Epsom Downs.

That was another thing Schroeder should have done years ago, he thought as he entered the moldy little lobby. He should have razed this mausoleum and put up a structure a man would be proud to work in. But again, whenever Eric had suggested this, Schroeder had always claimed that what was good enough for Diefendorfer was good enough for him.

Miss Flagg, Eric's efficient, middle-aged secretary, looked up from the morning mail as he approached. Her jaw sagged when she saw his bandage, but she was too well trained to say anything except "good morning."

Eric said, "Anything important?"

"Yes," she said, handing him a letter. "Davis and Clark is canceling."

Eric felt sick. Davis and Clark was one of the biggest drugstore chains in the West. To lose their account at a time like this was like a drowning man's getting an extra quart of water down his throat.

Miss Flagg, still looking at the bandage, blurted, "It's so—blatant, if you don't mind my saying so. Shall I run out and get some white ones?"

"No," said Eric in the voice of a man who, about to die before a firing squad, proudly spurns a blindfold. Ordinarily he would have been quick to say yes, for he disliked being conspicuous as much as any man; but today was different. Today was obviously a turning point in his life. It had started, literally, with a bang; he was determined now that it would not end in a whimper.

The rest of the morning was a long list of added injuries—two more cancellations; an order from a former excellent account for a single tube of Dental Elixir; an argument with Miss Flagg over the spelling of "deductible" (Miss Flagg was right, of course); a set-to with his friend, Art Conway, the office manager, who, after studying the plaid bandage, had started humming *Annie Laurie*.

Added to which was Eric's sense of having been abandoned on ship; for old Schroeder, usually one of the first to arrive, had not appeared by noon.

"Probably," Eric said to Art at the Iron Prince, where, after patching up their differences, they had gone for lunch, "he got swacked again at one of his wife's fancy brawls. What a witch! I've often wondered what would happen if she and I were alone on a desert island."

"That's easy—she'd eat you."

Eric looked up and caught the waiter staring at his bandage.

"Something?"

"No, sir," said the flustered man.

(*Continued on Page 70*)

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 66

1. Tenn.	2. Minn.	3. Wash.
4. Ga.	5. N. D.	6. N. J.
7. R. I.	8. Mich.	9. Ida.
10. Kans.	11. Calif.	12. Mass.

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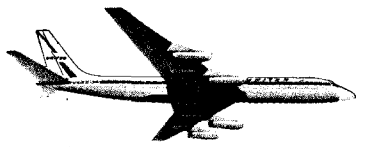
UNITED AIR LINES DC-8

THE LOOK OF TOMORROW IN JET TRAVEL

There will be other fine new jets in the next decade, but none will take the place of the DC-8 jet as far as you, the passenger, are concerned. The DC-8 is a product of United Air Lines' *extra care* in serving passenger needs and Douglas Aircraft Company's design and manufacturing skill. The result is the best of the jets—the quietest, roomiest, most comfortable plane in the air. See for yourself—soon. Call United Air Lines or your Travel Agent.



The DC-8's big picture windows—twice the size of those in other jets—give you an unexcelled view.

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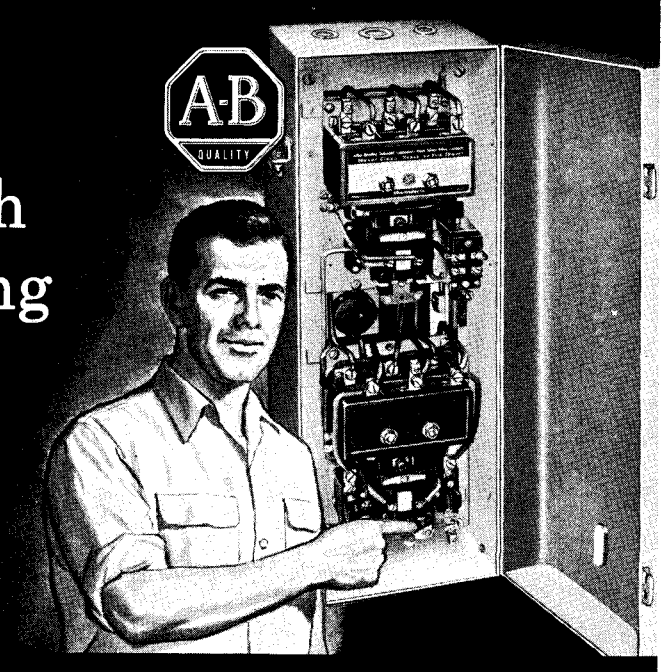
It took 25 years* to create today's LORD CALVERT

* Even with a century of distilling experience, it took our master blenders 25 years to perfect today's Lord Calvert. Tonight, try the world's most distinguished whiskey, Lord Calvert.

86 PROOF, 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

When smooth starting is a must, use...



ALLEN-BRADLEY

Reduced Voltage Starters

Allen-Bradley offers the *only* complete line of reduced voltage starters to meet your every need. This Bulletin 740 starter is only one example. Its *exclusive* A-B graphite disc resistors make possible velvet smooth motor acceleration—eliminating undesirable voltage fluctuations. Publication 6088 contains full details on A-B automatic reduced voltage starters. Write Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

(*Continued from Page 68*) "You don't notice anything unusual?"

"No, sir—I think it looks very smart."

Art said, after they had given their orders, "How'd you get that bump on your forehead, or will you beat me up for asking?"

Eric told him. His head ached worse than ever, and there was a strange sound in his ears, like the humming of telephone wires on a country road.

"There comes a time to every man," he said to Art, after outstaring a diner at an adjoining table, "when he can say he's had it, the hell with everything. I think that time has come for me."

Art said, "You'll feel different tomorrow," but his voice lacked conviction. The two finished their meal in silence and went back to the office. Eric found a note from Miss Flagg on his desk:

BASCOM AND BASCOM IS RESIGNING OUR ACCOUNT.

He slapped his forehead with the flat of his hand—a mistake, for he had struck his bump.

"Oh, no," he moaned, reading the message again. Bascom and Bascom was a small advertising agency that had agreed to handle Doctor Diefendorfer's Dental Elixir after Henry Ward Associates had bowed out last year over a difference of opinion—the opinion of H. W. A. having been that Diefendorfer's advertising appropriation was too small. It was, too—ridiculously small. Now even Bascom and Bascom had given up the struggle.

Eric, his head pounding like an air hammer, made his way to the washroom. Maybe some cold water on his face would help him sort out his thoughts, assay the harm which Schroeder with his medieval notions had inflicted on the company.

The old man was at a basin, splashing cold water on his face. Seeing Eric, he straightened up guiltily and started drying himself with a paper towel. A small, round man with very red cheeks and a bald head fringed with white, he looked more like a monk than a tooth-paste manufacturer.

"Hello, Eric," he said, dropping the towel into a receptacle. "Just got in—my wife had a party last night and —— What's that on your face?"

"That," said Eric, raising his voice over the roaring in his ears, "is a bandage."

"Looks more like a flag."

"It's a bandage."

"Heard you the first time. What happened—trip over a bottle of Scotch?"

Eric paused before answering. A dreadful certainty resolved itself amid the clangor in his head—he knew he was about to say something he would regret, but he could no more stop himself than he could stop time. All the devils that had plagued him since dawn suddenly combined into an irresistible force whose aim was his destruction.

"Let me tell you something," he began in a voice that seemed to belong to someone else.

When the dust had settled—when he had told Schroeder not only what was wrong with the company but also what was wrong with Schroeder—he had just breath enough to announce his resignation.

"Wait," said the old man as Eric started for the door. "Not so fast, boy—I don't say I like what you've said, but I think we ought to talk this over. Let's go up to my club—maybe a drink will help."

After their second martini, in the bar of the most exclusive club in San Francisco, Schroeder said quietly, "All right, boy, want to talk?"

"I've already talked too much."

"I think there's something else on your mind."

Eric said, snapping a toothpick in two, "You're right," and found himself telling the old man what had been happening at home.

"Don't get me wrong," he said, when he was through. "I love Gail; I wouldn't trade her for all the gold in Kentucky; but there are times when she makes me so mad I could sock her."

"Thing is," Schroeder said, after ordering another round, "you've never yielded to that impulse, have you?"

"Of course not."

"Neither have I," the old man went on, drawing circles on the table top with his forefinger. "Yet there have been times

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"So it's in the dictionary. Well, that's just one man's opinion."

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when I could have—and should have—taken a stick to my wife."

Eric, shocked, said nothing. Schroeder lighted a cigarette. "Dora," he continued, "is a very strong character—knows all the answers. Thinks because she's Diefendorfer's daughter and owns most of the stock she can tell me how to run the business. Well, you see what's happened. Believe me, Eric, I've had ideas, too—some of them as good as yours—but every time I've wanted to change the color of the tube or step up our advertising or change the name, she's turned me down. What was good enough for her late father, blast his soul, has always been good enough for me."

Outside, on California Street, a cable car went past, the sound of its bell barely penetrating the thick walls of the old building.

"When you told me, in effect, to go to hell," the old man went on, "my first impulse was to throw you out. But then I remembered what I'd read about shock therapy, and I thought maybe if I stood up on my hind legs and roared at my wife the way you roared at me, she'd listen for a change."

"I didn't mean to roar ——"

"Point is," Schroeder said, grinning, "you did—and made me realize at last what a dope I've been. When I get home tonight I'm going to let Dora have it—figuratively, of course—right between the eyes. Maybe I'll *really* let her have it."

"But ——"

"I think you should give Gail the same treatment—start off by telling her you're tired of tripping over her shorts and having to squeeze the tooth-paste tube back into shape and all the rest. Then, when you've reduced her to a quivering pulp, you can comfort her with the news about your raise in salary."

"My what?"

"It's a new company policy to reward fresh talent—and believe me, you were fresh today. Now let's see what we can do about breathing life into our product. First, let's change the name. . . ."

Eric was halfway home before he realized he had forgotten to pick up his car-pool associates. His first impulse was to turn back, but a glance at his watch made it clear that this would only be a waste of time. At this hour—8:15—the boys would long since have given him up in favor of the train. Right now they were probably discussing him with their wives.

Maybe that was why his ears were burning. Or it might have been the martinis. How many had he and Schroeder had before dinner? More than he, Eric, was used to, certainly—yet he felt completely sober. Exhilarated, yes—but that came from his thoughts of the future.

Things would be different from now on, he told himself. There would be some changes made—it was not going to be Doctor Diefendorfer's Dental Elixir any more, but Dentex, short and crisp and easy to remember. The tube would be glistening white, the cap red. The general, with ammunition for an all-out advertising campaign, would make short work of the opposition.

Eric drove into the garage and entered the house by way of the kitchen. A light shone in the living room. Gail, in a pullover and stretch pants, was lying on the sofa, ostensibly reading a magazine. The sight of her, so young and pretty, almost made him forget Schroeder's last-moment admonition in front of the club.

"The best defense is always a good offense," the old man had said, swaying slightly in the evening breeze. "Before she opens her mouth to bawl you out, let her have it smack between the eyes. Lay down the law. Tell her from now on there'll be no more shorts left on the floor, no tooth-paste tubes squeezed from the middle. Tell her if she doesn't put things where they belong, you'll take her over your knees and spank her."

Gail said, "You're late."

"Check," said Eric.

"Why?"

"Had a few drinks with the old man."

"I think you're tight."

"You think I'm tight. You may be right. Ha! Short poem."

Gail sat up, an odd expression on her small, enchanting face—a combination of indignation, curiosity and something else which Eric thought he could identify as pleading. Probably, he thought, she was as eager as he to restore the status quo. All she needed was a small sop to her pride—and that he could not give her. Not if he wanted this thing to work.

> A kid's idea of a balanced diet is a candy bar in one hand and an ice-cream cone in the other.
>
> DAN BENNETT

"What happened to your face?" she asked.

"Your memory is short, baby. I told you this morning while you were hiding under the covers—I cut myself shaving. As for the bandage—I didn't have much choice. Apparently you thought the colored kind would be amusing. A lot of people were amused, all right, but not me. Which brings me to another point. . . ."

"I'm not going to listen to any more insults," she said five minutes later, as he was about to cite another of her weaknesses, her habit of misplacing things. "I'm going to bed. Better get some sleep yourself—you're in bad shape."

"Remember," he called after her, "don't squeeze the tooth paste from the middle."

"And if I do?"

"I'll take you over my knees and spank you."

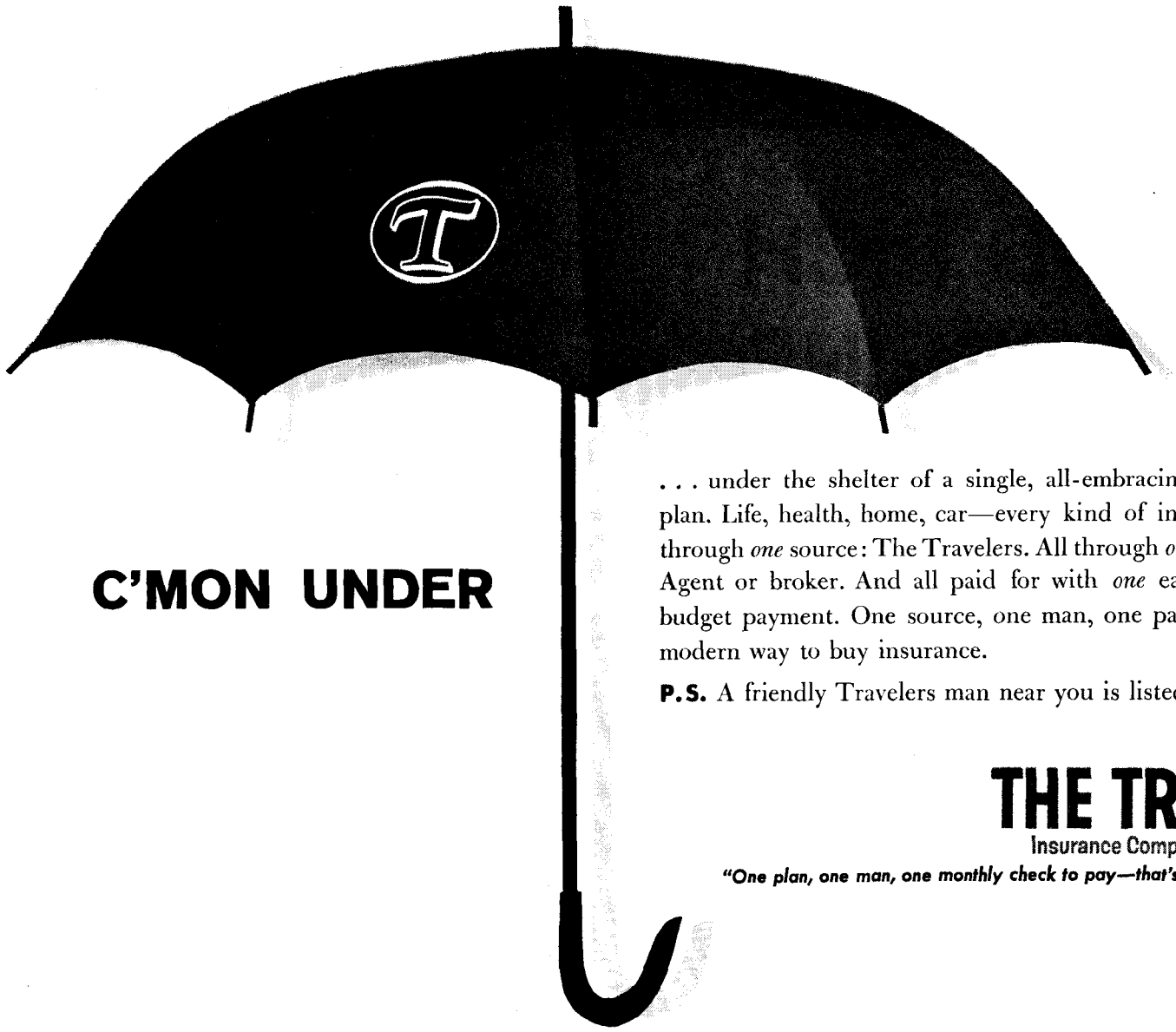
"Just try it," she said from the doorway. There was no color in her face. She and Eric looked steadily at each other for a long moment. Then she was gone. The room hummed with silence. Eric went out into the kitchen and drank a glass of water.

"What the heck," he said aloud as he returned to the living room, "you can't have everything." Maybe in time he could become accustomed to her habits. After all, it was no crime to squeeze a tube of tooth paste from the middle, nor was putting things in the wrong places a Federal offense. Such faults were more than balanced by her virtues.

Shrugging his shoulders, he went into the bathroom and opened the medicine chest. Before him lay a tube of Doctor Diefendorfer's Dental Elixir—the same one that had inflamed him this morning because it was constricted in the middle. Gail had just used it, he saw; it was still moist from handling. Then he noticed something else. The tube had been rolled up properly from the bottom. Under it was a message on a scrap of paper: YOU'RE A BRUTE, BUT I LOVE YOU.

There was a sound in his ears like muffled drums as he turned off the light and started down the corridor. It occurred to him he had not told her of his raise.

Later, he thought as he entered the dim-lit room where she was feigning sleep. There was something else he had to tell her first. THE END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"One plan, one man, one monthly check to pay—that's the modern Travelers way!"

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THE GOOD RICH LIFE BEGINS AT HOME

TODAY is moving day. The day Mom and Dad and the kids have been ticking off on the calendar for weeks. A hectic day, a heart-warming day, a day you'll remember all your life.

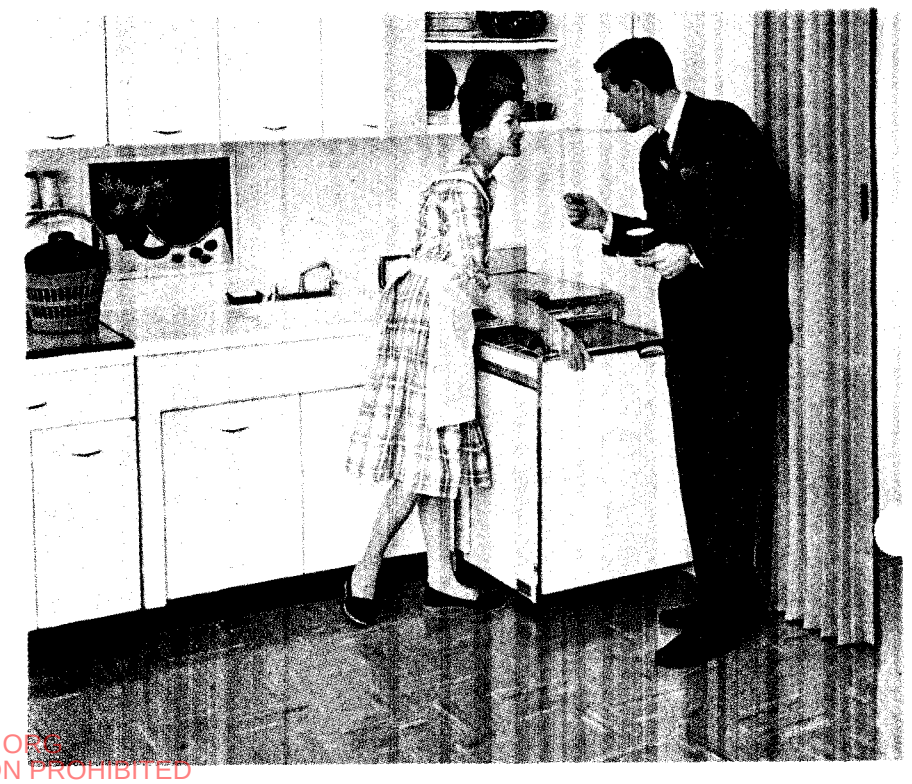
You looked at dozens of houses. This one said "home" at first sight. So many wonderful new features. A lot of them by B. F. Goodrich, we're glad to say. Storm doors and window frames made of BFG rigid vinyl. (They'll never warp, never need painting.) BFG Koroseal® vinyl asbestos floor tile in the kitchen, bathrooms and playroom. Koroseal wall covering in the playroom, too. There's even a B. F. Goodrich live-rubber sealing strip on the garage door.

And your new B. F. Goodrich all-weather doormat welcomes you to a good rich life in your fine new home!

The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio

Koroseal, Texfoam and Silvertown are trade marks of The B. F. Goodrich Company.

THIS KITCHEN IS FOR RELAXING, NOT WAXING—to be lived in, not just looked at. The handsome BFG vinyl tile floor is rugged and easy to clean. The BFG Koroseal-coated folding doors are a beautiful way to make two rooms from one. (They're washable, mildew and fade-proof, in colors for every décor.) And there's more BFG here than meets the eye. The coating inside the dishwasher is long-lasting, dish-protecting BFG vinyl. Even the shelf paper is BFG vinyl-coated.



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...AND WHEN YOU WALK INTO YOUR NEW HOME,

IT FEELS LIKE WALKING ON AIR

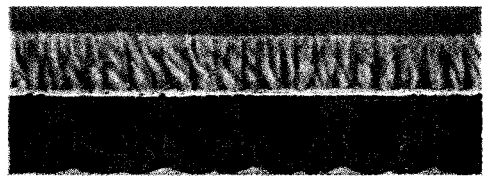
—BECAUSE YOU ARE!

EVER yearned for the rich carpeting that makes you feel as though you're sinking down to your ankles in luxury? Now you can afford that *feeling*, whatever you pay for your carpeting!

The secret is remarkable BFG carpet cushion. It buoys up your carpet with millions of tiny sponge-rubber bubbles—creates an air layer beneath your carpeting. You literally *walk* on air!

BFG carpet cushion will not pack down. It won't absorb dirt, is odorless, non-allergenic and impregnable to moths. And there's never the "shedding" so common in felted cushion. In fact, BFG carpet cushion is so unusually and completely satisfying that it is sold under an unconditional guarantee.

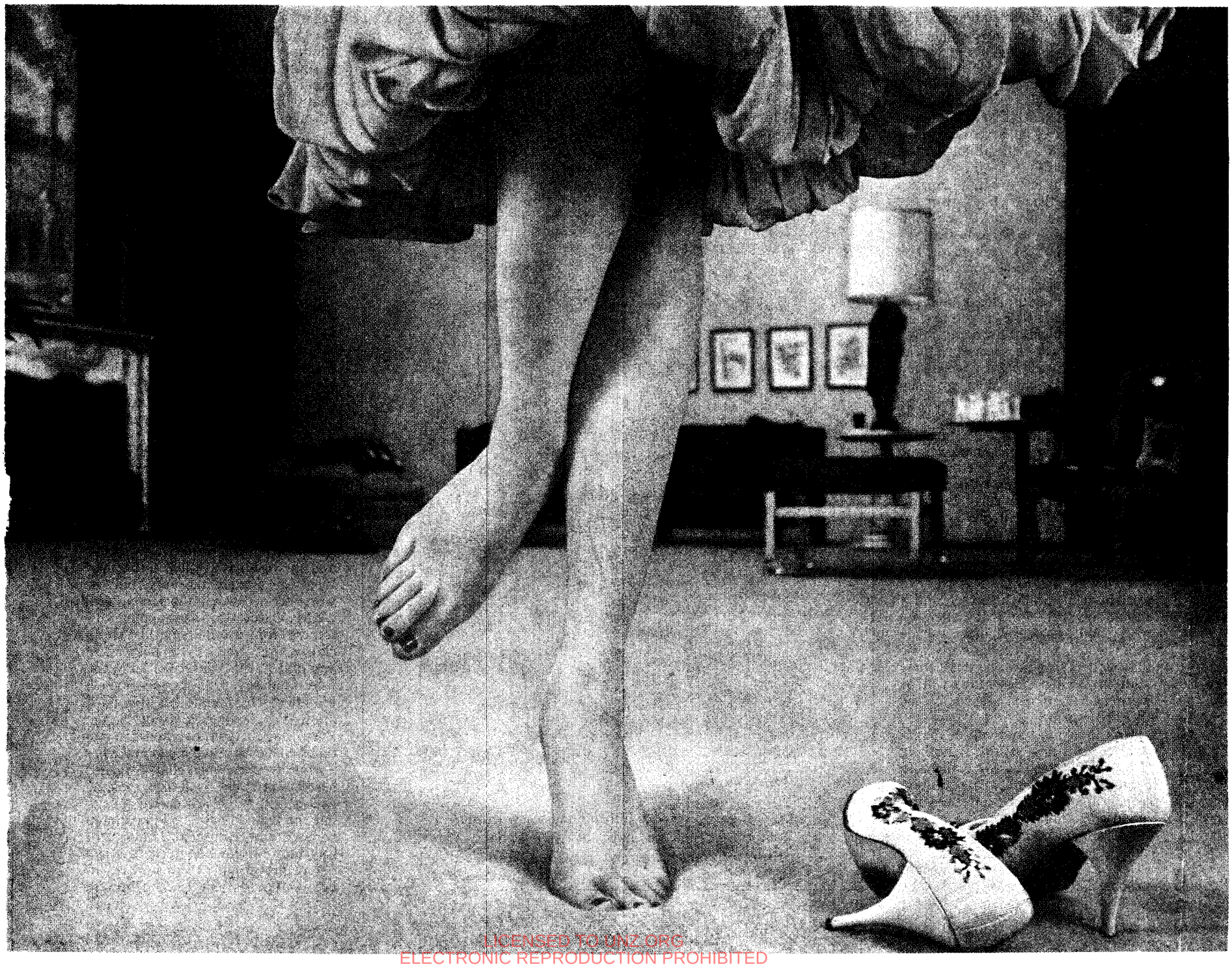
Write today for your free sample of BFG sponge-rubber carpet cushion and for the name of your nearest dealer. The address is: The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.



LUXURIOUS SPONGE-RUBBER CARPET CUSHION FROM BFG!

Millions of tiny air bubbles create a cushion of air for your steps with BFG carpet cushion. It absorbs the sharp cutting action of heels, most destructive carpet wear of all—*more than doubles the life of your carpets!*

BFG
B.F.Goodrich



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California's Arrogant Couturier

(Continued from Page 29)

century. His outfit never varies. At ten o'clock in the morning or evening he is dressed in one of twenty identical black silk suits tailored in the extreme Edwardian style. A miniature rose in his lapel, white pleated shirt, black silk tie and patent-leather dancing pumps complete the uniform. Since Loper is critical of women who dress inappropriately, I asked him to explain his bizarre all-purpose getup.

"I don't feel comfortable in informal clothes," he answered. "Besides, this is my identification with show business." Before the war Loper and Maxine Barratt were a featured dance team in three Broadway musicals and swank night clubs in America and Europe. "Many women who come to my salon remember that I performed in a costume like this. Exchanging old memories with them cushions the shock when I quote my prices."

The precious nonsense of *haute couture* is given short shrift by Loper when he discusses ready-to-wear clothes, his meal ticket. He has three professional peeves—French designers, high-fashion magazines and women who fall for the freakish styles pushed by both sources.

"Any woman who pays attention to the Halloween styles coming from Paris is out of her mind," he said recently. "French designers are the world's most overrated hacks. The only clothes with creative originality on the market today are made by California designers." He rattled off the names of Galanos, Howard Greer, Irene, Jean Louis, Orry-Kelly, Marusia and Stella. "Even the mass-production boys on Seventh Avenue in New York do better than the top houses in Paris.

"Look at the last five monstrosities from Paris—the chemise, trapeze, balloon and hobble-skirt dresses, and now a repeat of the flat look that was a horrible flop ten years ago. The basic principle in designing clothes is to make women look pretty. They take such marvelous care of their figures today that a style draped to their natural lines must be attractive. Yves St. Laurent, Dior's successor, turns women into caricatures by raising the waistline to the chin, then dropping the bustline to the hips. He should be in jail.

"When a French designer runs out of ideas, he always falls back on the old jazz of changing the hemline. That's the start of every new Paris fashion. There's no earthly reason why a woman should ever alter a hemline that's becoming to her. Her legs don't change every year. The best skirt length usually is at midcalf, but if a woman has lovely legs she can wear her skirt an inch shorter, and it should stay there. For that matter, she never should change a hairdo, a shade of lipstick or nail polish, or any style that flatters her just because some idiot in Paris decides heads will be worn backward next season for the sheer pain of it."

Isn't it asking too much of the ladies to resist new styles? If nothing else, social pressures force them to conform to the prevailing fashion scene. After all, a girl is only flesh and blood and vanity.

"A woman should express her individuality in clothes," Loper said, "but I'll concede she has to follow the herd to some extent. The way to do it is by adapting modifications of a new trend to a traditional style. If the chemise comes back, God forbid, the waistline can be let out a little. A woman who wants to go along with the current belled silhouette can pull in the waist or wear a belt to accentuate the hip line.

"I design simple, understated clothes because I believe attention should be focused on a woman's face and personality. If the first thing you notice is what a woman is wearing, that style is a mistake for her. The secret of genuine chic is an ensemble effect in which no single article can be identified. A clothes-conscious woman like Jolie Gabor can walk into a crowded room and ask, 'Dolling, who is dat voman in the corner wearing Ferragamo shoes, a Balenciaga suit, a Givenchy blouse and a Mr. John hat?' The gal in question always looks like an eyesore straight out of an ad in a high-fashion magazine."

Loper previously had taken several pot shots at high-fashion magazines. I asked him why he was hostile to such publications.

"They misuse their influence," he snapped. "Their function should be to advise women how to spend money sensibly to accumulate a wardrobe that is practical and smart for all occasions. Instead, they plug weird French fads that are obsolete after one season. When a staff member can't think of anything to say about an outrageous style like the trapeze dress, she calls it 'terribly amusing.' It's a hell of a note to tout a reader on an 'amusing' dress that may cost seven or eight hundred dollars.

"Another criticism of the fashion magazines is the distorted picture they give of styles inappropriate for mature women by using models built like boys. It's a tossup whether the styles or the poses of the models are more ridiculous. You know, head thrown back, pelvis thrust out, arms rigid at the side. The girls look as though they're recoiling in horror, but they can't flee because they're pinned so tightly into the clothes. That violates another cardinal principle of good designing. Clothes should move freely and gracefully with a woman. A few months ago my four models, each of whom has two children, were sensations in London simply by displaying clothes with the verve of women in full bloom. They were such a welcome relief from the skinny, static models usually seen in ads and fashion shows that the British stood up and yelled."

Last June, Loper was the first American designer ever invited to show his collection at the Anglo-American Ball, a posh charity affair held annually in London since 1931. The Associated Press reported the audience gave Loper "a thundering ovation." Import duties made retail prices so prohibitive in England that Loper sold none of the eighty pieces in the collection, which represented an outlay of $250,000. I asked him whether he got off the hook by selling the clothes to his Hollywood clientele.

"Yes and no," he said. "Yes, if you include society women. No, if you mean movie people. There are few stars left who care enough about their impact on the public to spend a week's salary for a wardrobe. The last two movie queens who acted the part in private life were Gloria Swanson and Joan Crawford. The present bunch of torment-and-agony 'Method' actresses who slouch around with egg-beater haircuts project about as much style as a dishrag. So-called glamour tootsies like Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield and Diana Dors are such obvious exaggerations they resemble female impersonators.

"Good thing you let him off with a warning, officer. It just so happens that I have a little influence down at city hall, and . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The decline of fashion in Hollywood reflects something much more important—the decline of good manners." Loper's observance of the social amenities is a stupefying, nonstop performance. He springs across a room like a flame thrower whenever a man or woman takes out a cigarette. He holds chairs for all guests in his home, and nothing short of a fire could induce him to precede anyone through a door.

"Look at this." He pulled out a clipping from a gossip column reporting that Elizabeth Taylor had been walking down Fifth Avenue in New York, wearing slacks. "Fifth Avenue is no place for slacks," he fumed. "Especially on a woman who has been paid millions of dollars as a symbol of desirability.

"This is an era of utter mediocrity in Hollywood. Most of the young actresses walk around during the day in Capri pants or dungarees, with their shirttails flapping in the wind. Even Rosalind Russell, who generally has impeccable taste, went off the deep end at the Academy Award telecast two years ago when she turned up in those incredible lounging pajamas. The industry accorded her the honor of representing it as the mistress of ceremonies for the big prestige show, but she abused the privilege by wearing a freak outfit, apparently to grab publicity for her own picture, *Auntie Mame*.

"Maybe I'm wrong to rap Hollywood when there is a shocking disregard for propriety on higher levels. Last summer all the papers carried a picture showing Queen Elizabeth wearing a *babushka* at a sporting event in England. It is inconceivable that Queen Mary and Queen Mother Elizabeth ever would have been guilty of such an affront to *noblesse oblige*."

Loper rang for a brandy to soothe his indignation. While the butler was bringing it I asked him for a rundown on the movie stars who have a flair for high style.

"The list is pretty limited," he said. "I've already mentioned Joan Crawford. Then there's Marlene Dietrich, Greer Garson, Claudette Colbert and Lauren Bacall. Let's bring Irene Dunne out of retirement for an even half dozen. The blunt truth is that most stars lack the taste to discriminate between *soignée* and flashy styling.

"Ginger Rogers and Zsa Zsa Gabor are carry-what-you-can't-wear girls. They overjunk themselves with jewelry, furs and gewgaws as though they've rummaged in a closet and put on everything within reach. Lucille Ball is a typical 'never-has-anything-to-wear' girl. She's always running out to buy things—impromptu choices which are hard to fit into any planned wardrobe—and the result is a 'thrown-together' look. She's a great beauty, but the worst-dressed woman in Hollywood.

"My hardest job is stopping customers from overdressing like cheap chorus girls. June Allyson has wanted an ankle-length mink coat for years. I keep telling her she's so short she'll look like her grandmother in it, but I know I'm fighting a losing battle. Even Marlene goes overboard sometimes. She once asked me to make her a white ermine trench coat. I warned her it would be a disaster costing twelve thousand, five hundred dollars, but she wouldn't listen. Furs should be used only for coat linings, the way they were a hundred years ago before snobs made them status symbols. After Marlene learned how to

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C&G combines the finest sun-ripened grains—deep cold, limestone spring water—and a long slumber in white oak—to bring you the bourbon taste you've always wanted. Sip some soon.

SMART FOLKS AGREE-SAY C&G

© McK & R, 1960

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 93 PROOF, DISTRIBUTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

combine luxury with utility, she bought a mink-lined raincoat for eighty-five hundred dollars. Incidentally, Ginger Rogers ordered copies of both coats. Although the girls were up to their ears in the pelts of dead animals, there was a decided chill between them for some time."

The biggest order Loper ever received came from Lana Turner, who spent $120,000 on a trousseau for her marriage to Bob Topping. His most expensive creation was a $25,000 wedding gown for Diane Mellos, daughter of the popcorn king, who married Charles Skouras Jr., the movie magnate's nephew, in 1953. The gown, made of Brussels lace and 125 yards of brocade available only in Paris, was embroidered with fifty pounds of seed pearls and had a fifteen-yard train. Another little item Loper ran up on the machine was a $5600 leopard-skin sport shirt for Sylvia Sidney.

The establishment where Loper's custom-made clothes are manufactured and displayed is unusual on two counts. The boss has no office in the two-story building. "I don't want to be tied down to a desk," Loper says. "I can design anywhere. I'm doing it now while I'm talking." The other peculiarity is that all the antique furniture and fixtures in the place, including the office equipment, carry price tags. If a customer takes a fancy to a Georgian divan or a Waterford chandelier, which happens frequently, she can buy it on the spot.

In response to a question about his prices for clothes, Loper exaggerated only slightly when he answered, "We make a nice sleeve for three hundred and fifty dollars." He led the way to the stockroom, where a random sampling of a dozen price tags showed nothing less than $450. Loper's eye was caught by a cascade of pink tulle, dozens of tiers of gossamerlike material. He carefully examined the workmanship on a formal gown for a debutante. The price: $2500.

"There are five hundred yards of material in this dress—in case you're wondering why it's so expensive. Here's another of our numbers you've seen dozens of times. . . ." It was a red-beaded sheath for $3500. A matching velvet coat was $895. "This is a standard outfit for a night-club performer. Eartha Kitt just bought four in red, blue, green and white. Take it off the rack."

My arm dropped with the sudden, unexpected weight of the dress. Loper smiled and said it weighed thirty-five pounds.

He looked at the racks crowded with dresses poised like so many breathless girls for the music to start a ball. "This would be a wonderful way to make a living—if you could make a living. There's no money in *haute couture*, even at these prices. All the big French houses are subsidized by the government and textile mills, but they get by only on their perfumes and accessories.

"I can't clear a profit selling only six copies of a design, and never more than one in the same city, to protect a customer who pays for my custom label. A made-to-order exclusive model usually is a losing proposition. A half-dozen sketches have to be submitted, and then it takes two weeks to make a muslin mock-up on a dummy and execute the idea in a fabric. After that there are at least three fittings on the customer. All those labor costs add up to a terrific overhead. This operation is just a prestige showcase for my ready-to-wear clothes. The meat and potatoes of the fashion business are thousands of copies run off from one design."

Dresses in Loper's ready-to-wear line range from $39.95 to $195. Suits and coats go from $110 to $350 with fur trimming. Loper originates about half the 500 new designs put on the mass market under his label each year and personally supervises the remainder prepared by his staff. While we were in the stockroom, Edgar Piza, his assistant, asked him to look at a drawing of a new uniform for stewardesses of a commercial airline. He studied it critically and shook his head.

"It's too high-styled. This is for a glamour doll. A stewardess has to serve meals, pick up children and wrestle with coats. Lower the waistline to give her more freedom."

He went upstairs to the workroom, and Eleanor Szabo and Marilyn Soto intercepted him in the hall with a sheaf of sketches. He went to the window and riffled through them, murmuring, "Nice, nice," until he came to a design for a dress. "We'll have a more graceful neckline with this touch here." He drew a slight curve along the shoulder. He pulled out a scrap of paper with a crude outline of a jacket. "I think we can get a good, youthful effect in a suit with rolled lapels and a short, squared-off front."

"Don is one of those perfectionists who can drive you crazy," said Charles Northrup, his partner who handles the merchandising end of the business. "If something isn't all right it's all wrong. He's so well organized himself he has no patience with anyone who can't handle a variety of jobs under pressure. Don't be fooled by his casual attitude."

Although Loper's lofty assumption of talent irritates people using the same gambit in Hollywood, they readily concede his genius for self-organization. There is no other explanation for the work he crowds into a schedule of three-hour lunches, dinner parties, turning on charm for customers, socializing with the arty set and indefatigable drinking. The alcohol Loper consumes amazes everyone but him.

One morning when I arrived at his home for a ten o'clock appointment he was halfway through his breakfast of a quart of champagne spiked with orange juice. An hour later, when the bottle was drained, he switched to brandy and twice refilled a three-ounce glass before we went to Romanoff's for lunch. Just to satisfy my curiosity I kept count of his bar orders. He had eight double brandies in two hours. He looked at my tally on the tablecloth and guessed what it was.

"The name of the song is *He Drinks*," Loper said laconically. "I love to drink, period. Been doing

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Nothing prepares a man for marriage as much as a girl.

HOMER PHILLIPS

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THE SOFA GOES IN THE LIVING ROOM. All your prized possessions arrive safe and sound . . . cradled for an extra-*smooth* ride by ten husky B. F. *Goodrich truck* tires with nylon bodies. The moving men are hefting your favorite sofa, cushioned with BFG Texfoam (the finest-quality foam rubber) . . . and covered with BFG *Koroseal—scuff-proof, beautiful as leather, washable.* The kids are taking personal charge of *their* prized possessions . . . the wagonful of toys from a B. F. Goodrich store.

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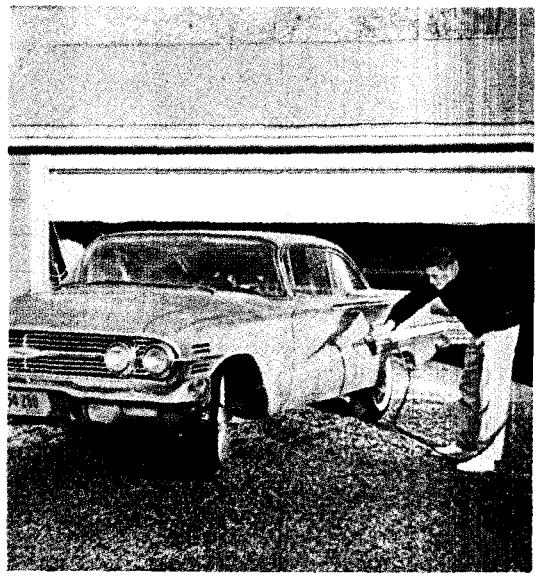
KINGLY BEDROOM. Bright and spacious and sunny. And, ahhh, that mattress made with BFG foam rubber! Firm support, cushiony comfort, and never needs turning. The pillows are BFG foam, too—plump, neat, non-allergenic.

BABY WILL NEVER OUTGROW THIS NURSERY. It's big enough for a toddler's playroom, a teen-ager's study. But while baby's still there, it's BFG to the rescue—with crib sheets, baby pants and a baby-size water bottle. Tiptoe in on BFG sponge-rubber carpet cushion . . . you won't make a sound.

BEAUTIFUL, WASHABLE WALLS. New decorating idea for your playroom—BFG Koroseal-covered walls! They clean with a damp cloth, won't fade, crack or peel ever. They can't be scuffed by the space man, either, who may someday wear a real outfit like the full-pressure suit developed by B. F. Goodrich for space travel by the Astronauts.



FAMILY-SIZE GARAGE. This one's big enough for bikes and wagons, Mom's gardening tools with the handles made from BFG vinyl, the lightweight BFG Koroseal hose that Pop's using—*and* the family car. It's a 1960 model, equipped with BFG Silvertowns. The Silvertown is built to give you more safe, trouble-free miles (we call it Smileage) than any other tire in its class.

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it since I was sixteen and I've never been loaded. I quit after an attack of hepatitis a few years ago, but I couldn't stand it more than four months. I have a splendid excuse for drinking—not that I need it. I can always tell myself I'm a pitiful victim of British imperialism deprived of my rightful claim to Labrador."

Improbable as the yarn sounds, it is based on a fragment of fact. Loper and his brother are the last descendants of the De la Penha family, which held a title in Portugal until they fled to the Netherlands in the fifteenth century to escape the persecution of the Jews. They went into the shipping business and rose to wealth and prominence in Rotterdam. In 1697 Joseph De la Penha received in fief the shores of Labrador from King William III when his vessels took possession of the territory for the Prince of Orange. The grant was worthless, of course. John Cabot had established England's sovereignty over the domain 200 years earlier. The family stubbornly contested its claim, however, and Jack De la Penha, Loper's uncle, still was paying heavy lawyers' fees to carry on the case when he died in 1958 at the age of 101.

Rallying bravely from reverses in English courts, the De la Penhas accumulated a real-estate fortune and married into the Hard-Loper family, which had important diamond interests in South Africa, two generations ago. George Hard-Loper dropped the hyphen when he opened a fashion salon in Toledo, Ohio, but his younger son's name was given the full treatment of Lincoln George Hard-Loper on a birth certificate registered in 1907.

The boy quickly developed tastes as esoteric as his formal handle.

"He always was a peculiar kid," his older brother Richard, a car dealer, recalls. "He never played ball or other games. He was interested only in artistic things. He even went to dancing school voluntarily. It's a wonder the other kids in the neighborhood didn't kill him. I suppose he was saved by his lousy marks in school. That proved he wasn't a sissy."

Loper says he remembers only his boredom at the Warren Street School. "I couldn't wait to get away from Toledo. It wasn't the town so much as the deadly conventionality that drove me out of my pinhead mind."

When he was twelve his parents, alarmed by his report cards, sent him to the Feigan School in England, hoping that private tutors would improve his grades. He chafed under the strict discipline for four years, then ran away and passed a tryout for the London Ballet Company with no previous training other than Miss Loomis' social-dancing classes in Toledo. After touring England and the Continent for a year, he came back to America and performed with the Chicago Civic Ballet for a season.

The next target was New York, and seventeen-year-old Loper made the assault with a fur-lined impresario's coat, a black Homburg and Vye Hughes, a stunning show girl he had just married. The first of Loper's three marriages lasted eight years. His two other matrimonial ventures were dissolved after three years and three months, respectively.

"Each divorce was entirely my fault," he says. "I was so wrapped up in my career I never gave a wife the consideration she deserved. I regret the mess I made of marriage. It's my biggest failure."

Loper began to dash off in three directions in 1925. He whipped up a solo dance act that brought a seven-month engagement in Berlin at the Adlon Hotel for $500 a week. He returned home and, while waiting for a spot on Broadway, he tried his hand at designing clothes and decorating friends' apartments. Then he obtained in rapid succession featured dance roles in the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1927*, *A Connecticut Yankee* and *Present Arms*, and just as quickly was fired before the shows went into rehearsal. A stage manager, Sammy Ledener, finally gave Loper the lowdown. He had been black-listed by his uncle and namesake, Lincoln George Hard-Loper, a rich real-estate man who was a heavy investor in Broadway productions.

"He also was an insufferable snob," his nephew comments. "All his friends were in the theater, but when I asked him why he had me thrown out of work he said show business was beneath the station of a Hard-Loper. I changed my name to Don Loper, hoping to outsmart the old geezer, but his scouts tipped him off every time I applied for a job and I was given the brush-off."

For three years Loper was reduced to the necessity of taking any job he could get. He was a fifty-dollar-a-week soda jerker, then sold women's shoes and men's haberdashery. In 1931 he persuaded his Uncle Jack De la Penha to convert a dilapidated, vacant mansion the old gentleman owned in Hempstead, Long Island, into a school for teaching music, art dancing and dramatics. It was so successful that two branches were opened, whereupon Loper flew off on another tangent. He organized and conducted a dance band that presently was booked solidly for "society" dates. Loper had what is known in the trade as a big personality sell, and he added a classy touch by planting a beautiful girl in the audience to dance with him.

When Men Scorned "Women's Rights"...

The GUARDIAN *Insured Women*

American women first organized to plead for their rights in 1848 — twelve years before THE GUARDIAN was founded. But Votes for Women provoked jeers and laughter until August, 1920, when the 19th Amendment to the Constitution was passed.

Today women not only vote, but excel in many areas once the exclusive domain of men. The hand that rocks the cradle also owns a majority interest in many of America's leading corporations.

It is a source of gratification to THE GUARDIAN that one of its first policies was issued to Miss A. Liddy Burckner of New York. The practice of insuring women inspired THE CHICAGO TIMES to advise insurance companies *"to have the surrounding country surveyed, the number and depths of streams registered and the character examined of the horses driven by the applicants . . . also to insist that the husband of each assured wife be a member in good standing of a hook and ladder company, whereby he would be able to rescue his wife in case of fire."*

Despite these half-serious admonitions, THE GUARDIAN, since 1860, has insured many thousands of women — homemakers, professional and career women. In its 100th year of service, THE GUARDIAN is offering the most liberal contracts for women in its history. Now all GUARDIAN policies on which the minimum amount issued is $10,000, provide *lower premiums for women* than for men — still giving the same high dividends, the same high cash values and the same modern, flexible provisions as those issued on male lives.

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Loper was earning $3000 a week when he suddenly quit the band business. He was pushed into the decision by the musicians' union the day his band was to open at the Park Lane Hotel in New York in 1935. The union ruled that ten stand-by musicians had to be put on the payroll of the eighteen-piece unit for the engagement. Fed up with the arbitrary demands the union had been making on him, Loper canceled the date, threw away his baton and put an ad in *Variety* for a dancing partner with ballet training. He selected Beth Hayes, a beautiful blonde, and broke in his new act at the Radio City Music Hall.

"We were billed as a ballroom team, but we really did modern interpretative ballets to popular music," Loper explains. "It was an act on a higher dance level than the rumba-waltz-fast-fox-trot routine most ballroom teams were doing." After scoring a hit at the Music Hall and luxury hotels in the East, Loper and Miss Hayes toured smart supper clubs in London, Deauville, Cannes, Monte Carlo and Budapest. Miss Hayes left the act to marry a wealthy manufacturer and was succeeded by Maxine Barratt, a brunette with an aloof, sophisticated quality ideally suited to highlight Loper's mounting reputation as a fashion stylist.

Then, as now, hoofers were a dime a dozen. The clothes Loper designed for Miss Barratt gave the team a high polish that opened the doors his uncle had blocked a decade earlier. The team was featured in three Broadway musicals—*One for the Money*, *Very Warm for May*, *All in Fun*—and then Loper was signed by the Copacabana in New York to dance, design the costumes and produce its floor show.

The management blanched when Loper announced he intended to dress the Copa girls to the teeth. Show girls elsewhere were wearing as little as the law allowed. Much to everyone's astonishment, the cocktail dresses and evening gowns Loper designed were such drawing cards that his contract was extended for an unprecedented run of two years.

Ginger Rogers dropped in one night to catch the show and immediately informed Paramount Pictures she wanted Loper to dance with her in *Lady in the Dark*. Finding a suitable partner for Miss Rogers, who had last danced in a movie with Fred Astaire, had been delaying the picture for months, and the studio jumped at the suggestion. Loper did not. One minor Hollywood role would interfere with his plans to package floor shows. However, his ideas for integrating music, dancing and costumes were so arresting that M-G-M wound up giving him a unique six-way contract as a producer, director, choreographer, performer and costume and scenic designer at $2500 a week. He agreed to dance with Miss Rogers for Paramount after the M-G-M offer came through.

"That made me one of the world's highest-paid kennel masters," Loper says. "The pictures turned out during the war were such dogs they should have required licenses from the A.S.P.C.A. Anyone with an idea involving more imagination than *Rosie the Riveter Strikes Back* was suspect as a subversive trying to undermine the industry. My guilt was limited to writing resignations and memos that landed in the wastebasket."

> The garden tools men admire most are efficient, durable, and light enough for a wife to handle.
>
> G. NORMAN COLLIE

When Loper's contract expired in 1946, he formed a partnership with Charles Northrup, his former business manager who had just returned from service with the Air Force in Burma, to open a salon in Beverly Hills. Northrup, whose family owns a large glove company, matched Loper's investment of $100,000, and they promptly went into debt for a lavishly decorated plant. They got out of the hole, Loper declares, by bucking the deteriorating trends in women's fashions of the last ten years.

"Styles hit a marvelous peak right after the war," he recalled. "Clothes never were prettier, more feminine. Then Dior, who had been a pace setter with his New Look, began to grind out freakish hokey-pokeys. There was his Y Look with such exaggerated shoulders you couldn't tell whether a girl or a football player was coming down the street. Then his T Look gave women the angular lines of a two-legged stool. Since the chemise, which had all the grace of a flour sack, French designers have been competing to flood the market with ugly brainstorms."

What advice would he give a woman who wants to avoid mistakes and get the most style and utility out of a limited budget?

"There is one infallible rule. Stick to traditional, undated clothes. They have an elegant simplicity that never goes out of style. If in doubt, don't overload with accessories. Too much junk is as bad as too much make-up. Don't spend money on fur stoles and 'amusing' clothes suitable for so few occasions they're poor investments.

"A woman who has to watch her budget carefully should build a basic wardrobe around one good dress, suit and coat. One well-cut item is more economical in the long run and always smarter than three or four cheap things. I recommend a crepe jacket dress with a low neckline. The jacket is correct for every occasion during the day. At night, when the jacket is taken off, the low neckline gives the dress a semiformal look.

"The classic four-button suit with three-quarter sleeves and a softly fitted waist is good for all figures. A wrap-around coat with a belt is suitable for everything from lunch through the theater. It should be worn without the belt in the evening for a loose, swinging effect. I don't believe too much should be spent on hats. A small pillbox is more charming than most of the outlandish pots shown today.

"One more point. I may get violent disagreement on this, but I'm a monotone man regardless of the money a woman spends for an outfit. An ensemble in one subdued shade or variations of the same color family is a flattering frame for a woman. Besides, a monotone is an effective cover-up if she doesn't have many changes of costume. Friends associate her with the color, not the style she's wearing."

Before leaving, I asked Loper for some tips on furnishing a home, and he told me, "Basically, decorating a home is the same as dressing a woman—on a larger scale. Good taste is largely a matter of taking the trouble to express it in details."

Glancing around his own magnificent drawing room with obvious pride, he added, "There is no greater source of satisfaction than an attractive home."

"What about the satisfaction of earning enough money to afford a place like this?" I asked.

"You have to make compromises with yourself," he said, feigning an elaborate shudder. "My soul shrivels every time I count my money. It's so unaesthetic."

THE END

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Prison Secret (Continued from Page 34)

Vic drew a deep breath. "Yes," he said. "I want to go into the exercise yard alone and talk to the men there."

"What!" the warden shouted. "Why, not even the guards go in there alone. It's an inflexible rule that they go in pairs, preferably in larger groups. Not even the governor's office has a right to expect this. No, no!"

C. Lem Cheney was not a college graduate, but he was a career prison executive, one of a breed that started as guards or clerks, drifting from state to state, from prison to honor farm to reformatory, working the gloomy, badly paid jobs that no one else ever wanted. Some of these men became excellent administrators. Others kept drifting until, alarmed by their own advancing years, they quickly dug into the civil service somewhere and began accumulating seniority.

Cheney's only trouble, Vic surmised, was that he was almost ready to retire. He had lost his nerve. He was afraid of everything, but mostly he was afraid of taking any kind of positive action that would jeopardize his pension.

"I still want to go," Vic said.

Cheney wilted, as Vic had known he would. "Very well, if you insist," he said in almost despondent tones. "But I warn you—I intend to protest to the governor!"

He pressed a button. The door opened and a convict came in—a tall, gaunt, big-boned, bald old man who wore on his ugly, big-featured face a patently hypocritical smile. He was dressed in the gray uniform of a convict, but on his sleeve was a trusty's badge. There were two characteristics that made this prisoner stand out. One was his fanatical cleanliness, the mark of a veteran con. The other was his eyes.

They were pale-brown eyes, as blank and hard and barren of expression as chips of lava. The old convict bowed obsequiously. "Yes, sir, warden?" he said humbly.

"Boatswain, I want you to escort Mr. Woods over to Mr. Huett, on the south wall," the warden snapped. . . . "Good luck, Mr. Woods. I'll phone ahead to Mr. Huett."

He handed the prisoner a piece of plastic in which were embedded three steel tabs. Vic followed the prisoner out of the administration building and down a short sidewalk to the maximum-security section—the real prison, the part that was surrounded by the high concrete walls. It was a new and thoroughly scientific prison. The old convict dropped the piece of plastic through a slot in the solid-steel main door. Vic heard a buzz. The door opened, its electrical lock triggered by the steel tabs in the plastic pass.

They went inside. A guard said, "Go ahead, Boatswain," and made an entry in his log. The solid-steel door closed behind them, and again Vic felt the choking depression surge up through him. It was something he never seemed to get used to, no matter how many times he came in here.

The old convict, Boatswain, led the way down a long corridor, windowless, but brightly lighted. The three tabs in his plastic pass were coded to open certain doors, and only those doors. According to the inmates, every square foot of the interior of this prison was "bugged" with listening devices that enabled the warden to record any conversation anywhere. This might or might not be true.

To judge by the circumspect gossip of the fawning old prisoner, it was true. "We sure got a fine governor, Mr. Woods!" Boatswain said. "The best one we ever had, sir."

"Nice to hear you say that," Vic said dryly.

"Oh, I don't expect any favors, sir," Boatswain replied cheerfully. "I'm not eligible for parole. I'm just sayin' that because it's true, sir."

"I'll tell him, Boatswain," said Vic. "Thank you."

"Oh, that's all right, sir!"

If there was such a thing as a totally unregenerate criminal, Vic thought, this man, on his record, was it. Cyrus Home Boatswain was a healthy sixty-two years old. At least forty of those years had been spent in various prisons. He called himself a burglar, but he had also been convicted of extortion, rape and armed robbery. He was now serving two consecutive life terms for a double murder—of a girl who had betrayed him to the police, and of the detective to whom she had squealed.

As the warden's orderly, Boatswain had the best job in the prison, but there was no job he could not have filled. He was completely "stir smart," a wise old con who had occupied his years by mastering all the trivia of prison routine, in one job, one prison, after another. Boatswain was as much a career convict as Cheney was a career jailer.

They climbed the stairs built inside the south wall, emerging at the top in Pillbox Five. "Well, well, going down into the exercise yard, are you?" deputy warden Jay Huett exclaimed jovially. "Better give me your topcoat, Mr. Woods. A coat is a deadly weapon to those cons. They can twist it around you and break your neck with it before you could know it was happening."

There was no use making an issue of it. Vic handed the coat to Boatswain. "Leave it in the warden's office, please," he said. . . . "Now, Mr. Huett, let me get my bearings before I go out into the yard."

He stepped out of the pillbox and took a deep breath. He detested Huett so much that it was almost impossible to be civil to him. The deputy warden was a graduate sociologist who had started as a guard, rising in nine years to second in command. He was a big man, but flabby-looking, with a jolly-jolly heartiness that got on Vic's nerves. He would have bet anything that Huett was a physical coward, with a streak of feline cruelty to go with it.

He found himself on the railed walk that ran long the top of the wall. A guard from Pillbox Six came marching toward him, carrying a rifle with a telescopic sight. While *(Continued on Page 81)*

... ...

Bedtime

By Curtis Heath

They bounce on their beds
While we hold our poor
heads,
With our nerves getting
frazzled and stringy.
What is it, pray,
About this time of day
That makes offspring so
terribly springy?

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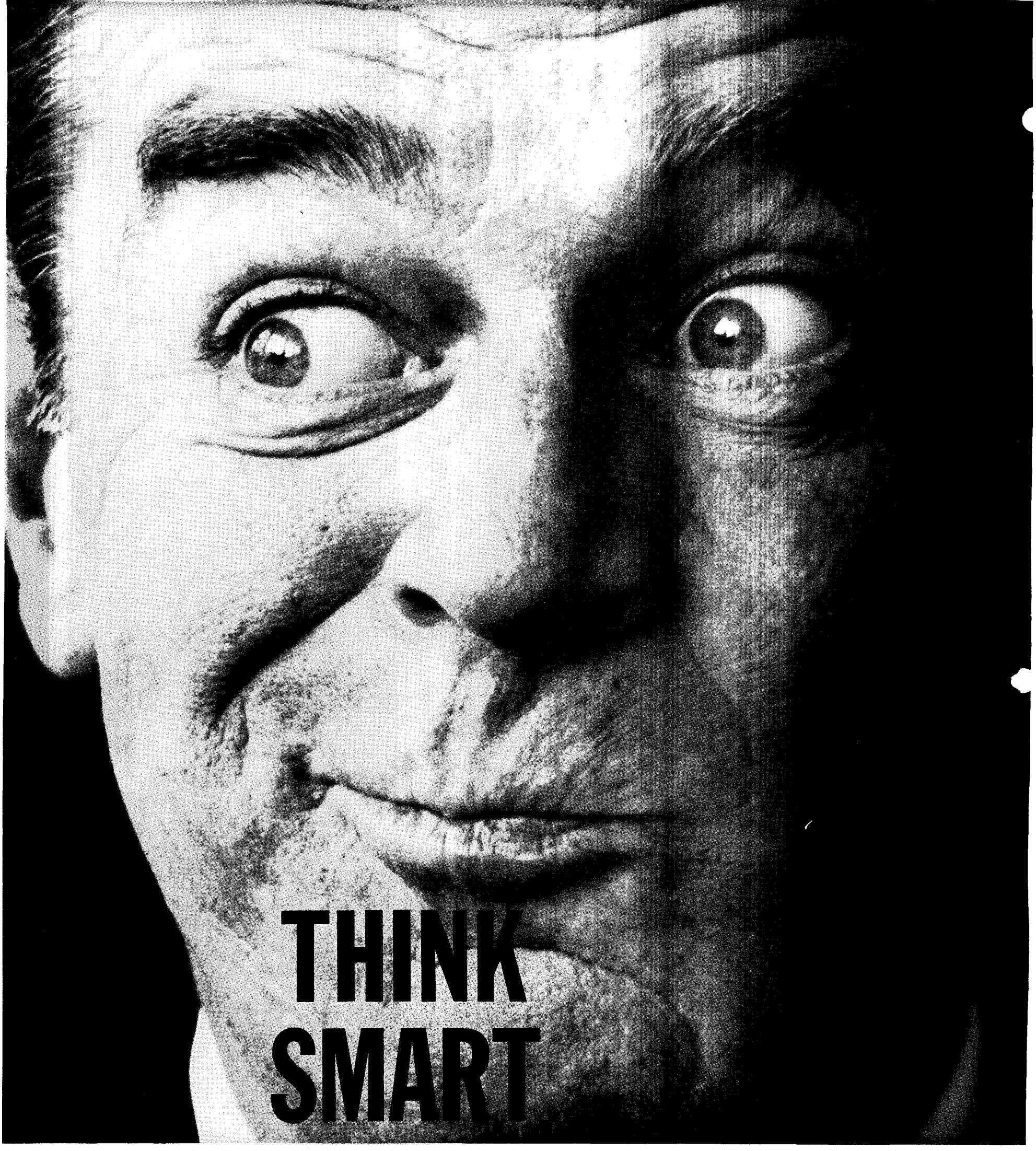

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(*Continued from Page 79*) there were men in the yard, at least two guards were visible on the south wall at all times.

Down there in the yard nine hundred faces lifted like flowers seeking the sun when they saw Vic. The white ones look abnormally white, the black ones abnormally black. A gusty sound arose, the indrawing of nine hundred uneasy breaths. Then the gray-clad mass became all gray again, as the men looked quickly down.

Vic went back into the pillbox. "Straight across the yard to Cellblock H," Deputy Warden Huett said. "The guard is alerted to expect you there. I have a flying squad standing by to rescue you, if it becomes necessary."

He inserted a switchkey in a slot. There was a rasping of solenoids, and as Vic went down the stairs, the barred doors opened before him and closed behind him. A guard at the bottom used another switchkey to unlock one last door. Vic went through it. It swung shut behind him, and he was locked in the exercise yard.

He looked up instinctively, hearing the rhythmic tread of the marching guard. He was so close to the wall that all he could see was the disembodied muzzle of the rifle, projecting over the edge and marching along by itself. He looked down at the nine hundred sullen convicts.

Here in the yard was where they passed The Word. Anything the other cons should know—that was The Word. Beans again tonight. Wolcatt's appeal was turned down—he dies Tuesday. Norton's a fink—be careful what you tell him. Big Julie killed himself, Jaffey went psycho, Quebetier and Lewin made parole. . . . No guard ever saw or heard The Word being passed; but it always was. Here Vic hoped to learn the truth. His last chance to satisfy the governor was for someone to pass him The Word.

The awkward age for a college student is when his wife is too young to earn enough to support him.

HAL CHADWICK

He started across the yard. The gray-clad mob parted before him as the Red Sea had parted for Moses. He saw three men he knew—Van Fleet, the forger who clerked in the prison dispensary; Bozniuski, the wife killer who ran the laundry, and Shafter, the sex-kidnaper who taught bookbinding in the trade school. These were good jobs. The men who held them were intelligent. More to the point, they were also stir smart.

These were the men who could pass him The Word. He felt sick as he saw Van Fleet, Bozniuski and Shafter turn their backs on him. The shuffling of feet as they moved out of his way was the only sound.

Like the others here, Van Fleet, Bozniuski and Shafter had made up their minds. They had reached a state of solemn frenzy where they did not want conditions improved. They had waited so long for an explosion that they no longer feared it. Now a riot was all that could relieve the maddening hatred that growled through their wrought-up nervous systems.

An icy wind blew across the yard and through the barred doors of Cellblock H, but the guard there was dripping with anxious sweat as he admitted Vic. "Holy smoke, sir—that took real courage!" he burst out.

"Ah, nuts!" Vic said. Two minutes later he was back in Warden Cheney's office to say good-by.

Of course, Huett had already telephoned ahead; so the warden knew that the men had refused to fink. The warden had all of his self-confidence back. He positively beamed through his pince-nez.

"Before you go, Mr. Woods, Boatswain has a gift for you," he said affably. "He's an indefatigable apple polisher, you know. It's about the only human trait left in Boatswain. Odd, isn't it, that the more incorrigible these men are, the more interesting they are too?"

"Yes," said Vic, "and we agree on one thing, warden—Boatswain's a thoroughly hopeless case."

The warden pressed a button. Boatswain came in, bowing and smiling ingratiatingly. "If you please, sir, Mr. Woods, here's a little souvenir of your visit," he said.

He held up a carved wooden owl about five inches in height. The carving was amateurish and uninspired, but it was a fine piece of oak, and it had been darkly stained and then lacquered and rubbed and waxed to a deep, rich sheen. Vic held out his hand.

"Oh, no, sir!" Boatswain cried. "Everything that leaves here has to be inspected first, sir."

He handed the owl to Cheney. The warden smiled as he hefted it in his hand. He pulled at the owl's head, and then gave it a violent twist. "I've caught currency to buy narcotics going out of here in trinkets like this, Mr. Woods, but I guess this one's all right," he said.

He gave the owl to Vic, who had to force the words out. He was already unnerved by that futile walk across the yard, and this unregenerate old felon with the lava eyes and the fawning grin made every human decency a sebaceous insult. "It's very handsome, Boatswain," he said. "Thank you. I'll give it to the governor, if you don't mind."

Boatswain backed out, grinning and groveling. Just before he vanished, while the half-open door was between him and the warden, he looked straight at Vic.

His whole face changed. It was a lightning thing, like a mere muscular tic, but for the first time, Vic saw expression in those pale-brown, lavalike eyes. He saw rage and fear and hatred, and some sort of ferocious challenge.

Then it was gone, and the door closed. But Vic had a feeling that he had just seen the real Boatswain—the secret man the old con did not want anyone to see. What that man was like, he did not know, because he had come and gone too quickly. It was a little eerie, but no more so than the extrasensory currents that were common here.

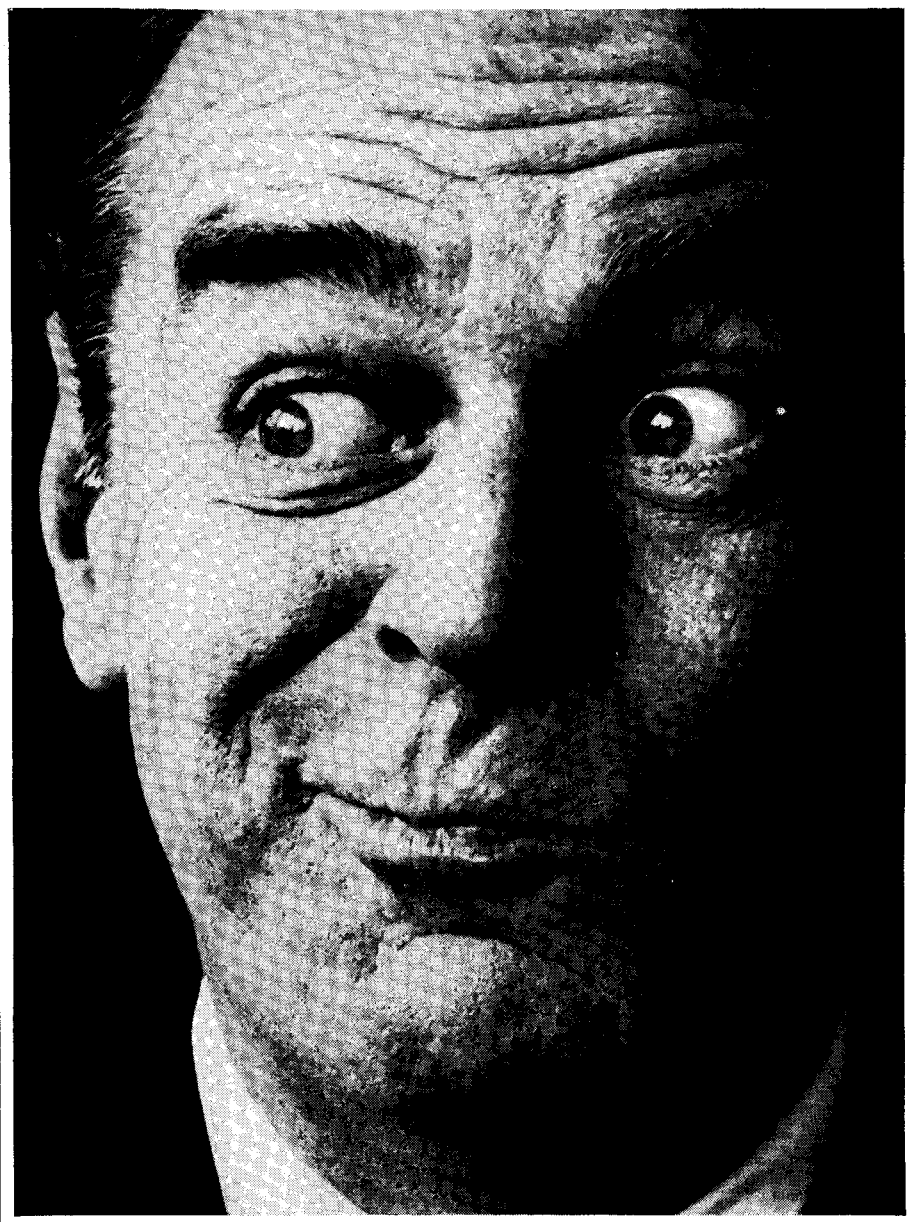
By evening Vic was back in the capital. For the files, the governor demanded detailed, written reports. For his own enlightenment, he liked to cross-examine. He had Vic come around to the executive mansion after dinner.

"Well, Woods, how did it go?" the governor began. "How do you like our method of rehabilitating evildoers?"

"Put it this way, sir," said Vic. "When I got home, I took a shower and changed all my clothes before I kissed my own wife and baby."

The governor's eyes glinted. "I do the same thing myself! A prison is an unclean monument to society's failure. All right, we agree on that. Now let's have your story."

Vic let him have it, and a sorry story it was. He tried to be frank about his blunders. "My worst mistake was going into the yard. That's the only privacy they have. It was an egregious affront to them, and if they didn't want a riot before that, I'm afraid they do now, sir."



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"Or think they do," the governor said thoughtfully. "I felt sure some of them would open up to you! You're an easy person to talk to, Woods. That's why you're here."

Well, Vic thought, *at least I know that much now.*

The governor went on, "They're all old-timers in that joint. Usually it's your psychopathic youngster that ignites a riot. The old-timers know they never win one of those things. The smart ones—by George, I thought they'd rap to you!"

"Three of the smartest ones—Van Fleet, Bozniuski and Shafter—were in the yard when I went through. They turned their backs on me. They'd die rather than fink. And the smartest con of all, a fellow by the name of Boatswain ——"

"I'm familiar with his record," the governor interrupted. "He's a textbook case of the habitual criminal."

Vic took the wooden owl out of his pocket and handed it to the governor. "He's also a textbook apple polisher, sir," he said. "He sends this, with his compliments, to the best governor we ever had, and I quote."

The governor smiled as he took the owl. "Ugly monster, isn't it?" he said.

Vic smiled, too, seeing the governor tug and twist at the owl's head. "I thought of that myself—that he might be passing me a message, sir. But the warden tested it before he let me take it out of the prison."

The governor put the owl aside. "Too bad! It would take a smart man like this fellow to tip you without getting caught at it."

"He's smart, all right!"

"He'll be just as dead as the dumb ones if he happens to catch a bullet in a riot."

"Not Boatswain! He lives in the administration building. A riot won't come anywhere near him, sir."

The governor raised his eyebrows. "There's your explanation, Woods. You can't expect a man to fink on the warden if he already has all the privileges of the joint."

"Why not?" Vic said stubbornly. "I was always told that evil and stupidity are approximately synonymous—that when a man does a *good* thing, he also does the smart thing—that the greater the intelligence, the better the man."

The governor smiled. "That's generally true. Our moral and ethical code wasn't forcibly grafted onto us. We created it out of our own intelligent need."

"Then why can't I expect the smartest man in the prison to have the one spark of human decency, the one spark of human courage necessary to prevent the horror of a riot? Governor, Boatswain's a cringing animal, a hand licker waiting for a chance to snap back, a completely selfish zoological specimen with the intellect of a man!"

"Now, now, don't get so upset, my boy!" the governor said. "I've had more experience with criminals than you, and I'm not discouraged with the human race."

They talked until midnight. The governor did not reproach Vic for his failure. "Forget it!" he said. "It was a good try, but we can't win 'em all. I'll think it over for a week, and then I guess I'll just have to do it the hard way—bounce Cheney and fight it out with the legislature."

Vic did not forget it. He was not used to failing. He knew he was taking it out on his wife in the days that followed and, to complicate things, Joan had her own problems and was not in her best frame of mind. It had cost them a lot to move to the capital, and she had to stall the milkman and dry cleaner this month. So when Vic snapped at her, she snapped back.

It was the fifth night after his return from the prison. They had been out to dinner, taking the baby along for his first restaurant meal. The boy behaved well. Joan wore the dress she had bought for the inauguration ball.

When they came out of the restaurant, it was raining. "Oh, this is more than I can bear!" Joan wailed, looking down at her inauguration pumps.

Joan was a blonde, a healthy milkmaid type who did not usually make idiotic remarks like this. Vic said. "I did it on purpose, of course. I made it rain."

She just looked at him. "Maybe this job is too much for your sensitive soul, darling. Maybe the post office is more your speed. Why don't you just hit me?"

"Wait here," Vic said thickly. "I'll bring the car."

They were halfway home when a tire blew out. Not until he was out in the rain did it dawn on Vic that he had never changed a tire. Having absolutely no mechanical skill, he had always gone to a filling station.

There was no filling station within miles. He got the trunk open. He got the car up on the jack. Then he could not get the flat tire off, and Joan had to get out in the rain to show him how. Joan could do just about anything.

He tried to make her get back into the car, but she insisted on helping. They were both soaked by the time he got the spare on, the car off the jack, and the flat and the tools back in the trunk. It seemed to him that this was distinctly a victory, even if he did have to be supervised by his wife.

The feeling of victory, or the rain, or both, seemed to have pushed him past some sort of emotional crisis that had begun when he first went into the maximum-security area of the prison. Joan was just getting into the car to see to the sleeping baby. He reached for her. She resisted, but he made her turn around to face him.

"Honey," he said, "what I've been going through is no excuse for what I've been: Someday I'll tell you about it. All I can say now is that I love you."

She screamed, "Oh, Vic!" and came into his arms. He kissed her wet face and held her close, hearing her whimper, "I let you down, didn't I? A wife ought to be a comfort to her husband, but nothing I do is ever right, is it?"

It hit him then. He knew it was the truth by the way it exploded in him. It came, he supposed, direct from Joan. All that was worth-while on earth came from people like Joan.

"You have no idea how much you have helped!" he said unsteadily. "Honey, I'm afraid I'll have to go back to the prison. Drop me off at the governor's mansion. Then you and the baby may have to make out by yourselves. Can you?"

"Oh, sure!" she said. And she meant it.

She did not ask a lot of questions. She did not act hurt at his hasty good-by kiss, or the way he ran up the steps of the mansion without so much as a backward look. A wife in a million, this Joan.

The governor was in bed, but his wife was watching television. She took one look at Vic's face and went to call her husband. He came down in his bathrobe, not at all annoyed. He was that kind of governor.

"Now what?" was all he said.

"Governor," said Vic, "I think I almost failed Boatswain, and he almost overestimated me! Where's the owl?"

The governor walked rapidly toward his study. "A message after all, do you think?" he said over his shoulder. "I tried to read some kind of cipher into the carving. If that's it, it's too deep for me."

He took the owl from a shelf and handed it to Vic. "No, not in the carving," said Vic. "Look, sir—the first thing we all thought was that there would be some kind of message inside, and that the head would come off. You and the warden both tried to pull it off. You both tried to unscrew it. But that's pretty obvious, isn't it? Sir, there's nothing obvious about Boatswain. 'Devious' is a better word for him!"

"Go on!" the governor said impatiently.

Vic went on, "Tonight I changed my first flat tire. My wife had to show me how. I was too dumb to know that the lug bolts on the right-hand wheels have right-hand threads, while the ones on the left have left-hand threads. I didn't even know there were such things as left-hand threads until Joan showed me. To most people, a left-hand thread is backward like Boatswain's ——"

The governor was an old prosecutor, and a bit devious himself. He reached for the owl, but Vic had already given its head a sharp twist—to the right. With right-hand threads, this was a tightening motion.

These were left-hand threads, and as the head came off, Vic wasted a few seconds admiring the patience that had gone into their carving. Only a man with time on his hands—a whole lifetime—could have whittled this invisibly intricate joint. Thus had Boatswain made prison bearable. The most he could ask of a thing was that it use up his time.

In the owl's neck was a hollow. In the hollow was a coil of thirty-five-millimeter film, already developed.

It was three in the morning before the darkroom man that they stirred out of bed had the pictures printed. There were thirty of them. All apparently had been shot from the roof of the administration building. The setting in all thirty was the ash pit behind the prison heating plant. It was no longer used, the furnaces having been converted to gas. The ash pit was an open concrete bin about twenty feet square, with walls twelve feet high.

The prisoners varied from picture to picture, as did the things being done to them. In some they were simply being beaten. In others—there was snow on the ground in these—they were being drenched with a fire hose. In most of the shots they were simply chained in the ash pit, naked, and without food, water or shelter.

The one man present in every picture was Deputy Warden Jay Huett. He stood out in sharp focus, just as he was the one point of focus on which the whole atmosphere of seething hatred in the prison converged.

"It's microfilm, used for photographing records," said the darkroom man, "but it wasn't exposed in any camera that I know of. The frames are too long. The prison would have a movie projector. Would this man have access to it?"

"Are you kidding?" said Vic. "That would be a cinch for Boatswain. He's the warden's orderly."

"He probably used that lens, adding the lens from the microfilm machine to increase its power. But they'd have to be coupled in a light-tight cylinder, which has to be attached with a light-tight joint to the light-tight box that holds the film. I don't see how he could do it!"

"I do," said Vic. "All it takes is scrap wood and eternity. And every second there is an eternity."

The governor had already ordered out his car and driver. A squad of state troopers would move into the prison with him at daylight and stand by until things settled down. There was bound to be an uproar when word got out that Cheney, Huett and Huett's pet guards had been relieved. There would be some screaming and dancing, and some windows broken—but no killing.

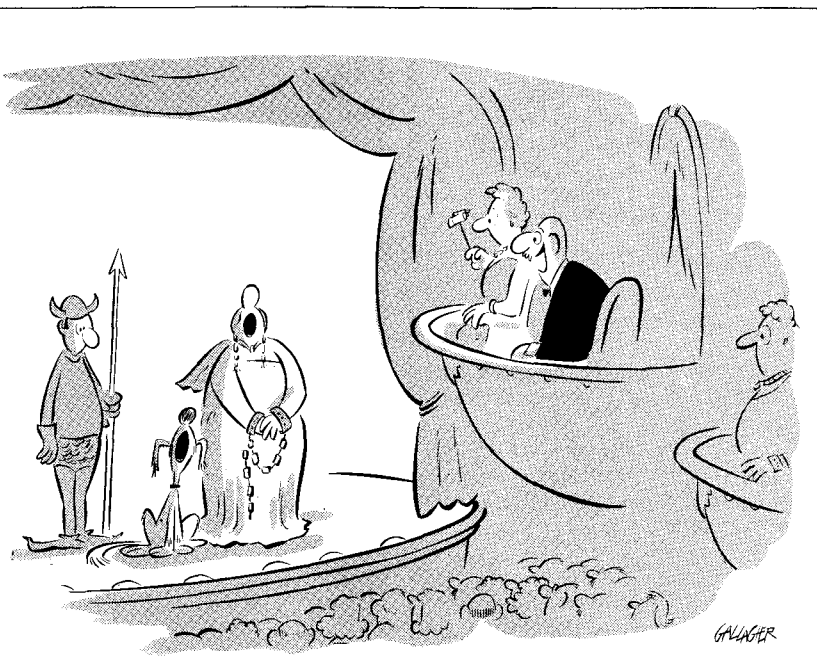
There was no one to kill. There was not one fink in the whole prison! Vic had already proved that.

"You ought to be pleased to see your judgment of Huett vindicated, Woods," said the governor.

"Yes, sir, I am," said Vic.

And he was. But what pleased him still more, filling him with a cheerful, grateful warmth, was to remember the look Boatswain had given him as, grinning and groveling, he backed out of Cheney's office. That look was in part a ferocious challenge, from one smart man to another, to find the secret of the owl. To do it under the warden's nose was typical of Boatswain.

Still, that did not explain the rage and fear and hatred that Vic had seen glittering in those pale-brown, lavalike eyes; but now Vic understood even that. For a moment the stir-smart old con's guard was down. For a moment he had betrayed the real Boatswain, the secret inner man that he did not want anyone to see, ever. For a moment he had stood naked, a human being who, with nothing to gain for himself, had dared to do a good and brave and intelligent thing for the lesser men around him. THE END



"You're right! That is Boots!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Monitor Affair (Continued from Page 44)

"This tug hasn't a ram, Eric. But she could do bad mischief if she were to collide with our little ship. She has powerful engines. She might sink her or damage her, so that repairs would require a month."

"An accident? To look like an accident?"

"Possibly so." Rowland shook his head. "But this is guesswork, Eric," he said. "You may be seeing a ghost."

"Capt. Hugo Tempest," Eric said grimly, "is no ghost."

The ferry ran into her slip, and the two men made their way to the shipyard. Eric strode from the gate to the water and was rowed out to the *Monitor*, which was anchored a safe distance from shore. He went aboard and found young Lieutenant Greene in his cramped, badly ventilated quarters below. But no matter how cramped the quarters, no matter how faulty the ventilation system, young Greene doted upon the little ship, loved every plate and bolt of her. No plaques commemorate his devotion; no medals were pinned upon his breast. But his steadfastness and his fortitude entitle him to high place among the heroes of the Navy of the United States. And one unrecorded act, never to be disclosed and which was outside the call of duty, jeopardizing his future as an officer, entitles him to accolade for daring amounting to rashness; for possessing the courage to risk everything for the preservation of the little ship which was his love.

Eric sat on the bunk beside Lieutenant Greene. The cabin door was closed against listening ears. Briefly Eric told the young officer what he knew of Madame Ouverard, of Captain Tempest, of the two houses and of the transactions that had taken place.

Greene listened, his face set and angry.

"I believe," Eric said, "that one last desperate attempt is to be made to wreck or to damage this ship. I have no proof, but I am certain in my mind. We cannot wait for proofs. We cannot cope with red tape and official investigations. Lieutenant, I think here is a time when we must take things into our own hands."

"What do you want of me, Mr. Nelson?"

Eric countered with a question. "What sort of crew have you?"

"The best a man could ask for."

"Can you find half a dozen volunteers to help us do a depredation that may land us all in the penitentiary?"

Young Greene stared at his shoes for minutes while Eric waited. "Mr. Nelson," he said finally, "you may be right in your suspicions and you may be wrong. But there is a duty, sir, higher than rule-of-thumb regulations. I'm with you, Mr. Nelson, hell or high water."

Eric grinned suddenly in his relief. "And," he said, "there is always the chance that we won't be caught at it."

"Where does this tug lie?" Lieutenant Greene asked.

"In Newtown Creek. Her name is *Eliza P.*"

"How many men aboard?"

"I've no idea."

"We will scout her today," Greene said. "I'll send an intelligent fellow to keep an open eye and report."

That evening six volunteering seamen, Eric and Lieutenant Greene, in pairs and singly, left the shipyard by its main gate and made their cautious way toward Newtown Creek. Their scout had brought them full information of the tug's position and complement. They took strategic stations and waited until there was silence and darkness aboard the *Eliza P.*

"Tempest belongs to me," Eric said to his companion, and Greene nodded.

"He's bunked in the pilothouse, our scout reports," Greene said.

Cautiously they boarded the craft. No watch seemed to have been set. Five of the sailors descended upon the crew's quarters while the sixth, one of Chief Engineer Stimers' men, made his way to the engine room, where with ruthless efficiency he disabled the engine beyond repair.

Eric made his way directly to the pilothouse. He flung the door open and spoke into the small room, whose sole light came through uncurtained windows.

"Tempest," he said, "wake up. I've come for you."

Tempest, roused by the voice, sat up bewildered a moment, rubbing his eyes. "Who is there?" he asked sleepily.

"Eric Nelson," said the young Swede.

Tempest sprang erect. Oddly his first movement was to feel for the top of his head, for he had laid aside his wig. Beyond that neither man moved.

"How did you get here?" Tempest demanded.

"We've taken your tug," Eric said. "She'll not harm the *Monitor*."

Tempest felt again of his scarred skull and scowled.

"We would have sunk her," he said, as if with resignation. And then, "It would be you, Nelson. From the beginning you've been"—he paused and sought for a word—"a damn nuisance." He listened. There came sounds of battle from below. "Madame was right. We should have abolished you long ago."

"I don't think you could have killed me," Eric said softly. "It wouldn't have been allowed."

"Allowed?" Tempest said, surprise in his voice.

Eric shook his head. "Not till we settled things between us. That was predestined."

"So now is the moment," Tempest said. "With a gang at your back. Somehow I don't like the odds," he added. "I prefer the advantage to be on my side."

"We stand here talking," Eric said.

"So we do. Most unsuitable, sir."

Tempest resolved into sudden action. He leaped—and laughed as he leaped—and strangely not seeking to harm his antagonist, he shouldered him aside to reach the door. He sprang across the deck and dived over the rail into the icy water of the creek. Eric recovered himself in an instant and he, too, dived cleanly, swimming in Tempest's wake.

Both men were strong swimmers, but Eric, inured by the chill waters of his native land, was the stronger. He was overtaking Tempest when the captain turned and Eric saw a knife in his hand. Tempest

... ...

But Husbands Drive Safer

By Sheldon White

In his car
They used to be
Always like this:

HeShe

But, wedded now,
They seem to prefer
More elbow room for

Him Her

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slashed at Eric, but the blade did not find its mark. Eric continued to swim alongside, just out of arm's reach. Suddenly Tempest's stroke lost its evenness. He floundered. "Nelson ——" he cried. It was an appeal for help. But to Eric it was a stratagem. Again Tempest uttered a strangled cry and flung up his arms. The knife no longer was in his fist. With a gurgling cry he sank beneath the black surface. This was real; this was no ruse. The man had some sort of seizure, a cramp, or an attack of the heart.

Eric dived. His hand closed on Tempest's shirt, and both men came to the surface. Eric turned on his back, holding the other's head above water. It was an eerie situation. Eric, who had come to kill, had inexplicably become a lifesaver.

He towed the captain to the opposite, marshy shore and dragged him out of the creek. Tempest lay there, chest heaving, foam at the corners of his mouth, eyes open and dreadful sounds issuing from his chest. Then, as Eric watched he was silent. For an instant there was intelligence in his eyes and he strove to speak. Eric lowered his head to catch the words. The young Swede fancied the man mustered up an ironic grin.

"Cheated—you—in—the end," Tempest said almost inaudibly. "You—couldn't—kill me." His eyes closed and he sighed. "Nobody—could kill Tempest," the man whispered. "He—just—died."

There was an expelling of breath, and the ex-slaver had gone to voyage the unknown seas.

Eric left him lying there and plunged again into the icy current. He reached the *Eliza P.* He gave a shout. Lieutenant Greene peered over the side and reached down a strong hand.

"Thought you were drowned," he said.

"Looks like another lecture on lateness."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Eric sat on the deck, panting. "Tempest is dead," he said. "I was right. He was going to sink the *Monitor*."

Greene helped him to his feet. "Let's get away from here while the going is good," he said.

The little crew trooped back to the shipyard, rowed itself out to the *Monitor* and retired to their bunks. They had done a deed which never would be sung by minstrel. But they were content.

Now the *Monitor* would sail. Unhampered by any enemy, she would breast the storm-tossed ocean as she voyaged to keep her rendezvous with destiny.

In the morning Eric took the earliest ferry to Manhattan. He made his way to Washington Square, where insistently he rang the bell for admission. Ezekiel, in night garments, answered the door. Eric pushed the old man aside and, standing at the foot of the imposing stairway, shouted the name of Madame Ouverard. He shouted again. Presently she stood at the head of the staircase.

"You!" she said savagely. "How dare you?"

"Madame," he said gravely, "I bring news. Captain Tempest is dead."

"Dead!" she exclaimed incredulously.

"Madame," Eric went on, "I would not bring disgrace upon your niece. Therefore I come to tell you that you have only hours to escape from this country. I suggest Canada as the nearest refuge. If you are in New York City at nightfall you will be taken into custody as a spy. I give you this warning for Yvonne's sake."

He turned to old Ezekiel. "If madame does not take you with her, come to me. Miss Yvonne will take care of you."

He shut the door behind him, went down the steps and traversed the park. He was certain madame would seek safety in flight. As he walked he thought about two young men, Ross Lane, of the military bearing, and his companion, John Andrews. His conclusion was that he could do nothing about them. He could not peer into the future to see that young Lane on a day in July, when the city was torn by draft riots, would be shot down as he led a company of trained men, armed with muskets, who conducted themselves with disciplined military precision.

He reached Mrs. Frazer's boarding-house, but did not awaken Yvonne. The news would await a more suitable moment. And he had other and more important matters to discuss with Miss Constant of Val-Fleury plantation in the rebel state of Louisiana.

The *Monitor* was a failure!

So bureaucrats and skeptics and the newspapers led the public to believe after her disastrous trial run on February twenty-seventh. She was ignominiously towed back to the dock. Watchers there either stood in silent discouragement or openly jeered the unhappy crew. Engine valves had not been truly set and the steering mechanism had broken down. Not until March third did the little warship venture forth again, and this time friends on a pier, braving a driving snow-

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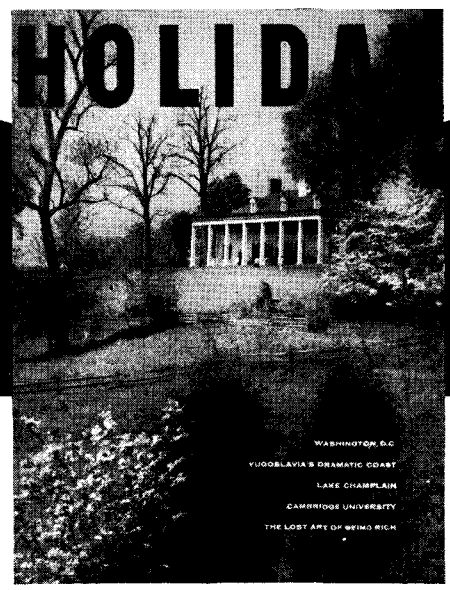

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storm, waved their farewells, feeling in their hearts that *Monitor* might never be seen or heard of again. But once more she came back to her berth, and this time because of an error John Ericsson made in his multitude of drawings. The rudder would not operate.

Naval engineers were quick with advice, which threw Ericsson into a fury. The experts urged him to lay up the ship for thirty days to make and install a new rudder.

The inventor shook a mighty fist in their faces and was ready with such epithets as, "Dolts! Nincompoops! Ignoramuses! Lay up my ship for a month!" He waved a telegram in their faces, a wire from Gustavus Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, demanding to know what day, exactly, *Monitor* could arrive in Hampton Roads.

"This ship," he bellowed, "will be ready to sail in three days!"

She was ready. Ericsson had wrought another miracle; but the weather was beyond the control of even his genius. It was the morning of March sixth when *Monitor* put to sea, towed by the tugboat *Seth Low* and escorted by the gunboats *Currituck* and *Sachem*. To that delay can be laid one of the greatest disasters ever to befall an armada of the United States Navy. For *Merrimac* had won the race.

Complacent Commodore Goldsborough, Commander of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, was deceived by purposely spread rumors that *Merrimac* was afloat but with roof under water; that she was so unstable that a ripple would capsize her; that she could not remain afloat if the weight of cannon were added. Nevertheless, the ironclad monster was ready for battle. At eleven o'clock on the morning of March eighth Captain Buchanan directed that her anchor be weighed. Steam entered her cylinders and she moved ponderously out into the Elizabeth River and headed for the doomed Federal fleet a few miles away.

But little *Monitor* was many miles away. Steaming down the coast she would not arrive in time—if she arrived at all.

Cold, clear weather obtained as *Monitor*, driven smoothly by engine of Ericsson's own design, plowed southward in the wake of towing *Seth Low*. Her nine-foot propeller turned steadily, and First Assistant Engineer Newton was content. Cape Charles was passed at four in the afternoon as the helmsman, Louis Stodder, could see through the long slits in the solid wrought-iron walls whose thickness was nine inches.

Captain Worden was in his two-room cabin, aft of which were the quarters and wardroom for the officers. Still farther aft the crew swung their hammocks, each man being allowed fourteen inches of width for sleeping space—cramped quarters, but sufficient.

At midnight as that day ended there was inscribed in the log the satisfactory sentence: "So ends this day."

Young Lieutenant Greene was at first delighted with the behavior of his beloved little ship.

"She behaves sweetly," he said to Eric Nelson, as they sat cheek by jowl in the wardroom.

"If she fights as well as she rides," Eric said.

"Have no fears. She will."

"We've encountered no rough water yet, lieutenant."

Greene frowned. "I'm more afraid of bad weather than I am of enemy guns," he replied. "But I have faith in her, Nelson. She'll come through."

Greene's faith was to be put severely to the test. Already the wind was rising, increasing in violence. Seas commenced to sweep the low deck. Someone in the shipyard, taking upon himself to improve upon Ericsson's plans without his knowledge, had pried up the turret and stuffed the groove in which it turned with oakum. As great seas swept the decks and battered the turret, this oakum was washed out and water leaked in and poured down through the hatch. A dreadful eerie sound assailed the ears of the officers and crew. Worse, said young Greene, than the "death groans of twenty men."

"What is that sound?" Nelson asked, for it was something his engineering knowledge could not explain. Greene listened. "I think it is water rushing through the anchor well," he said. "I'll go and reassure the crew before they get superstitious."

Frightening reports came now that water was pouring down upon the machinery through the blowers.

"The ventilation system has gone out," Captain Worden was told. "Draft is gone. The fires are dying."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, his chief symptoms are whining and complaining."

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Through the tube came the voice of Engineer Newton. "Captain, the pumps can't take care of the water we're shipping," and Stimers fought his way to the engine room to see what could be done about it. As he and Newton labored with the pumps, they were choked by gases from the smoldering fires. Greene rushed to the scene.

"Men, cover your faces with wet cloths," he ordered, and himself taking the lead, aided in dragging those men who had become unconscious up to the turret and fresh air.

"Steam pressure's falling," came the word from the engine room. "Pumps are useless."

"Man the hand pumps," Worden ordered calmly.

And so *Monitor* was tested by all the adverse forces of wind and sea. Throughout the day officers and crew labored titanically to keep her afloat, to maintain some sort of mechanical movement. And then, suddenly, with the coming of nightfall there came unlooked-for abatement. The wind dropped; the sea subsided and little *Monitor* again rode smoothly.

The engine crew rushed to their engines; the stokers to their fires. Not a man aboard but breathed a prayer of thanksgiving, for *Monitor* seemed to have been saved as by a miracle.

But the calm was of brief duration. Again wind howled and waves battered.

With the ever-increasing number of automobiles on the road, there soon won't be enough pedestrians to go around.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

The tugboat *Seth Low* was still towing the ship when, in the height of the gale, the wheel ropes suddenly jammed temporarily and the *Monitor* would no longer answer her helm. She yawed and danced out of control at the end of the towline.

"If that line snaps," Worden said to Greene, "we will be driven ashore in spite of all we can do."

As dawn came the captain hailed *Seth Low* to slacken speed, but his voice would not carry to the tug over the howling of wind and smashing of seas.

"Hoist a distress signal," he ordered.

But again the wind suddenly subsided. The *Monitor* rode evenly, and her exhausted crew dropped where they could and slept. Fatigued by constant Herculean labors, racked by fear of death, the men could only sleep. The galley fires were out. No food save dry biscuits could be supplied to them.

Surviving two extremities, the tiny warship rode on untroubled waters. She veered into Chesapeake Bay, and now Hampton Roads was but twenty miles away! But *Merrimac* had already traversed the distance as Worden and Greene and Eric, straining their eyes on deck, could see. For ahead of them, where the Union fleet had been, there rolled to the heavens billows of black smoke. To the ears came the sound of pounding gunfire.

This, to their dismay, could signify but one tragic thing: *Merrimac* had won the race. With what dire results they could not yet determine.

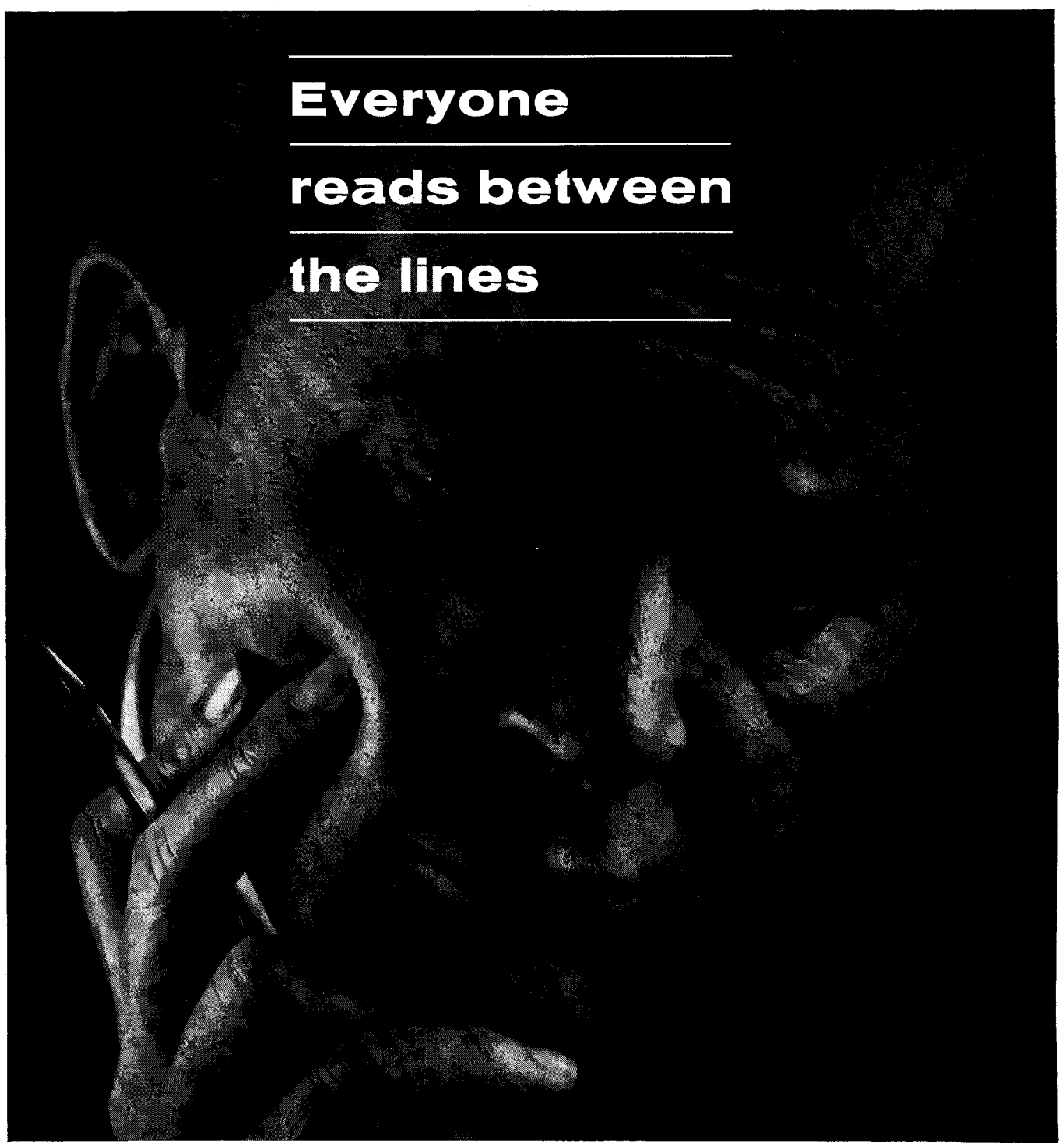
Clouds of smoke hid the tragedy from straining eyes aboard little *Monitor*. That there had been disaster was apparent as she drew closer to Fortress Monroe. Through drifting smoke Worden could see the flag of the squadron floating from *Roanoke*, and Worden reported. Then the full dimensions of one of the most gruesome naval defeats ever suffered by the American Navy were revealed.

Merrimac had rammed and sunk the mighty *Cumberland* in shallow water; *Congress* was surrendered and in flames; *Minnesota* was aground and helpless; *Roanoke* and *St. Laurence*, coming to the rescue of their consorts had been grounded above Fortress Monroe and took little part in the fight. At last *Merrimac* had sullenly withdrawn. That craft had taken all the finest ships the Navy could give, seemingly without damage.

Worden was ordered by Capt. John Marston, senior officer present, on board the *Roanoke*, to take his ship to the grounded *Minnesota*. The remnants of the stricken fleet took little comfort from her arrival. More than half the beholders would not believe she was a warship, but thought her some kind of a water tanker. On board grounded *Minnesota* the hushed, discouraged word was that *Monitor* was contemptible. Some seaman, name unheralded, applied an epithet to her which has survived gloriously. In disgust this seaman called *Monitor* a "tin can on a shingle." Throughout the remnants of the once-proud fleet it was the sure belief that *Merrimac* would return with the dawn and complete her work of destruction and carnage.

Only on board the *Monitor* did optimism reign. Captain Worden retired to his cabin, not to sleep but to write a brave letter to his wife on this the eve of battle.

"I arrived here an hour since," he wrote. "The *Merrimac* has caused sad work among our vessels. ***She cannot hurt us.***"



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And so while the stricken fleet awaited the dawn, sure of its destruction, and while in Washington Secretary of War Stanton bellowed his terrors and almost lost his mind, the crew of *Monitor* repaired as best they could the damage wrought by wind and seas. They caught catnaps when they could, only to be awakened by a horrid roar as *Congress* exploded in a great burst of flame and burning fragments.

The blockade would be broken, Stanton said frenziedly to Mr. Lincoln and Gideon Welles and the assembled Cabinet. New York, Washington, Boston lay at the mercy of this impregnable Goliath, and England would intervene on behalf of the Confederacy. The war, he raved, was lost.

In the darkness of that dire night little, despised *Monitor* stood guard over huge *Minnesota*. It was a night of fear and anguish.

Norfolk was making holiday. Shortly after daybreak, emitting black smoke like some fabled dragon, *Merrimac* left her mooring escorted by the *Jamestown* and the *Patrick Henry*, and followed by a fleet of small pleasure boats bearing merry-making spectators with baskets of refreshments. There were foreign onlookers as well. *Rinaldo* and *Gassendi*, British and French gunboats, had come to draw conclusions from the meeting of the two ironclads. Washington knew that momentous decisions depended upon what they saw—that a sweeping victory for *Merrimac* would mean foreign intervention and probable victory for the South. More depended upon the two Dahlgren guns of little *Monitor* than simply coming out best in a duel with the Southern monster.

Eric Nelson, whose mission was to watch and report the behavior of the ship to John Ericsson, had made hasty notes of the defects which had manifested themselves in *Monitor*'s trial by the elements. Today his duty was to make even more important notes as to her conduct in battle: how she maneuvered, the sufficiency of her armor, the operation of the all-important turret. One defect of the ship was the limited visibility afforded those who controlled her. The man at the wheel in the pilot house could see only through narrow slits. The gunners in the turret could see only when the iron flaps protecting the gun ports were raised. As the turret revolved it was perilously near to guesswork to aim her Dahlgrens. Ignorant bureaucrats in the Navy Department had forbidden heavier charges than fifteen pounds of powder for the cannon.

Merrimac, as she surged through the ruffled water, was several times the size of little *Monitor*. The Confederate mounted ten guns to the Federal's two. Catesby ap R. Jones had definite apprehensions. If the *Monitor* directed her fire at his water line, it was believed the overheavy, clumsy ship would readily be sunk. But Worden was unaware of this as he went into battle. The existence of this Achilles' heel was unknown to him.

Each of the Dahlgrens in *Monitor*'s turret was handled by eight men. The morale of the crew was high. Lieutenant Greene's confidence in his ship was perfect. He shared none of the apprehensions of his commander, who was troubled by three separate questions: Would the impact of balls against the turrets burst loose her interior rivets to slaughter gun crews for whom there were no replacements? Would heavy impact derange the turret mechanism so it would not revolve? Was there a weakness at the water line?

The little Ericsson craft headed dauntlessly for her huge opponent as *Merrimac* moved inexorably toward helpless *Minnesota*. The first shot of the engagement, a hundred-and-fifty-pound shell, fell short of its objective. Little *Monitor*, like a terrier attacking a tiger, withheld her fire, but with accelerated speed hurled herself at mighty *Merrimac*.

Eric was aware of the increased beat of the engines. His watch told him it was a little after eight o'clock. The gun crews were ready, awaiting eagerly the order to fire. Ten minutes of suspense followed as she closed the distance between herself and her enemy. Through the speaking tube came the order to commence fire, and the crew tugged at the tackle that raised the porthole stopper.

For the first time Eric caught through the porthole a glimpse of the feared ironclad—only fifty yards away. It was Lieutenant Greene who jerked the lanyard and fired the first shot. It crashed against *Merrimac*'s sloping sides, but that fifteen-pound charge was not enough to pierce the armor. The turret revolved and the second gun was discharged. *Merrimac*, in reply, loosed a broadside, and there was a direct hit upon the turret. The impact was tremendous; a dent appeared in the armor, but no bolts flew and the operating machinery was unimpaired.

Greene was elated. "She can't harm us!" he cried.

Worden maneuvered his ship skillfully around his antagonist's stern and planted a shot but two feet from the propeller. A shot from *Merrimac* crashed against *Monitor*'s water line, but Ericsson's promise was fulfilled. She was impregnable there as elsewhere.

Monitor, more maneuverable than *Merrimac*, continued skillfully to interpose herself as a shield for helpless *Minnesota*. For two hours Worden circled his larger antagonist, firing whenever his guns could be brought to bear, and now to his great joy it was apparent that John Ericsson's little man-of-war could survive the heaviest bombardment. *Monitor* could fire but once in seven or eight minutes. *Merrimac*'s smokestack was riddled, making it difficult to keep up draft in her furnaces.

Now came what seemed to young Greene a catastrophe. The speaking tube from the pilot house ceased to operate. There could come no orders to be obeyed. But, catching brief glimpses of his target past the gun barrels, he maintained fire. A heavy, lonely responsibility for a lad of twenty-two, a veteran of only three years' service! Worden resorted to sending messages across the berth deck, but this was slow, unsatisfactory. Messages were garbled. The messengers had to wait while the turret revolved until the opening in the floor met the opening in the deck to give ingress.

At times the two gladiators were but ten yards apart, and never throughout the battle more than half a mile. It was infighting, savage, indomitable.

Merrimac ran aground. To prevent her from becoming a sitting duck, as *Minnesota* was, her engineer dared a boiler explosion by heaping on inflammables, and she urged herself off the bar. Her powder was running low. Lieutenant ap Jones gave orders to ram, but *Merrimac*'s ram had been broken off in *Cumberland*'s side yesterday, and *Monitor* was so low in the water that the maneuver resulted in nothing more damaging than a violent push.

Monitor scudded for the northern shore, ammunition in the turret exhausted. She *(Continued on Page 92)*

You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

Blanche, a timid soul, felt nervous as she climbed into the taxi on a misty dark night. The driver slammed the door and started off in a direction which she believed to be the wrong one. When she objected, he only smiled and kept right on. Soon she began shouting hysterically, "Let me out! Let me out!" And finally, "I'm going to jump out!" The driver said nothing but kept going. Blanche jumped out and was injured. Later she sued the driver.

"It was the driver's duty to stop at his fare's request, regardless of her reason," Blanche's lawyer argued. "By continuing on his way, he imposed a risk of harm on her."

"My client was going in the right direction, so he had no reason to stop," the driver's lawyer replied. "Moreover, she had no real cause to be alarmed."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Blanche?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Blanche won. The court said the driver should have stopped. By continuing, he only added to her bewilderment and fear.

Based upon a 1946 Massachusetts decision.

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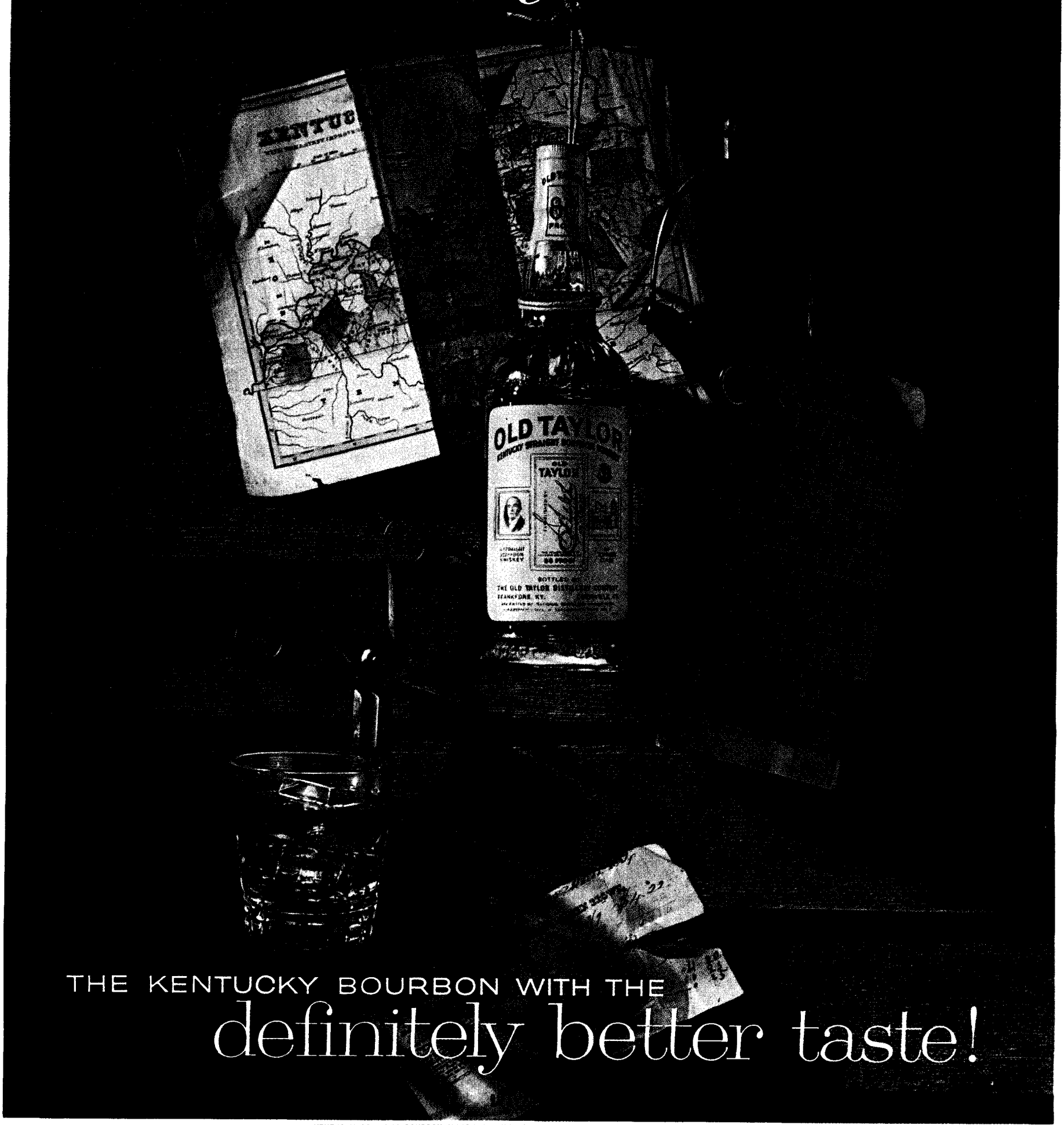

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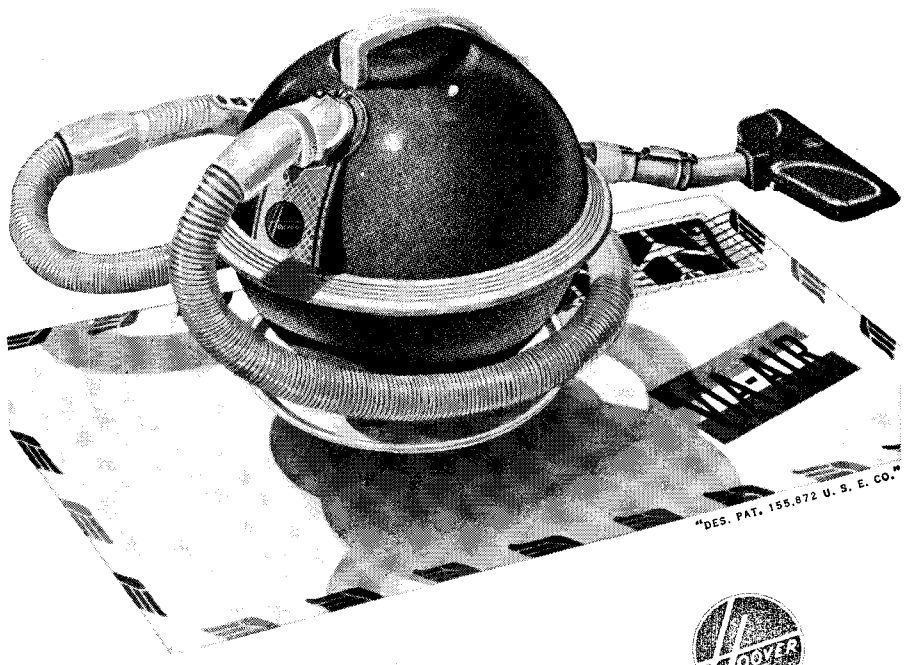

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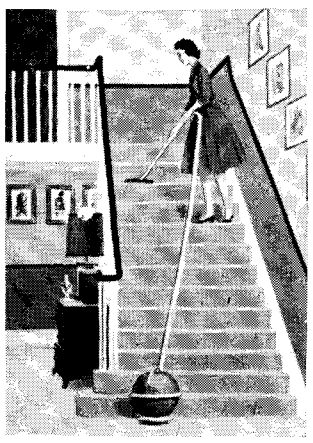

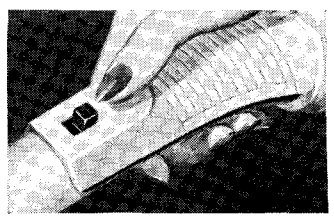

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(*Continued from Page 88*) fired a parting shot which impacted against the iron side of *Merrimac* damagingly. Once out of deep water Worden ordered fresh supplies of powder and shell to be laboriously carried to the turret.

Aboard the Southern vessel, *Monitor*'s withdrawal was mistaken for flight, and ap Jones again turned his attention to *Minnesota*. But once more *Monitor* interposed.

Excited voices called to Greene, and, rushing below, he found his commander, Worden, in sad plight. A shell had struck the pilot house, driving powder fragments through the eye slits, and it seemed that Worden's eyes had been destroyed. He was carried to his cabin helpless, and the boy lieutenant found himself in command of *Monitor* for the remainder of the battle. He took his place in the pilot house. The steering apparatus had been damaged, but simple repairs restored it.

But the battle was ended. Greene, peering through the slit, saw *Merrimac* withdrawing toward Norfolk, listing at the stern. He did not pursue.

Minnesota was saved. The remainder of the fleet was saved. Washington, New York, Boston were safe. And the report sent homeward by the two observing foreign gunboats did not encourage intervention. The most important naval engagement in American history had resulted not in disaster but in victory, and *Merrimac*, which had thrown the entire North into panic, was never to fight a major battle again.

The date was March ninth. Tragic end came to *Merrimac* but few weeks later when, lest greater evil should befall her, Catesby ap R. Jones and Lt. John Taylor Wood applied a light to the slow fuse that led to her magazines, and she blew up with a detonation heard like some monstrous knell from one end to the other of the Confederate States of America.

Eric Nelson, with careful notes, journeyed north from Fortress Monroe. It was a long, wearisome journey to New York, and Eric arrived to find his employer the hero of the nation. Bands serenaded him, cigars were named after him. Poets preserved his name and fame in verse. Gifts poured in from grateful citizens and societies. All this adulation Sir John received with commendable but spurious modesty. He showed no outward elation and certainly no astonishment at the tremendous feat of his little *Monitor*. It was no more and no less than he had expected of her.

Eric went directly from the ferry to Ericsson's house, where he found his employer at the drafting table. The young man had expected to be plied with eager questions and required to supply immediate and exact details, not only of the combat but of the behavior of each piece of *Monitor*'s machinery and equipment. But his reception was quite other than that. Sir John frowned at Eric's entrance and smote his desk with a ponderous fist.

"D'ye know what's happened while you were away?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," Eric said. "There was a sea battle ——"

Ericsson brushed that aside. "A new family moved into the neighborhood," he said and scowled at Eric as if somehow it were his doing. "With a parrot! With a yelling, screaming parrot, young man. Worse than chickens or dogs or pianos."

"I'm sorry to hear it, sir, but I have here ——"

"What you have can wait. You will immediately enter into negotiations with the owner of this nuisance to abate it. How can I concentrate? How can I work?"

"Shall I buy it?" asked Eric. "Or assassinate it?"

"So long," roared Ericsson, "as you abolish it, I don't care if you cook and eat it."

Eric, acquainted by long association with the eccentricities of the great inventor, knew it would be useless to attempt technical conversation. He was delighted, for there was an errand which was more personally pressing than discussing mechanical defects of a warship. He put his notebook away safely in a drawer and walked discreetly out of the room before he should be asked to perform some other delaying errand.

With long strides he walked northward to Mrs. Frazer's rooming house and opened the door with his latchkey.

"Who's there?" demanded the Scotswoman.

"It's Eric Nelson," he called.

"And high time," she said, coming into the hall as she wiped her hands on her

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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apron. She came close and was confidential. "'Tis sore missed ye have been," she said in a harsh whisper. "Mon alive, I'm tellin' you hers was strange behavior for a Rebel lass. Aye." Mrs. Frazer's eyes glinted with dry humor. "The tidings that you, a Yankee, were not kilt entirely caused her no distress."

"Is she in her room, Mrs. Frazer?"

"I will call her down to the parlor," said the dour woman. "'Tis not seemly she should receive ye in her bedchamber."

She placed a callused hand on the newel and shouted up the stair well. "Come doon, chick!" she called. "There's a veesitor for ye in the parlor."

She motioned Eric into that formal room. "She will come tae ye there," she said. "I will neither look nor eavesdrop."

He went into the room whose shades were usually drawn to prevent sunlight from fading the carpet. There were wax flowers under a glass dome. There was a crayon portrait of the late Mr. Frazer. There was black walnut furniture upholstered with haircloth. It was not a romantic room, but Eric was unaware of its stiff plainness. He waited halfway between door and window, and then he heard the whisper of small feet descending the carpeted stairs.

Yvonne paused in the doorway as if uncertain whether to enter or to take flight. She stepped over the threshold, and even in that dim light there was visible to Eric something elfin, dainty, vivid, gracefully lovely. He could not see her eyes as she stood primly waiting his greeting.

"Yvonne!" he said.

"I am glad," she said, "to see you safely home."

"It was impossible to write."

"I did not expect a letter," she said.

"But you knew I thought of you?"

"How should I know?" she asked.

"Because," he said, "hearts that are separated need no telegraph."

She opened her eyes wide. "The man makes poetry," she said lightly. "My heart neither sent nor received messages. A hero returned from the wars should relate his exploits." The corner of her mouth flickered.

"Must you be perverse?" he asked.

"I believe perversity is recommended by the authorities," she replied.

"Yvonne," he said with Swedish blundering, "hasn't there been enough of this nonsense between us?"

"What nonsense do you refer to, sir?"

"This holding me off. This talk about courtship. This make-believe business of rose leaves and codes of chivalry. Things are real today. There's war ——"

"Does war or reality," she asked gently, "make the wooing of a maid less sweet?"

"I have courted you," he said, "to the best of my ability and opportunities."

"But I am here, alone with you in this room, and you do not court me. You scold me. Do you perhaps, Mr. Nelson, think the way to a Southern girl's heart is to fight and defeat a warship on which all the hopes of her homeland were pinned?"

"Northern or Southern—Eastern or Western," he said with shaking voice, "I love you. If I were Abe Lincoln's son and you were Jeff Davis' daughter I would still adore you."

She turned her lovely head to one side and was judgmatical. "That, sir," she said, "is more like it."

He had found a thought and as best he could he expressed it. "One day this war will end. One day there will be no Union, no Confederacy. What will be there, poisonously, will be resentments and hatreds. My dear, this land will not be truly united; this war will not come to a final end, until hatreds and bitternesses shall disappear. Until friendship between Northern men and Southern men shall again be firm and unmarred. Yvonne, every friendship formed between two people who have been enemies is an important thing. Every love match between a Rebel and a Unionist is a reknitting of this nation."

"Sir," she said, "you are eloquent. But I do not care to marry a Northerner merely as a matter of national diplomacy."

That humor which was so much a part of him, sometimes perverse humor, narrowed his blue eyes and bent his lips almost in a derisive smile.

"Right," he said grimly. "Let hostilities proceed. You are enemy territory. If I cannot have you by negotiation, I'll have you by right of conquest."

He strode toward her. She sought to ward him off with little hands, but they were of no avail. He held her in his arms and pressed her to him, and his eager lips sought hers.

"No, no ——" she protested.

But his lips found hers and were firm, demanding. Something within her compelled her to protest, struggle, but the will to do so was not present. A wonderful, powerful emotion possessed her, and her arms, instead of repelling him, encircled his neck. Her soft lips parted to receive his kiss. She lay in his arms and knew happiness.

Presently she freed herself and flushed, beautifully disheveled. She bent her head but looked shyly up at him under long lashes. Softly she spoke to him with her most Southern idiom.

"Mistah Nelson," she said, "I just naturally reckon that you have erased the Mason and Dixon line."

THE END

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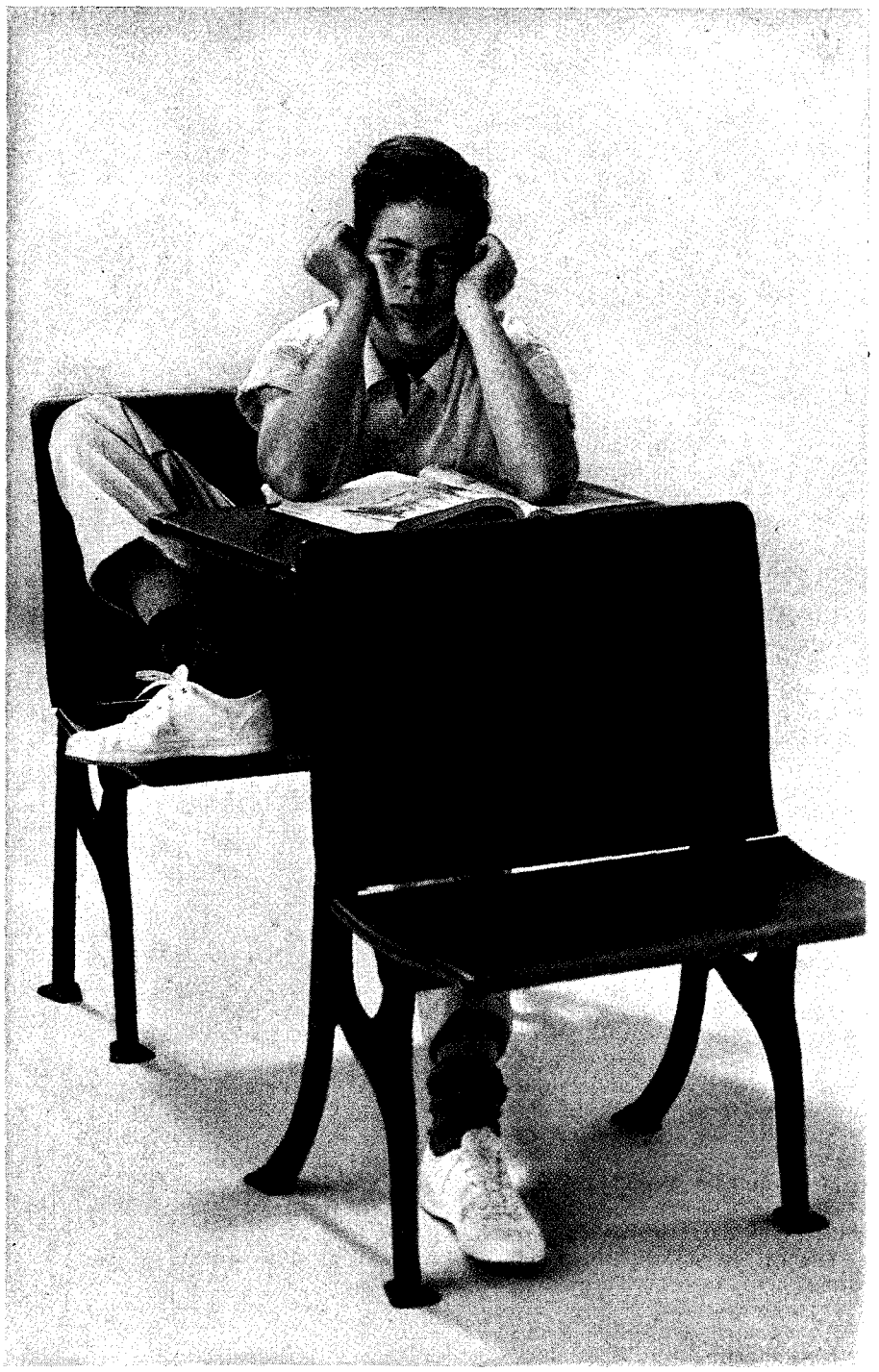

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The World's Toughest Medical Problems

(Continued from Page 33)

injury, from leprosy, meningitis and intestinal parasites to snakebite and the angry embrace of an elephant.

The trip was a succession of deeply moving experiences, some distressing, others heart-warming; and many of the images were so sharply etched that my wife and I will carry them with us for the rest of our lives.

We remember, for example, the woman in a darkened room of Wanless Hospital, a large Presbyterian institution in the city of Miraj, in southern Bombay state. She lay with her back arched and rigid, her head thrown back and her teeth clenched in the spasms of tetanus, or lockjaw. To assist her breathing a tracheotomy tube had been inserted through an incision in her neck. Her mother, in a dark blue sari, sat helplessly beside the bed, on the floor.

The patient had contracted the infection, we were told, from dirty cloths used by an untrained *dai*, or midwife, at the birth of her child a few days before. In a land where cows and water buffalo, sheep and goats, roam the streets and enter the dooryards, the soil teems with tetanus bacilli. Cases of tetanus are tragically frequent. This was the thirty-sixth tetanus patient admitted to Wanless in nine months, and 40 per cent had died.

"If the people would only get inoculations and take proper care of wounds," said Dr. T. L. Angelo, an Indian member of the Wanless staff. "But such lessons are difficult to teach. This woman certainly should not have become infected. For she knew about the hospital—her brother delivers eggs here—and she could have had her baby here in sanitary surroundings. Or she could have called in a hospital-trained midwife. We are doing all we can for her now, but I'm afraid it's too late." It was. She died during the night, a few hours after we saw her.

But we also remember Lalu, a merry youngster who pulled off his white Gandhi cap as Doctor Angelo introduced him to us. Some months before, he too had been seized with tetanus, contracted when cow dung was misguidedly applied to open sores on his neck. He was dangerously close to death, but heroic measures, including tracheotomy, huge doses of tetanus antitoxin, sedatives, good nursing care "and God's mercy," as Doctor Angelo said, pulled him through. Lalu was left with a slight limp; and in football, he said with a grin, he is "not at the top, but I can play pretty well."

In curious contrast to the tetanus death, we recall the faith and determination of Mrs. Shevanti Ohol, whom we saw in another ward of the same Miraj hospital. A worn-looking woman of about forty, she had been so eager to bring her seriously anemic son, Damu, to Wanless doctors for treatment that she had walked the entire 300 miles from her home in the south, carrying the eleven-year-old boy on her back much of the way. A woman friend who knew the hospital had assured her this was the best place for him and had come along to show her the route. They were a month on the road.

The son's trouble, explained Dr. Solomon G. Chopade, is Cooley's or Mediterranean anemia, a congenital form that requires repeated transfusions. His hemoglobin was dangerously low at the end of the long walk, but after receiving five units of blood he was looking much better. He and his mother both raised their hands in the prayerlike "namaste" greeting as we spoke to them.

"Why didn't you take the train here?" I asked Mrs. Ohol.

"Ticket collectors are mean," she replied in Tamil, "and I didn't have any money. I am a widow, and my married daughter has her own family to care for. So I support my son and myself by working in the fields. But it doesn't bring me much."

"Didn't anyone offer you a ride in a car or bullock cart?"

"No, no one. If I had been blind or crippled, someone might have given me a lift. But I am hale and well. So I had to walk."

But the blind walked too. We remember gray-bearded Azim Khan, who trudged twenty miles to the railroad, with his grown son, to reach the Taxila Memorial Hospital, in West Pakistan, to have his cataracts removed. Here two young doctors, Norval Christy and O. A. Brown were doing thirty to forty cataract operations a day and would restore vision to about 1300 men and women in the eight-week autumn "eye season"—a time between harvest and winter when patients flock to the hospital.

And we remember the sun filtering through a palm-thatched awning into the operating room of St. Luke's Hospital, in Vengurla, on India's west coast, as Dr. Archibald Fletcher, gowned and masked, offered a prayer. He and Dr. Ronald Seaton and Dr. Lester Servid then proceeded with a difficult heart operation, the closing of a patent *ductus arteriosus* that was threatening the life of a young Indian girl.

We are haunted, as is every visitor to Asia, by the plight of children. We remember particularly the four small ones in the "burn ward" at Severance Hospital, in refugee-crowded Seoul, Korea. Ki Dong Bon had been caught in a grass fire on a mountainside. Wan Sun Hee had fallen into an open cooking fire. The other two had been cruelly burned when lamps overturned as they played about their cramped six-by-six-foot hut. Fires send more Korean children to the hospital than almost any other cause, and Dr. Kenneth E. Scott, the chief surgeon at Severance, spends much of his time grafting skin or cutting away and releasing burn scars that have bound a chin to a shoulder or webbed an arm or leg.

We remember the six-year-old at the United Christian Hospital at Lahore, in Pakistan, who wailed long and loud as Dr. Edmond L. Rice, a Methodist Orthopedic surgeon, gently wrapped her little torso in a plaster cast to correct the damage done by tuberculosis of the spine. Nor shall I ever forget the unexpectedly affectionate greeting I received at the Frances Newton Hospital in Ferozepore, in the Punjab. As I opened the door into a bright and pleasant room housing several orphan children, a barefoot cherub—about two and a half—wearing a pink ribbon in her glossy black hair, dashed out and threw herself into my arms, babbling the Punjabi words for "daddy, daddy." An unembarrassed grandfather, I picked her up and let her play with my camera. Not until then did I notice that her right foot was deformed, the toes bent to one side, like a seal's flipper.

"Ruthie was found on a railroad track when she was only a few weeks old," explained Dr. Dorothy Ferris, the hospital's director. "A dog had apparently gnawed her foot. It was in terrible condition when they brought her here. It doesn't slow her down much now, but we hope sometime to have a surgeon straighten the foot out."

Now, one does not have to travel to Asia to see abandoned babies or cases of tetanus or tuberculosis of the spine. But Asia has all the health problems we have—plus several peculiar to the tropics—and she has most of them in greater number and in exaggerated form. Her sick people are sicker than ours, suffering as they do from such added factors as extreme protein deficiency, poor housing, delay in seeking treatment or the damaging "cures" of untrained though often well-intentioned "healers." One reason the unqualified practitioners do a thriving business is that trained doctors are in such short supply, and few of them will practice in the rural villages, where the majority of Asians live. In Thailand, for example, the doctor-patient ratio is one to 600 in metropolitan Bangkok, but only one to 25,000 in the rest of the country.

This is the background against which the small but influential army of western medical missionaries has been working for a century and a half. As they carved out more and more paths of medical understanding they received increasing assistance from the people they had been helping, with the result that their role, in recent years, has changed. Where once the missionaries operated with a monopoly of scientific skills, today they are "fraternal workers," practicing shoulder to shoulder with, and sometimes subordinate to, well-trained "national" doctors and nurses. "National" is here used to mean citizens of the country under discussion.

Many of the hospitals, though still supported partly by churches in America and Europe, are now administered by national Christian churches, such as the Church of Christ in Thailand, and have national physicians as medical directors. Actually the nationals far outnumber the western medical personnel in the foreign field, according to a directory of Protestant medical missions prepared by the Missionary Research Library in New York. The tally, admittedly incomplete, shows 883 missionary doctors and 1379 national physicians, and 1411 missionary nurses compared with 6057 recruited locally.

Another element of the changing missionary pattern is the fusing of Protestant denominational lines in the common effort to relieve suffering. Medical schools and larger hospitals are often jointly operated by several denominations. Moreover, we found the Christian medical work receiving an encouraging amount of praise and co-operation, and even financial assistance, from non-Christian governments and citizens' groups. These signs of friendship suggest that the evangelism of service is helping to strengthen international understanding at a time when that should be the World's No. 1 objective.

The spirit of co-operation was particularly noticeable in Thailand, whose brightly tiled and gilded temples remind you that it is one of the most orthodox Buddhist countries on earth. But it was also the first non-Christian nation to decree religious freedom. This was done by a pronouncement of 1870, and a formal edict of 1878, both issued during the rule of King Chulalongkorn, the famous monarch familiar to many Americans as the boy prince of *The King and I*. That movie was barred from Thai theaters, we were told, because some felt it held the father, King Mongkut, up to ridicule.

Another American production, however, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, with scenes in Thailand, had its Bangkok *première* in a royal-command performance that netted $8500 for the Bangkok Christian Hospital.

The medical director of the hospital is an outstanding example of the many fine national physicians we met on mission hospital staffs. He is Dr. Prasong Chairatana, a graduate of Chulalongkorn University medical school and one of the most capable and well-liked physicians in Thailand. His quick grasp of issues and problems has been an important factor in maintaining good working relations between the hospital and various groups in government and in the community.

Another Thai physician, Dr. Boon Chom Ariwongse, medical director of McCormick Hospital at Chiang Mai and chairman of the board of the Overbrook Hospital at Chiang Rai, grew up in a rugged background reminiscent of America's own frontier days. We heard his story, in his excellent English, as we flew over the bright green folds of Thailand's northern hill country. The mountains stretched away to Burma on the west and to the Mekong River and the border of Laos some twenty miles east. Here and there the teak forest was broken by small square clearings where the Karens and other hill tribes scratched out a lonely living.

As we crossed one ridge Dr. Boon Chom leaned over from the aisle seat and pointed out the plane window. "That's the country they carried my mother through on a bamboo litter to the hospital in Chiang Mai," he said. "It took my father and three relatives three days to walk the sixty miles from our village, Vieng Pa Pow. I was only seven then, but I walked with them, and I remember their saying we made ninety stream crossings."

The long jungle trek, made forty years ago—and still duplicated, over somewhat shorter distances, by patients coming to the same hospital—not only saved the life of Boon Chom's mother but also gave new direction to the whole family's future.

At Chiang Mai, after their small savings were gone, the Ariwongses were permitted to live at the hospital. The father enrolled at the Presbyterian seminary and later ministered to leprosy patients in the area. And Boon Chom, inspired by the medical atmosphere, decided to become a doctor.

The late Dr. Edwin C. Cort, then director of McCormick, encouraged the boy, helped him with his education and, as Dr. Boon Chom says, "became almost an adopted father to me."

To earn money for schoolbooks and clothes Boon Chom cut grass, cleaned the school lavatories, and herded water buffalo. "The buffalo belonged to a man outside the town, and every morning I'd ride one in, driving the others ahead of me. Then I'd herd them up around the school where I could keep an eye on them from the classroom window. It worked pretty well, but I was always covered with mud."

The boy on the water buffalo eventually achieved his goal, was graduated from the

Remembering

By Charles Lee

Remembering
Requires nimble navigation,
For idle backing
Is iceberg-perilous;
Better to be tacking
Forward,
However taut or querulous
That captaincy through
sorrow.
One danger-dozes in the
past,
But is alert in alien seas,
Steering toward tomorrow.

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government's Siriraj Hospital medical school in Bangkok and took two years of specialty training in urology at New York-Cornell Medical Center. Today he heads a McCormick hospital staff of nine doctors, of whom two are Americans and one is a Scotsman. The others are Thais.

The health problems of these charming and handsome people are somewhat less acute than those of Korea, India and Pakistan. Thailand is not yet crowded or overpopulated, there is relatively little unemployment and the country has enough food—although many Thais go short on proteins, a common deficiency throughout Asia. Malaria was for years the No. 1 cause of death, but the mosquito-spraying campaign of the World Health Organization, the United States ICA and the Thai Government has reduced its toll from 245 deaths per 100,000 population to thirty-nine.

This still leaves plenty of troubles to contend with. Leprosy affects 1 per cent of Thailand's population and is on the increase, in spite of the efficacy of modern drugs. There are many of the more infectious diseases; and some of the commonest ills, such as typhoid, hepatitis, dysentery and internal parasites, arise from contaminated water supplies and inadequate drainage. A cholera epidemic in Bangkok in 1958, the first in fifteen years, killed 600 and spurred action on a $1,500,000 well-drilling program which the United States is helping to finance.

Dr. John J. Guyer, seven-foot chief of medicine at the Mc Cormick Hospital, told us he saw almost no coronary-artery disease or myocardial infarction, the main causes of heart deaths in western countries. "Maybe this is just because we have fewer old people here," he said. The average life expectancy in Thailand is forty-eight years for males and fifty-two for females, roughly twenty years less than in the United States. "But tuberculosis," Doctor Guyer added, "is as common here as it was in the United States at the turn of the century."

It has been more than fifty years since TB led the United States mortality tables, and in the past decade we have seen it slack off so much, under the impact of the isoniazid drugs, that we tend to forget it is still, on a global basis, the most destructive of all communicable diseases. It is the No. 1 cause of death in Korea, India, Pakistan and Hong Kong. We were told in Hong Kong that more people die there from tuberculosis in a week than in the New York metropolitan area in a whole year.

At a tuberculosis symposium sponsored in Philadelphia by the Deborah Sanatorium and Hospital, in November, 1958, Dr. James E. Perkins, managing director of the National Tuberculosis Association, proposed "a formal concentrated program of eradication of tuberculosis from the whole face of the earth." He suggested that the World Health Organization, without relaxing its current campaign to eradicate malaria, take on TB with similar vigor. It is a worthy goal, but the obstacles are many.

In all the Asian countries we visited, except Thailand, the human dislocation of war—including India's bloody partition riots—has been a contributing factor, jamming tens of thousands of refugees into miserable living quarters. In Hong Kong the British Government, aided by church groups, is trying desperately to house the flood of humanity streaming out of Communist China. About 700,000 refugees were in Hong Kong when we were there. But only half of the refugees have been resettled, and even in the six- and seven-story government apartment buildings the allotment is five adults to a single ten-by-twelve-foot room, with two children counted as one adult.

The remaining thousands live where they can—on rooftops, in patched-together hovels clinging like swallows' nests to the bare hillsides, or on the downtown sidewalks, where we saw them sleeping or busily making baskets, clothing, furniture and other items to sell. The Chinese refugees are industrious, but their living conditions make them an easy prey to TB.

In Korea 2 per cent of the population is believed to have active tuberculosis—about 440,000 cases among 22,000,000 people. The mortality rate from the disease is estimated at 250 to 400 per 100,000 population, or thirty-five to fifty-seven times the United States rate of seven per 100,000. Yet with nearly 500,000 requiring treatment for TB, Korea has only 12,000 hospital beds for all purposes and not more than 4000 for tuberculosis. The problem was so overwhelming that Korean health authorities threw up their hands in despair, and treatment on any large scale was virtually neglected until a few years ago.

Frustration is understandable in the face of facts like the following, taken from the casebook of a Korean social-service worker at Severance Hospital, in Seoul:

Choon Kil Chang, his wife and a five-year-old daughter occupy a one-room shack only six feet square. All three suffer from tuberculosis, yet both parents must work to squeeze out a living. He is a day laborer. The wife carries water to homes at the top of a steep hill, which brings her a few cents a day.

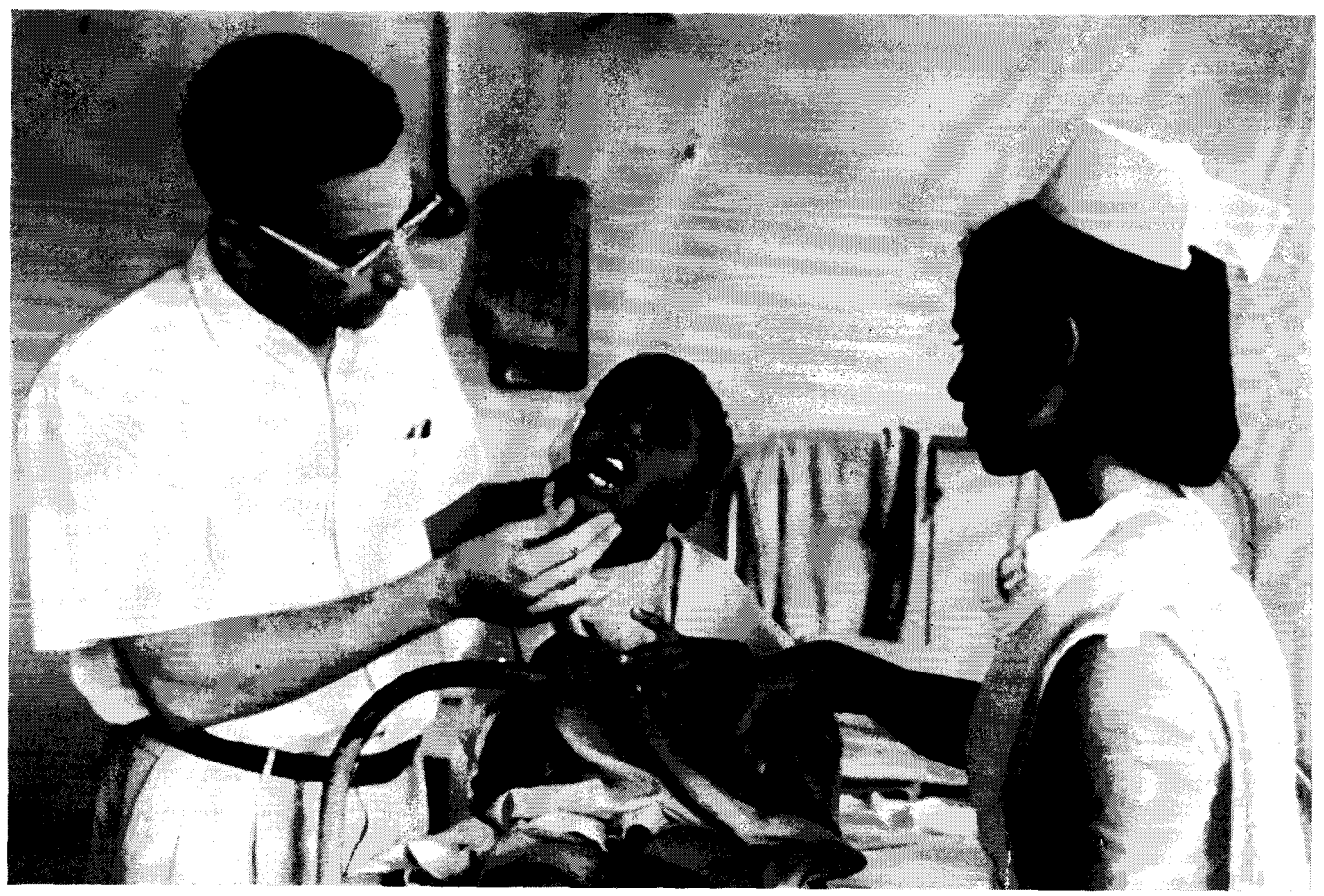
Young Chai Chun, eighteen, lives with his handicapped father and a young brother and sister on top of Stone Mountain, outside Seoul's East Gate. Their home, winter and summer, is a tent with a straw matting floor. In spite of his tuberculosis he works as a shoeshine boy, earning about five dollars a month. His fifteen-year-old sister helps out by peddling coal, but she can get work only four or five days a month.

The above case histories could be duplicated by the thousands. But at least one physician refused to be intimidated by the staggering dimensions of the problem. He is Dr. Ernest B. Struthers, an indefatigable Canadian who was about to retire after thirty-six years of missionary service in China when he was called to Korea in 1954. He is on the staff of Severance Hospital and the faculty of the Yonsei University School of Medicine, which are supported by the Methodists and by the Presbyterian churches of the United States, Canada and Australia.

"We realized that few Koreans could afford lengthy hospitalization for tuberculosis even if beds were available," Doctor Struthers told us. "Thus the only practical solution, we felt, was treatment on an outpatient basis, providing not only drugs, vitamins and free X rays but also food, clothing, fuel and in some cases

Armless Korean War veteran Kim Chang Ho puts a cheerful youngster through an "activities in everyday living" test. The boy lost an arm in a train accident.

Dr. Norval Christy, above, examining an eye patient, does about 35 cataract operations daily, with the help of a colleague, during the autumn "eye season" at Taxila Hospital in West Pakistan.



Postoperative examination by Dr. Richard Topazian at the Christian Medical College, Vellore, India.

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cash, in order that the patient might obtain the most benefit from treatment."

Doctor Struthers opened his first TB clinic at Severance in the spring of 1954 and was soon asked to organize clinics in other hospitals. By now there are fifteen in Korea. In five and a half years he and his associates have treated 10,000 patients with active tuberculosis and have seen 60 to 70 per cent of them become negative, that is, achieve an arrest of the disease. Cost of medical treatment is about five or six dollars a month, but patients are charged only what they can pay, and many pay nothing. Main support for the program is a $50,000-a-year grant from the Church World Service, whose name the clinics now bear. Other help comes from individual church organizations, the Canadian and the United States armies and the Korean Government.

In Doctor Struthers' opinion the main reason for Seoul's high TB rate is the housing shortage, which in a majority of cases compels the coughing, infectious patient to live in the same room with others of his family, exposing them all to his disease. With characteristic directness the doctor launched his own attack on the housing problem. He designed a simple one-room house that could be erected for about sixty dollars to serve as the patient's private bedroom, and then hired two carpenters to go out and build them where the need was most acute.

Many patients are so riddled with tuberculosis that their only hope of cure lies in removal of the infected part of the lung. Doctor Scott, the chief surgeon at Severance, has done many of these chest operations. Occasionally he encounters strange complications. One day he took out a tuberculous lobe from a man's lung and then discovered a cyst in a non-tuberculous lobe. On opening the cyst he found a tapeworm one and a half feet long.

"This was astonishing enough, but what puzzled us," said Doctor Scott, "was that the tapeworm was of a type found only in snakes. We finally learned from him that he had eaten raw snake meat because he'd been told it was a cure for tuberculosis."

Not all folk remedies are so drastic. In India a favorite "cure" for tuberculosis of the neck glands is a thread through the ear lobe. However, government and mission doctors are reaching thousands with scientific therapy. (The tragedy of the disease here is that so many of its victims are men and women in their young and most productive years.) At the parklike Wanless Sanatorium, near Miraj, 400 patients are under treatment, including thirty-eight Tibetan refugees, who in spite of the heat had put on their thick leather coats and trousers to meet us and pose for pictures. At Wanless we watched Dr. Archibald G. Fletcher Jr., director of the Sanatorium, and two Indian surgeons perform the hospital's 355th lung operation. A graduate anesthesiologist, also an Indian, assisted.

Surgery, combined with the anti-tuberculosis drugs, has likewise improved the outlook for the many patients with spinal tuberculosis. Whereas they formerly had to lie in bed for three years, much of the time in a cast, Dr. James R. Donaldson, orthopedic surgeon at Wanless, says many are now up and back at work in nine months. He has operated upon 200 of them since 1953.

Unfortunately much spinal tuberculosis goes undiagnosed until it is too late, and in certain circumstances it may be a quick killer. Dr. William J. Virgin, professor of orthopedic surgery at the Christian Medical College in Ludhiana, in northern India, has on a number of occasions seen girls who suddenly dropped dead while carrying a heavy jar or basket on the head. "I found on examination that tuberculosis had affected several vertebrae in the neck," he explained, "and under the pressure of the load on the head the supporting ligaments had given way, allowing a weakened vertebra to collapse and crush the spinal cord."

A dismaying aspect of almost all of Asia's health problems is the deep involvement of her children. Here social as well as medical complications confront the doctors and hospitals. In Korea the breakdown of once-strong family bonds has resulted in the abandonment of thousands of babies—125 a month in the city of Taegu alone, and the hospitals are helping to care for them. In India the birth rate has long since exceeded the amount of food available to the average family, and the children are first to feel the pinch because they have less reserve. Since the boy child is the pride of his parents, the girl—particularly in a poor family—is often neglected or rejected.

In Ludhiana we asked a young mother in the hospital, "How many children have you?" and she answered, "None."

"Whose children are these, then?" indicating two little girls who had come with her to the clinic.

"Oh, yes, they are mine," she said, "but they are girls."

Infant mortality rates are improving, but the child of the poorer classes in India still lives a precarious existence. He is threatened not only by the infectious diseases and intestinal worms but also by the hard economics of nutrition, which have worsened in recent years in many parts of the country.

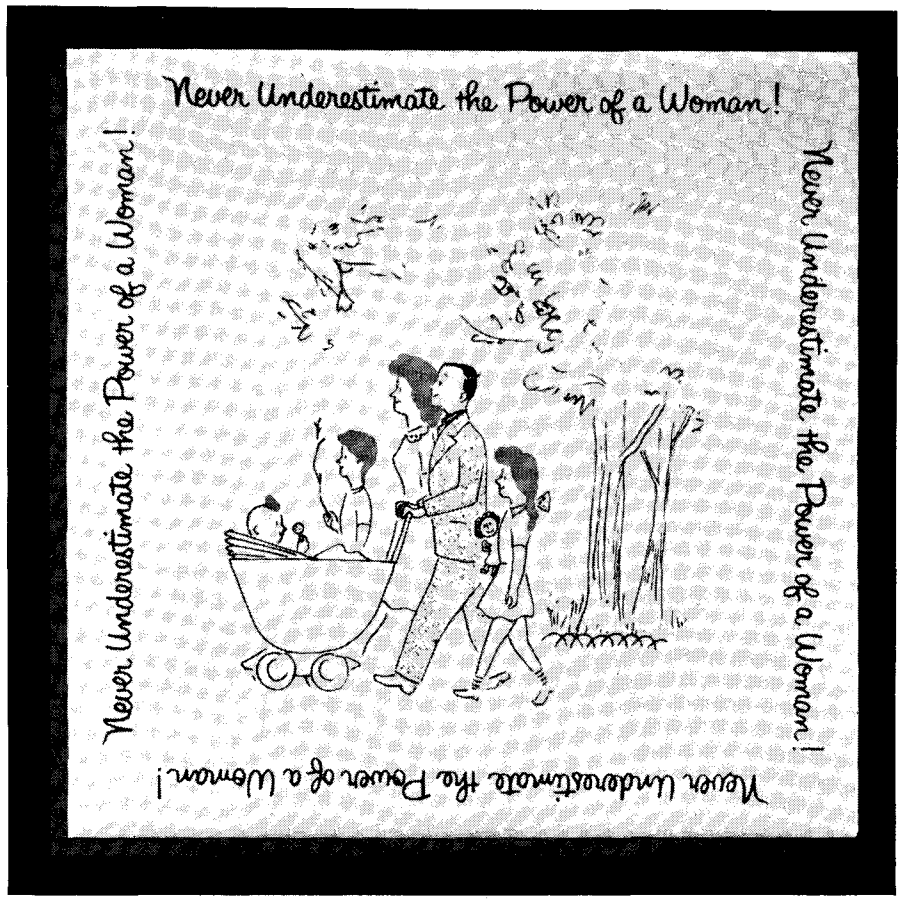
"These prove an almost unconquerable barrier to health for some children," remarked Dr. John K. G. Webb, a tall sandy-haired Briton who is professor of pediatrics at the Christian Medical College in Vellore, Madras State. "I like to have mothers nurse their babies well into the second year, giving supplementary proteins after the first six months. Breast milk, if the mother has enough, is the cheapest source of protein. But if a twelve-pound baby can no longer be breast fed, it will need thirty ounces of milk a day. This costs ten annas. Multiplied by thirty days that is 300 annas or almost twenty rupees a month. If the father is lucky enough to have regular employment, he may make thirty-five rupees a month [about seven dollars].

"This means it would take more than half the family's income just to buy enough milk for one child. If a second baby comes along while the first is still on milk, the budget is shot—or someone goes short. Consider, in addition, that rice for the parents and two children takes another thirty rupees a month and you begin to understand why malnutrition is so common in India."

One of the puzzling diseases of children in India is cirrhosis of the liver. We usually consider this strictly an ailment of adults, and in most cases related to alcohol. But the Indian tots are certainly not receiving liquor, and Doctor Webb doubts that it is even a nutritional deficiency in the usual sense. Yet he sees about thirty infant cirrhosis patients a year at Vellore, most of whom die because they are brought in too late.

"Now this little fellow," he said, stepping over to a white iron crib in the sunny children's ward, "has a liver twice normal size. He is fourteen months old, the first child after ten years of marriage and therefore regarded as a 'precious baby.' But I doubt any treatment, at this advanced stage, can stop the course of the disease.

"What caused it? We don't know. It is curious that this infant had been given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castor oil every two or three days all its life. That may have had something to do with it. Or we may find a native herb tea is a factor."

Japanese B encephalitis has been increasing in India, striking mainly children from three to fourteen years of age. Carried by mosquitoes, it attacks suddenly, producing a high fever followed in a day or two by convulsions and loss of consciousness. In many respects this virus infection resembles the eastern equine encephalitis that struck New Jersey last fall. Among patients coming to the hospital at Vellore about a third die, and nothing is known that will materially reduce the mortality. If the patient does recover, the brain damage is often severe.

Polio is endemic in India, and the doctors see lots of it. Cerebral palsy is about as common as in the United States, but it has a higher mortality rate in India. This, one of the mission doctors explained, is probably because not so much effort is devoted to overcoming the serious feeding disabilities of a child whose nutrition is poor to begin with.

Thus, almost every medical problem you examine in India or other parts of Asia, is enmeshed in frustrating cultural or economic complexities. A village wrestler splints a child's broken arm so tightly that it becomes gangrenous and, when a physician finally sees it, must be amputated. A charlatan in the bazaar palms off colored water as a cancer remedy. Another quack applies a hot iron to a man's stomach to cure intestinal complaints. We saw evidence of the burning treatment when we paused during a drive across the Western Ghats, the green mountains bordering India's southwest coast, to talk with a family of stone breakers. Both women and men were carrying heavy boulders from a creek bed up a steep hill to the highway, where they would break them up for road surfacing. One of the men complained to Doctor Fletcher about a stomach pain, and we noticed burn scars all around his navel.

Blood for transfusions, which we in America now bank almost as painlessly as money, is unbelievably difficult to obtain in India and Pakistan, even from relatives of the patient.

"They are willing to give money," an Indian physician remarked, "but when it comes to blood many will say, 'Well, it's the will of God that he must die, so why should we dangerously weaken ourselves too?'" Many fear that giving blood will sap their strength; and considering the generally low levels of hemoglobin, this fear is not always without physiologic basis.

At the Wanless Hospital most of what blood they do get comes from poor, itinerant donors who move from city to city, "a living mobile blood bank," donating every two months for about three dollars a pint. Since this is hardly enough to live on, they try to donate oftener, but this makes their blood too thin to be useful. Some will go without water for a day or two, to raise the blood concentration. If they are arrested for a misdemeanor, they welcome a few days in jail as an opportunity to eat relatively well and build up their blood.

In a concentrated medical tour of Asia, such as we made, the problems are more obvious than the solutions. And one is sometimes tempted to wonder, in the presence of so much misery and poverty, whether many of the people here hold life lightly because life holds so little for them. But it would be a mistake to cling to that pessimistic speculation. For substantial progress is being made against Asia's huge burden of illness, and much of it has been initiated and carried through by the church-supported medical people. Endowed with quiet determination, a willingness to work with all castes and the support of their home churches, they have done a magnificent job. But they never intended to do it alone, and today the Asian governments, with aid from the United States and other foreign countries, are steadily advancing their programs of medical education, hospitals and public health.

Greatest need in most of the Asian countries lies in the tens of thousands of rural villages, and here the missionary and government groups are focusing more and more attention. As in so much health work in the less-developed areas, the strategy in the villages must be a subtle one. People like Dr. Eugene Evans, who has given up his surgical work at Wanless Hospital in Miraj to devote all his time to village health, are aware of this important fact.

"We cannot set ourselves up as a superior group," he said, "and tell the people in the village what they should have. Neither can government employees successfully impose their way there. 'Felt needs' has become the important phrase. We must try to find out what the people want and then help them to attain it." The wants must often be stimulated by public-health teaching, of course, and here Doctor Evans and others have tactfully approached the village panchayat, or governing body, and obtained its cooperation in setting up village health centers and housing facilities for nurses.

The needs are often extremely simple, but filling them can profoundly affect the health of the people. Among such needs are concreted welltops to prevent surface contamination, water-seal latrines that can be flushed by a quart of water, smokeless *chulas* or stoves that will reduce the eye irritation that often leads to serious infection and blindness, instruction in the prevention of tetanus and infection at childbirth, instruction in nutrition.

Where literacy is low—only 5 per cent of those in many villages can read—meeting these needs calls for a great deal of person-to-person contact. In these contacts both western and national workers find their greatest opportunities to raise not only the levels of health but also the levels of understanding between peoples. If this improved understanding can permeate the whole population of the country and filter back to the western nations whose financial and technical help are still so urgently needed in Asia, the international health programs will have made a major contribution to peace.

Another thing to be said for the small car: there is more room outside.

BLAKESLEE BARRON

The Dodgers' Precocious Pitcher (Continued from Page 31)

ball the rest of the way, enabling the Dodgers to squeak through, 3–2.

The real climax, however, was yet to come. In the World Series against the Chicago White Sox, which Los Angeles won in six games, every Dodger victory revolved around Larry Sherry. He was called upon to finish four of the last five games, and each time he was successful, twice being credited with the win. No pitcher had ever figured in four triumphs in a single World Series before. Sherry worked a total of twelve and two thirds innings against the White Sox and allowed them only one run.

The twenty-four-year-old Sherry had been building up to this peak throughout the last half of the season. He lost his first two decisions after joining the Dodgers—on July Fourth and July twelfth—but he didn't lose another thereafter. All together, Larry appeared in twenty-seven games for the Dodgers during the 1959 season and World Series. The Dodgers won twenty of them.

Says Manager Walter Alston, "I can't think of any pitcher with so little experience who ever was thrown into so many tight situations and handled them as well as Sherry."

Larry did it with a breezy assurance which tickled Pee Wee Reese, long-time star shortstop of the Dodgers, who served as a coach last year and now has switched to broadcasting. Reese remembers especially the second game of the World Series, in which Sherry made his first appearance. The Dodgers, who had been crushed in the opener, 11–0, sent in Sherry in the seventh inning the second day after rallying to take a 4–2 lead. The White Sox narrowed the margin to 4–3 in the eighth inning, and Los Angeles failed to score in the top of the ninth.

"Some of us were kind of tense going into the last of the ninth," says Pee Wee Reese, "but as Larry left the dugout he turned around and said, 'Don't worry. The big kid will beat them for you.'"

Larry's fifty-nine-year-old mother, Mrs. Mildred Sherry, testifies that her youngest son has always been like that. She relates, "When Norman was signed by the Dodgers while Larry was still in high school, Larry told his brother, 'I'm going to make it in the big leagues before you do.'"

The Sherrys lived in the Fairfax section of Los Angeles, a sun-kissed equivalent of the lower-middle-class Jewish neighborhoods of New York's Bronx and Brooklyn. Cluttered Fairfax Avenue, the shopping and social center of the district, is dominated by small, family-owned-and-operated grocery stores, kosher butcher shops, delicatessens, bakeries and fruit-and-vegetable stands. Customers shop for the immediate meal, rather than for the week, reflecting short incomes. Even as youngsters the Sherry brothers contributed to the family kitty. Saturdays and Sundays during the baseball season they earned money collecting seat cushions after games at Gilmore Field, home of the old Hollywood Stars of the Pacific Coast League.

To soften the bumps of growing up in an area where both parents often had to work and children were left to their own devices, a boy needed either an aggressive attitude or big brothers. Larry Sherry had not only the aggressiveness but also three older brothers. There was an eleven-year age span between him and the oldest boy, Stan, but the others were young enough for Larry to tag after. Norman was four years older than Larry, and George was three years older.

In some respects the Sherrys were fortunate. They lived on Orange Grove Avenue, close to the Fairfax School playground. While Mr. Sherry owned or worked in a succession of dry-cleaning shops and Mrs. Sherry found employment as a seamstress, Norman watched over the two youngest boys at the playground.

"With the boys playing ball, they were always together and out of mischief," Mrs. Sherry says.

There was some mischief she didn't know about. Once, for instance, Larry stole a bat from Gilmore Field. "I lifted it from the bat rack and ran like hell right out of the park," he confesses. Many other times, knowing his brothers were behind him, Larry plagued bigger boys until fights started.

Brother Norman reminisces, "When we were kids, he'd be playing with boys four or five years older, but he could take care of himself. He was always a troublemaker, always fighting. If he didn't like the way a game was going, he'd break the bat. He was always cocky."

This latter trait was evident to even the casual onlooker whenever Larry came on the scene in the World Series last fall. Most relief pitchers dawdle on the way from the bullpen. Sherry almost ran. There was a jauntiness to his stride and a swagger to his shoulders. As he was handed the ball, Larry seemed to grab at it impatiently.

"The way I looked is the way I felt—'Give me the ball, I'll get them out,'" says Larry. "I still have that cockiness, or whatever you want to call it. I was eager to go in even when my arm got tired. I still thought I'd get them out."

He was arm-weary by the last game of the Series, in which the Dodgers jumped off to an 8–0 lead. However, when the White Sox rallied in the fourth to push over three runs with only one out, Manager Alston gambled that Sherry had enough left to shut the door once more. Larry responded with five and two thirds innings of scoreless relief pitching to wrap up the championship for the Dodgers.

His initial inning was the toughest. The bases were loaded with two out when Sherry finally got Luis Aparicio to pop up to shortstop Maury Wills. When the ball was hit, Sherry glanced behind him to judge its flight. As soon as he saw Wills start to camp under the ball, Larry turned abruptly and strode from the mound. Instead of walking directly to the dugout, however, he detoured toward the plate, where he paused to glare at umpire Frank Dascoli.

"I wanted to let him know he'd missed a pitch that inning," Sherry said later. "If he'd looked my way, I would have told him he'd made a mistake. If a guy makes a mistake, I've got a right to tell him."

Sherry doesn't hesitate to lay it on the line to anybody, including his bosses, despite the fact that he has yet to put in a full season in the major leagues. When the Dodgers closed out their regular schedule last September with a series in Chicago, Larry was called in as a relief pitcher after the opening game had gone into extra innings. He held the Cubs in the tenth, and in the eleventh the Dodgers went ahead, 5–4. In the home half of the inning the Cubs got a man to second with two out. In this situation Dale Long was sent up to pinch-hit.

This brought Alston to the mound with a word of advice for Sherry. "You can get him out with fast balls up," the manager said.

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"I'd rather throw fast balls down," Sherry answered.

Alston conceded. "Do it your own way," he said.

Larry usually does. Significantly, his more experienced teammates do not resent his penchant for taking charge of things. He often tells second baseman Charley Neal where he wants the fielders to play for certain hitters. In the final World Series game he stopped pitching in the eighth inning long enough to wave center fielder Don Demeter to a new position when Sherman Lollar came to bat. Lollar flied out directly to the spot where Sherry had shifted Demeter.

Larry is equally self-assured when he discusses the general principles of pitching. Of his slider, which has become his prize pitch, he says, "Any guy who is a pull hitter is dead with my slider if he tries to pull it. If he's a right-hander, he's got to go to right field with it. Take Joe Adcock, a big, strong guy. He's dead unless he hits it to the right of second base.

"Willie Mays has to hit my slider to right field, and I don't think he can hit it out of the park in that direction. Ernie Banks can't either. Hank Aaron does, though."

Larry Sherry seems to have all the answers today, yet not long ago he was unable to win consistently even in the minors. As recently as 1958 the Dodgers gave him his first brief taste of National League competition, and, "I couldn't get anybody out," Larry admits. He was sent to Spokane in the Pacific Coast League for the balance of the year, and had only six wins against fourteen losses.

Bobby Bragan, his Spokane manager, who is now a Dodger coach, said of Sherry in 1958, "He couldn't pitch in B ball. He reminds me of Rex Barney. It wouldn't surprise me if he threw ten, twelve balls in a row."

What was wrong? Larry's own explanation is, "I had a tired arm, and I didn't know how to cope with it. I had a pulled muscle. I sat for a month and put on ten extra pounds. I tried to be a cutie, and I couldn't do it. I couldn't get my breaking stuff over."

His brother Norman, who was catching at Spokane that year, declares, "Larry's trouble was that he thought he should be winning, and he got down on himself when he didn't."

It was the first season the two brothers had spent on the same team in the Dodger system. Norman offered advice, but Larry wasn't having any at the time.

"Norm knew what was wrong with him," says Frank Shaffer, who coached three Sherrys on Fairfax High School baseball teams, "but Larry told him to tend to his own knitting and he would tend to his. Norm told me, 'I don't think Larry wants to be around me. I'm just about through trying to help him.'"

The following winter, however, the brothers played together for Cabimas in the Venezuelan Occidental League. In midseason Norman became manager of the team. Larry had lost five straight at the start of the winter, but thereafter he won a majority of his games. Norman's encouragement contributed toward the improvement, Larry says.

As his brother's catcher, Norman could see that the hitters were having extreme difficulty picking up Larry's slider when it was thrown immediately after his fast ball. Many hitters couldn't distinguish between the two pitches.

"I'd throw a slider inside," Larry says, "and they'd back off, and then the ball would break over the middle of the plate. When they did hit at it, they couldn't handle it."

"It's your best pitch," Norman advised. "You should make it your big pitch, your out pitch."

Larry began to put more and more reliance upon the slider. As his faith in the pitch increased, so did his confidence in himself. With his brother's help he mastered pitching to spots. Unlike some catchers, Norm Sherry didn't hesitate to call for the slider to be pitched low in two-strike situations.

Eventually Larry got to where he could pinpoint his shots without fear of walking the batter. "It was a revelation to me," he says. "I suddenly found out how to pitch."

While Larry Sherry was making his big splash last season, brother Norm was making progress of a more modest sort. The Dodgers called Norm up in September. He arrived in time to appear in a couple of National League games, but too late to be eligible for the World Series.

Their Fairfax High School coach, Frank Shaffer, expresses no great surprise that both Sherry boys have at last got to play in the majors. "From the first time we set eyes on Larry," Shaffer observes, "we could tell he was the kind of athlete who knew where he wanted to go. However, we still feel around here that Norman was the better baseball player."

A visitor who calls upon Larry's mother at 1600½ South Hayworth in Los Angeles gets the impression that she has a similar opinion. "He went on his brothers' reputations. If he'd been the first, he might not have gotten so far."

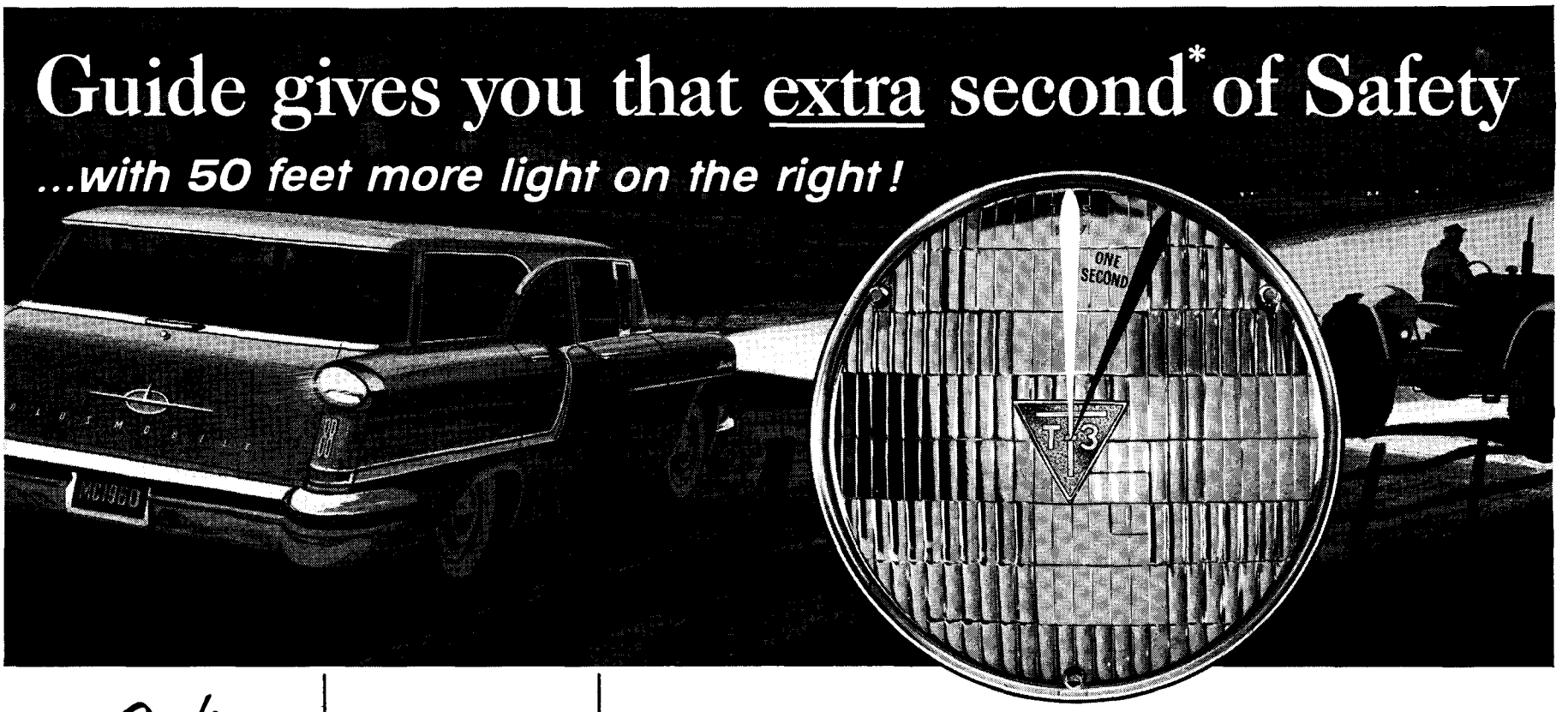
The walls and mantelpiece of the apartment are decorated with memorabilia of her three younger boys' achievements in baseball and basketball. There are many more pictures and trophies of Norman's than there are of Larry's. The oldest son, Stan, who did not compete in either baseball or basketball, is represented by two bowling trophies. Stan today manages a supermarket. The other brother, George, started out as a pitcher with Eugene, Oregon, in the Pittsburgh chain, but had to give up baseball because of an arm injury. He now works in electronics.

In the dining room, pictures of Larry and Norman in Dodger uniforms hang one above the other. The mother placed Norman's on top of his younger brother's. Last year, after Larry was promoted to the Dodgers, he whimsically reversed the pictures. When Norman moved up to the Dodgers in September, Mrs. Sherry switched the photographs back again.

"The boys are always kidding around," she says. However, it seems clear that a certain amount of brotherly rivalry has existed among her sons almost from the beginning. The beginning for her first three boys was the Inwood section of New York City, where Mrs. Sherry, a native of Los Angeles, met and married her husband during a visit with Eastern relatives. In the depression years the Sherrys moved to California, where Larry was born on July 25, 1935. When he was a little boy, Mrs. Sherry had to find work to augment the family income. Her oldest son, Stan, had just gone into the Navy, which left the three younger boys, all of elementary-school age, completely unattended during the day.

Larry was let out of school at two P.M., while Norman and George were in class until three. Norman's teacher, who knew the family situation, allowed Larry to spend the extra hour in his brother's classroom. Then all three boys would go to the Fairfax playground, where Larry aped everything his brothers did.

"The first recollection I have of Larry," says Keith Lloyd, the Fairfax High basketball coach, "is the little kid following his brothers when they came to practice. He'd get a basketball and go over in the corner to shoot."



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In addition to being a great comfort to his mother, this arrangement had therapeutic value for the child. Larry had been born clubfooted. When he was six months old, his ankles were broken and reset in an operation at the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles. For another year he wore a cast from his toes to his thighs. Later he was fitted with braces. These gave way to corrective shoes at the age of two. He wore orthopedic appliances until he was twelve, and still wears a corrective insole in his street shoes.

At twelve Larry was only five feet tall, but a talented enough athlete to make the American Legion junior baseball team of Hollywood Post No. 42 as a right fielder and lead-off batter. His teammates included his brother George and other boys up to fifteen and sixteen years of age.

By that time Norman and George Sherry were athletic celebrities at Fairfax High. Norman was "All-City" in baseball and basketball. Both brothers were members of the school's "400 Club"—an elite group of .400 hitters. Norman was offered a scholarship to the University of Southern California. However, he chose to sign with the Dodgers instead.

Meanwhile word passed among the Fairfax coaches that another Sherry was coming up from junior high school. Larry's smallness held him back a bit at first, but he grew to six feet one inch by his senior year, when he made "All-City" in basketball. He now is six-two-and-a-half and weighs 198 pounds.

Despite his puniness when he entered senior high school, Larry promptly made the junior-varsity team in basketball and the varsity in baseball, where he played second base. "I had more knowledge than most of the other kids," he says, "but I wasn't a good fielder. One game I made five errors. But the coach kept playing me because I could hit."

Says the coach, Frank Shaffer, "He had one requisite you ask of any kid who's interested in athletics. Little as he was as a second baseman, he'd block second base and virtually say to the runner, 'You got to get me out of here.'"

Shaffer relates that there was a day that spring when he found Larry crying after a practice. Larry disputes this. "I was merely depressed," he says. His mother declares, "Larry wasn't the kind of boy who would give you the satisfaction of crying."

In any event, Sherry told the coach that his right foot was paining too much for him to play any more. Shaffer diagnosed Sherry's problem as one which had bothered his own son Don. The pull of the baseball shoe on the back of the foot had irritated the Achilles' tendon. Shaffer arranged to have a special type of baseball shoe bought for Larry, with a more rigid last and with the cleats set farther back than normal. This made it possible for Sherry to play with diminishing pain.

For two years Sherry was a second baseman and occasional first baseman. His only pitching was in batting practice. The situation changed, however, when he broke his right ankle while getting ready for his senior season. Shaffer then encouraged him to concentrate on pitching, telling Larry that even before the accident he had been too slow to make it as a professional infielder.

Barry Latman, now of the White Sox, was the first-string pitcher at Fairfax, but Sherry quickly established himself as the second starter. By the end of the season Shaffer considered Sherry the first-stringer.

Rosey Gilhousen, a Pittsburgh scout, suggested a tryout to Larry. Instead, the boy accepted an invitation to work out for three days with Santa Barbara, a Dodger farm team in the Class C California League. The offer was made by Lefty Harold Phillips, who had signed Norman and was friendly with the parents.

Phillips had seen Larry pitch in an all-star high-school game. "His pitching rhythm wasn't good. He was sort of a herky-jerky," says the scout. "But one out of every six or seven fast balls he threw was a good one. I knew he hadn't pitched much, and I could see he had a good arm. I figured that with the proper attention he might develop."

Larry signed a Santa Barbara contract on July 24, 1953, six weeks after he was graduated from high school and a day before he turned eighteen. He received a $2200 bonus, plus a salary of $250 a month. Two days after signing the contract he pitched in his first professional game.

"I was so nervous I didn't know what was going on," Larry recalls. "It was the second game of a double-header against Visalia. I relieved in the first inning. Stan Spence, who'd been in the big leagues, was the batter. My first pitch hit him right on the chest. It was four years before I began to understand you don't just rear back and throw."

After the California State League season ended, Larry pitched some semipro games in Los Angeles under Phillips' tutelage on weekends. Weekdays he worked in a chain supermarket managed by his brother Stan. He was a box boy who carried customers' groceries to their cars. The following season the Dodgers assigned him to Great Falls, Montana, where the cold bothered him. He lost his first three games and was shifted to Bakersfield, California. There he won six and lost five.

In 1955 Larry was assigned to pitch for Elmira, New York, a Class A farm. The second day in camp, however, he overenthusiastically tried to throw too hard and injured his arm. Unable to pitch again for five weeks, he ended up on the roster of Shawnee, a Class D club in the Sooner State League.

Larry went to Dick Walsh, an assistant to Dodger executive Buzzy Bavasi, and argued that his sore arm had prevented him from making a good showing. "I'm going into my second full season. I'm better than a D pitcher," he maintained.

"You didn't tell anybody about the arm," Walsh said. "It looked to us as though you wanted a vacation and didn't want to pitch. We'll give you a chance. When will you be ready?"

"I'll pitch today," Sherry said.

Sherry was sent to Diamond 4, a field reserved for the camp humpties. He did well enough in a practice game to win reassignment to Newport News of the Class B Piedmont League. However, his record there in 1955 was a sorry five wins and ten losses.

Returning home disheartened, he thought seriously of giving up baseball. He got a job as a checker in a supermarket, and his employers advised him that in six months he could become manager of his own store at a salary twice what he was making in baseball. Larry talked out his problem with Lefty Phillips. The scout got him to stay in baseball by persuading the Dodgers that Sherry's potential warranted raising him from $250 to $350 a month.

In 1956 at Pueblo, Colorado, Sherry not only had a better season—thirteen-and-thirteen—but also met Sally Swearingen. They were married on December 27, 1956, and now have a daughter, Suzanne, who is going on two.

The next year Larry spent most of the season in Double A ball with Fort Worth. Although still unable to put together a winning record—he was ten and ten—he led the Texas League in strike-outs. Sherry was rewarded with a Dodger contract for 1958.

As has been related, he didn't stick the first time, but in 1959 he made it in a large way. Although he did it primarily as a relief pitcher, Larry wants to be a starter this year, and the Dodgers have promised to consider it. His salary, which was $7000 last year, has been raised considerably. Neither Sherry nor the club will disclose the new figure, but people who should know say that the Dodgers have doubled his pay.

This still would be small compared with the rewards Larry has reaped during the off season in capitalizing on his World Series exploits. Over the winter he was on a merry-go-round of TV shows, banquets and personal appearances for a national clothing chain. He has hauled in additional fees for advertising endorsements. "He'll clear better than thirty-five thousand dollars," says agent Frank Scott, who handles the outside business interests of many of the big-league ballplayers.

Sherry's fame came upon him so suddenly that when he was called upon to appear on the Ed Sullivan Show immediately following the Series, Larry had to buy a suit and tie. He didn't own any. When he was invited to join Hollywood stars on the dais at a Friars Club testimonial dinner to Dean Martin, Larry bought his first tuxedo. He also acquired a white sports car, presented to him by *Sport* magazine as the outstanding performer in the World Series. However, he and his wife and daughter still live in a furnished two-bedroom apartment in Cranshaw Village in Los Angeles.

"I've got a tax consultant, a lawyer, an agent in New York and two in Los Angeles," he said at one point during the winter. "I've been going like crazy."

More than one young ballplayer has hit the jack pot during the World Series and then tailed off to become no more than a journeyman major-leaguer. Larry Sherry knows this. In between personal-appearance trips, he worked out regularly during the winter with high-school kids being tried out by the Dodgers.

"If you tell him to be here at ten-thirty he's here at ten-ten," said Lefty Phillips when I attended such a workout at Los Angeles' Wrigley Field. "Nothing's more important to him than being better in 1960 than he was in 1959."

"What could be more important?" Larry says belligerently. "Nothing and nobody's going to stand in my way."

Including, no doubt, his brother's head.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

WHAT MAKES ME LAUGH

By Jean Kerr, author of the best-seller PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES

By Stewart Alsop

IN COLOR:

THE HAPPY ORPHANS OF METERA

By Milton Silverman

HOLLYWOOD'S MASTER OF MOVIE HORROR

By John Kobler

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 48

THE ACT OF LANGUAGE

By John Ciardi

BEGINNING AN EXCITING NEW NOVEL:

MOON PILOT

By Robert Buckner

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The Big Count (Continued from Page 19)

American church organizations, both Protestant and Catholic, and some Jewish, repeatedly have urged the bureau to include the question simply because they do not know their own totals. But well-organized and highly articulate minority groups—Christian Scientists being most vocal—have convinced the bureau that "a considerable number of persons would be reluctant to answer where a reply is mandatory." So Americans will not be asked about their religion this year, but the question almost certainly will be included in some future census.

Curiously, Canadians have revealed their religious beliefs since 1851, but are now angry about a question that has never been asked, was never planned to be asked and will not be asked. Somehow rumor swept the nation that 1961 census takers will ask Canadian women if they gave birth to children before they were married. It simply isn't true, and the Canadian Census Division wishes it could permanently dispose of the rumor and get on with its work.

Somewhat milder—and much less indignant—resistance to census taking occurred in New Jersey in 1950. Then, one conscientious enumerator assigned to large-city hotels stayed late on the job to be sure that hotel clerks gave census forms to guests when they registered. About midnight he noticed some late arrivals swiftly changing their overnight plans. Almost invariably they were luggageless couples who would register, receive their keys, and then, when handed the census-enumeration form, would decide they didn't wish to stay at the hotel after all. Frequently the man would rip up the registration card before departing.

A night clerk explained, "They're willing to give us phony names, but are afraid to lie to the Government." These impulsive transients weren't lost to the census; they were counted anyway—by their legal names—during the regular house-to-house enumeration.

As a rule, Americans are conscientious and accurate in dealing with the Bureau of the Census—although there are exceptions as we shall see. Thousands of correction letters are sent to the bureau by citizens who discover they have misreported. In fact, each decennial census gets its bundle of apology letters from citizens who misrepresented facts to the census taker to preserve some public fiction in their lives, but still want the records to be accurate. "Please change my age to forty-four," a woman writes. "I couldn't tell the truth in front of my husband. He thinks I'm thirty-eight." A man will confess that his income is considerably higher than what he reported within earshot of his wife.

Honest reporting by citizens pays off in more than accuracy of statistics. Census records have been of great direct value to more than 3,500,000 Americans who have lacked birth certificates. They have obtained transcripts of information they—or their parents—once gave a census taker and have used these records as proof of age or citizenship.

But this does not mean to say that every American is eager to bare his statistical soul to an enumerator. There are the rare people who refuse to be counted on religious grounds. They accurately point out that the Bible—I Chronicles 21; II Samuel, 24—says that Israel was punished because David had dared to count it. Usually their religious leaders can convince them that the Bureau of the Census is not sinful and that they will not bring down the wrath of God upon them if they allow themselves to be enumerated. If not, the enumerator gets his basic facts about them from neighbors.

But the Biblical account of the enumeration of Israel is in itself an example of the problems of accurate census taking, for Samuel gives Israel a population of 800,000, while Chronicles reports the same census as recording 1,100,000. About 3000 years later the United States Bureau of the Census, equipped with space-age computers, is still struggling to get accurate answers to its questions.

Take the age of the American female, for example. Here the bureau is plagued with what it calls "heaping," a statistical phenomenon that would lead us to believe that women are born in five-year batches. This unlikely fact is caused not only by a feminine contempt for arithmetic but also because large numbers of women, say, thirty-six and thirty-nine, are enamored of the numerals "35," and because some fifty-three-year-olds prefer a round-number "50." Then, as women grow older—and men join them in this particular deceit—they add years to their ages, sometimes as much as a decade. In the 1940 census, the first to be taken after the passage of the Social Security Act, a huge number of Americans suddenly became sixty-five or older, many more than reasonably could have made it according to 1930 census figures.

This year the Census Bureau hopes to put a stop to this nonsense of age manipulation by rephrasing its age question. No longer does it simply request age; the 1960 question asks for month and year of birth. Not only should this level the female "heaps," but the ratio of centenarians to the total population will surely shrink to a more realistic level.

First Arrivals

By Louise Eve Jenney

Even in Maine, March days
should bring
Foretokens of a coming
spring.
But still my window yields
no word
Of swelling bud, returning
bird.
A line of ice seals off
halfway
The inner circle of the bay;
And on the spindle of the
wind,
A gull hangs tortuously
pinned.
A lobster trap flung up on
shore
Sprawls like a midget
dinosaur,
Its arching skeleton rimed
white.
Of spring, no token, sign or
sight—
Until the R.F.D. man's
horn
Proclaims a package,
jitney-borne,
Wrapped in burlap, weakly
canting,
Fruit trees meant for
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- Keeps your mouth tasting clean, feeling healthier for hours.

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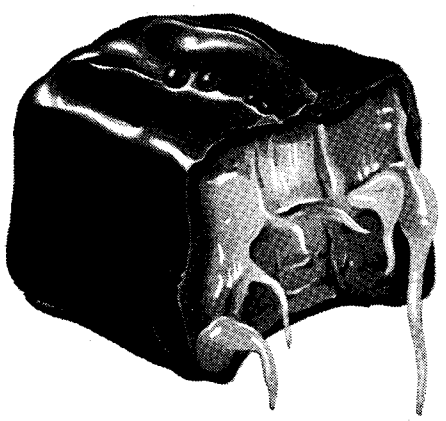

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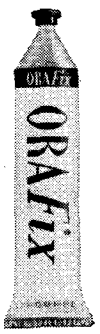

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for
MEN and BOYS
the label to look for
at your favorite store

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And the bureau knows that in addition to doctoring their ages, many Americans fudge on other questions. The upper-income brackets tend to underreport their incomes; wives upgrade their husbands' jobs—furnace tenders become engineers, janitors become custodians; in 1950 a woman reported her husband as an electrician, then finally admitted, "Well, he lights the lanterns on a sewer project"—and the person who says he "went to high school" might have attended for as little as a week.

But while fighting the human tendency to project ourselves as we wish to be, the bureau itself indulges in a little euphemistic tomfoolery similar to that of the undertaker who calls himself a mortician and the cosmetic clerk who calls herself a beautician. What the bureau delicately calls its "referral system" of hiring its census takers actually is one of the few large-scale remnants of the old spoils system in the American Government. This works as follows:

When a decennial census is coming up, congressmen or state committeemen of the political party in power "nominate" or "suggest" candidates for the district-supervisor jobs. These supervisors—sometimes political hacks being rewarded for election-year labors—in turn select census crew leaders. Finally the crew leaders recruit the enumerators. The result is a textbook example of political patronage, particularly if there is large unemployment at censustime.

However, in boom times the Bureau of the Census has to engage in a "hunt for bodies" with less regard to politics. In 1950 it could not find enough enumerators, and some census takers did double duty by counting more than one district. This year the bureau faces another shortage of enumerators; political affiliation and zeal may not be so important a factor in their selection. However, there still are some worth-while plums higher up the ladder. Politicians will name the 400 district supervisors, who get $500 a month for five months, and also the 10,000 crew leaders, who draw $15.50 a day for two to three months. The 160,000 enumerators, who can earn around twelve dollars a day for about ten days on a piece-price basis, will be hired from whatever source is available—housewives with time on their hands will be the largest source of recruits.

This year when the counting is all done, it is estimated that we will have a population of about 180,000,000, an increase of approximately 29,000,000 in ten years. Then Congress will reapportion its House of Representatives, still retaining the same number of 435, but giving more House seats to the faster-growing states and taking some away from states that are slower growing or shrinking. California, for example, is expected to gain seven seats, Florida four; while Pennsylvania and New York are expected to lose three seats each, and Arkansas two. The two new states also will get their share: Alaska one, Hawaii two.

It is this need for periodic readjustment of the House that is the primary purpose of the population census, and is why the Constitution requires it. But since the first simple census was taken in 1790, the United States has become much more sophisticated in its use of census data. In the nation's early uncomplicated years neither government nor industry needed or cared much about statistics. Industry was small and usually localized; the population could not shift almost overnight on millions of miles of superhighways, there were no Federal urban-renewal or public-housing projects, and Commodore Perry did not need to know the number of young electronics experts available to man his fleet.

But today the nation would be crippled without reliable statistics. There is hardly a school board that does not check census figures before it plans a new building; there is hardly a state highway commission that does not use statistics on population growth, migration, average income—to anticipate how many cars we can buy—as it plans new roads; there is hardly an intelligent manufacturer who does not seek census information before introducing a new product or expanding his plant.

Some indication of the soaring increase in the use of census data is the soaring cost of gathering it. The first crude census cost the nation a little more than $44,000 to count nearly 4,000,000 Americans. This year's census bill will be $96,000,000. While it cost 1.12 cents to enumerate one American in 1790, it will cost about fifty-four cents today—and the figure would be much higher if it weren't for electronic computers and improved counting techniques now in use. However, the refinements in the census are great, and its uses are many.

Recently some previously harried salesmen for one of the country's largest mattress manufacturers had their sales quotas reduced. Their sales manager, using Bureau of Census statistics, had discovered that the quotas in some districts were unrealistic; his men could not sell more mattresses than the population could sleep on or its income level could afford. Other districts, however, were found to have population and income levels higher than suspected, and salesmen for these districts were assigned higher quotas.

Young doctors and lawyers frequently consult census reports before selecting office locations. Census statistics have been used by doll manufacturers to find the number of six-, seven- and eight-year-old girls in the nation; by chain-saw distributors looking for farms with woodland; by a drug firm specializing in the treatment of poultry diseases and needing to know where the chicken population was concentrated.

Once, while designing a mechanical cotton picker that would sell for $8000, a farm-machinery manufacturer realized that only farmers with 100 acres or more could afford to buy the machine. He dipped into census statistics to produce a county-by-county tally of the number of prospects.

But some of the most frequent, and sometimes most irascible, users of population figures are the cities and towns of the nation. Each year millions of dollars of state funds are distributed to municipalities on the basis of their size. In addition, the states themselves receive Federal funds on the same basis. Money for the school-lunch program, for example, is apportioned partly on the basis of the number of school children in each state.

When between big jobs, so to speak, in its regular decennial census, the bureau can be hired by local governments to undertake special nose counts. Since 1950 the realization by communities that bigness begets certain benefits has resulted in 1500 of these special enumerations. More than a third of these have taken place in California where hundreds of communities have doubled or tripled in size in recent years. For example, Anaheim, California, near the outskirts of Los Angeles, has called on the bureau for four separate interim countings. These paid off for Anaheim, too, because each time they showed that the city had grown, going from 14,000 in 1950 to 78,000 in 1958.

But a special census does not always record growth, and then the statistical fat is in the fire. Take the Great New York City Rhubarb of 1957. Convinced that it had grown at least 150,000 in the seven years since the 1950 decennial census, New York hired the Bureau of the Census to prove its conviction. The cost of the special count would be about $1,300,000, but the increase in state aid, $6.75 a head, would be at least $1,000,000 a year, perhaps more. Some optimists estimated the population increase at 200,000.

But when the final count was in, New York was sorely wounded. Instead of gaining in population, it had shrunk by 96,486; the borough of Manhattan was 8.5 per cent smaller, Brooklyn had shriveled by five per cent. The city had spent more than $1,000,000 to find out something that it did not want to know. If the new count were used as the basis for state aid, the city would lose $651,280 each year.

Later on the city refused to certify the bureau's new count to the state, thereby freezing its (*Continued on Page 104*)

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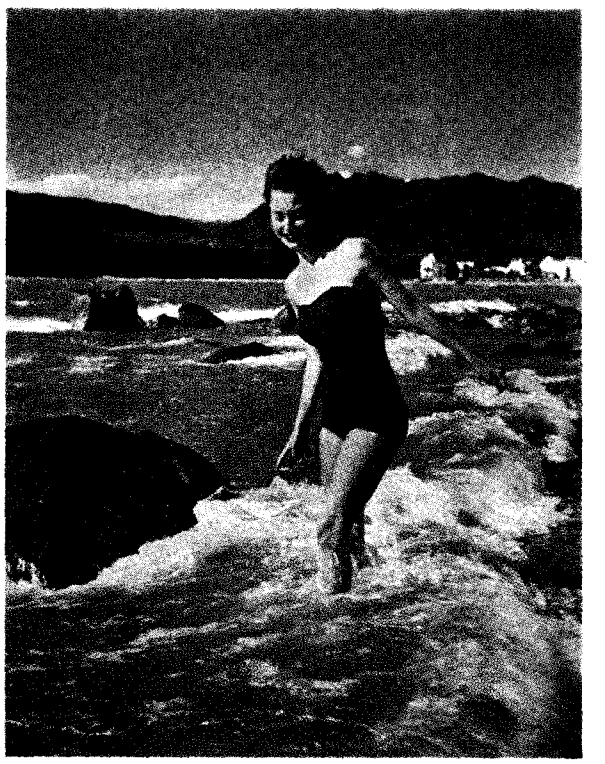

Surf bathing in the Pacific waters off Vancouver

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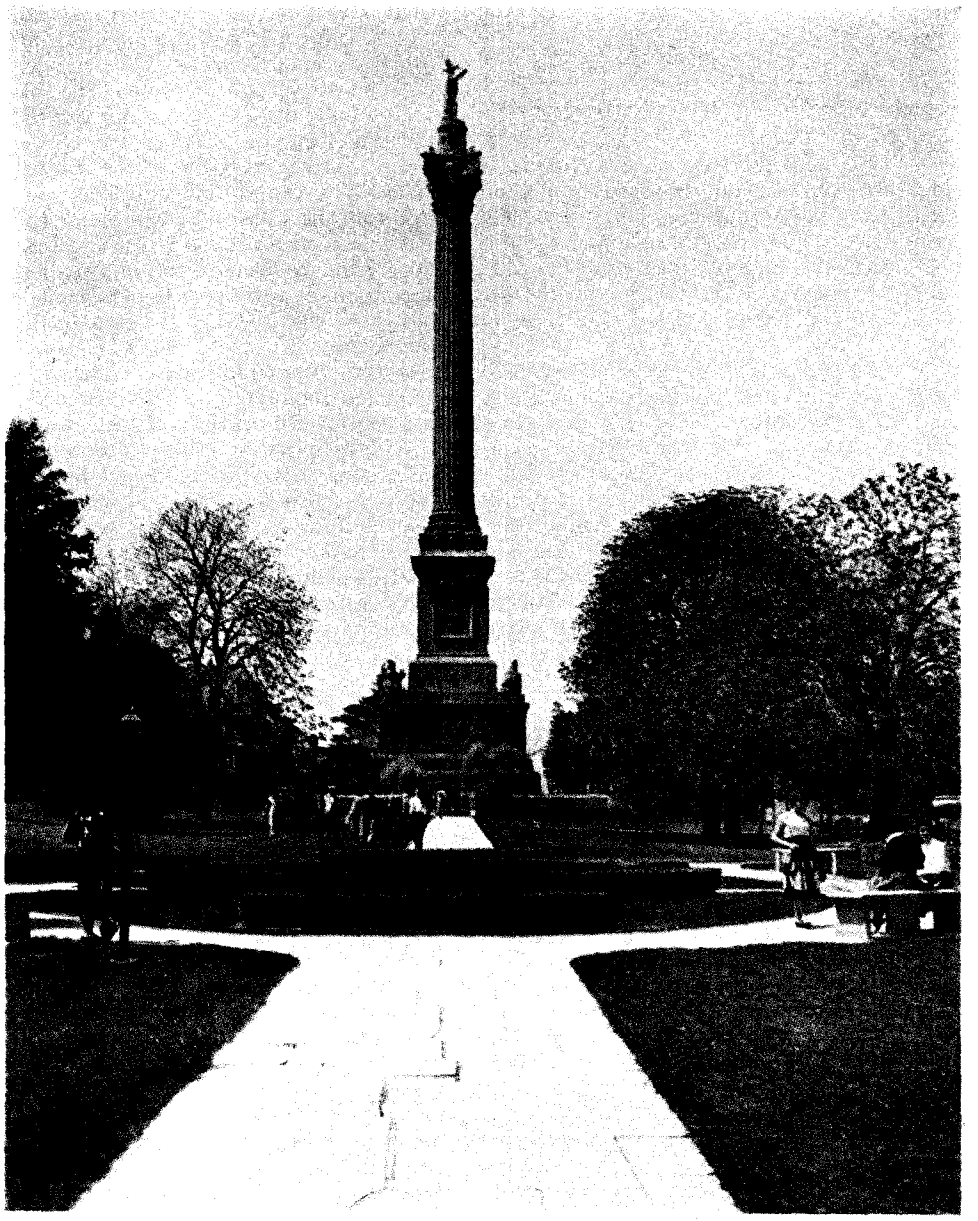

General Brock's monument at Queenston Heights, Ontario

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(*Continued from Page 102*) state-aid population at the higher 1950 figure. But at the time, civic pride needed massaging. Obviously something was wrong, and it could be only with the Bureau of the Census.

New York City newspapers sent reporters into the streets to ask passers-by if they had been enumerated, and thousands said they had not been. Their names were sent to the Census Bureau. William J. Calise, the New York attorney appointed by Mayor Wagner as coordinator of the census, complained that his own son—away at college—had not been counted. He said he couldn't understand why "the census people refused to count babies born on April sixth," five days after the day set as enumeration day.

Rep. John J. Rooney, Democrat of Brooklyn, sent a memorandum of complaints to the director of the bureau. Newspaper editorials began to question the integrity of the Census Bureau.

The excitement fizzed out when the bureau checked the list of "nonenumerated" passers-by against the report forms and found that, as usual, only a tiny portion had actually been missed; the others had either forgotten their enumeration or their wives had forgotten to tell them that the census enumerator had called.

Mr. Calise received the bureau's explanation that for census purposes students are residents of their college towns, where they spend most of the year, receiving the use of local streets, utilities and fire and police protection.

And patiently the bureau explained why it could not include babies born after April first. New York law required that the census be taken as of that particular day, and enumerators couldn't list people who hadn't arrived yet any more than they could subtract persons who were alive on April first, but who died on April second.

Today co-ordinator Calise, his views unchanged in three years, says, "We had quite a Donnybrook, and I still think they're cockeyed. They're not above criticism, and I think that you should be able to appeal their findings."

Actually Mr. Calise's desire to appeal is somewhat like asking a court to rule on the findings of an adding machine, but he'll get no argument from the bureau when he says it is not above criticism. A. Ross Eckler, the bureau's deputy director, says, "Most people accept the census too uncritically. We wish they would pay more attention to the things we warn about."

One of the things that the Census Bureau warns about is a short count—exactly what New York City complained about—and it goes to great efforts to avoid it. After the 1950 census the bureau cautioned: "... no national census, either in the United States or abroad, has ever represented an absolutely accurate count," and it reported its 1950 error as 1.4 per cent short.

To impress its enumerators with the virtues of accuracy, the bureau operates special training schools before each census. The bureau knows that this year, for example, if each of its 160,000 enumerators overlooks only one household the result could be an undercount of as much as half a million.

To protect the final report from human frailties, the bureau not only reviews the work of each census taker at least four times and sends crew chiefs into the field to make on-the-spot checks while the enumerator is making his rounds but it also conducts a postenumeration survey. In 1950 this involved a return to 3500 areas to see if entire households had been omitted, and a complete reinterviewing of 22,000 homes to make sure the householders had been recorded properly. In addition, the bureau checked itself against other Government agencies, such as the Bureau of Old-Age and Survivors Insurance and the National Office of Vital Statistics.

But the bureau is at the mercy of the human frailties of the population itself. In the slum sections of large cities, for example, many families double up or triple up in one-family apartments in violation of housing ordinances, and they conveniently forget the extra tenants. Frequently the mothers of illegitimate or mentally deficient children hide them from the enumerator, although the illegitimates usually appear in a later census.

In 1940 and 1950 the bureau was so concerned about the forgetfulness of mothers about their newborn babies that it included a special infant report form. This year it hopes a rewording of the questionnaire will solve that lapse of maternal memory, but the fact is that many parents just don't think of their babies as people. And for some mysterious reason the bureau has always got a short count when it has attempted to count war veterans, although it is trying again this year.

It is estimated that the nation has a transient population—traveling salesmen, migrant workers, young bachelors seeking jobs and hoboes—of about 2,000,000. "T"—for transient—Night will pick up most of these. Then, on March thirty-first, enumerators will set up desks at airports and train and bus stations and concentrate on hotels, motels and rooming houses.

On Mission Night, about mid-April, enumerators will have the co-operation of police, social workers and missionaries in rounding up the residents of flophouses, all-night movies and public parks.

Some of the most elusive Americans, however, are not transient at all, but young lawyers just out of law school. Unmarried and just starting a practice, they frequently sleep in their offices and eat in restaurants. It's a wise enumerator who can tell in which office sleeps an attorney.

In addition to the decennial census of population and housing, the bureau also takes five other nationwide censuses at five-year intervals. The Census of Agriculture, which was completed last fall, is taken in years ending in four and nine, as are the censuses of Manufactures, Minerals, and Business. The Census of State and Local Governments is taken in years ending in two and seven. The bureau also compiles statistics each month on foreign trade, takes monthly population and business surveys and publishes Facts of Industry Surveys.

The ten-year product is a shelf of volumes eighteen feet long, weighing about 550 pounds and which costs a subscriber about $500. A census official comments, "It sells for less than a dollar a pound; even a good T-bone steak comes higher." One of the most valuable, and the most popular, single volumes is the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, a tightly packed, 1000-page condensation of all the bureau's work, which sells for $3.50. The bureau sells about 18,000 *Abstracts* each year, which hardly puts it in a class with *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, but it gets worn out in many a library, and it's never been banned in Boston, either.

While its product has never been censored, the bureau's work has been fair game for critics even as long as a century ago. In 1870, while the ninth decennial enumeration was under way, this magazine, (*The Saturday Evening Post* of July 2, 1870) attacked the "Census Paul-Prys" in an editorial:

The cartoon and caption below appeared in The Saturday Evening Post for August 18, 1860—a century ago.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION.

CENSUS MARSHAL.—"I jist want to know how many of yez is deaf, dumb, blind, insane and idiotic—likewise how many convicts there is in the family—what all your ages are especially the old woman and the young ladies—and how many dollars the old gentleman is worth!"

[Tremendous sensation all round the table.]

For the third time this year are our citizens asked questions about their private monetary affairs, which the Government has no right to ask. No doubt these statistics, if reliable, would be interesting—perhaps useful—but as their reliability cannot be depended upon, they are almost worthless. . . . And certainly if the citizen has any reserved rights, the right to be secure against official Paul-Pryism one would think must be among the number.

Ten years earlier—Aug. 18, 1860—*The Post* had printed a cartoon showing an uncouth "census marshal" shocking an ante-bellum family at dinner by asking how many deaf, dumb, blind, insane and idiotic persons were in the household.

The Post's Nineteenth-century fulminations had some justification, for the bureau was at that time a part-time Federal agency that emerged out of the political woodwork every ten years and then disappeared after the count, and there was not yet the law that prevents enumerators—and all other bureau personnel—from revealing any information taken in a census about individuals.

Since 1880 every enumerator has been required to take a secrecy oath, and if he gossips about what you have told him, he can be fined up to $1000 and sent to prison for two years. If he records false information, the penalties are almost double. Likewise, if you refuse to answer or give false answers, you can be fined and sent to jail.

The bureau takes its oath of secrecy so seriously that it will not allow you to see the census form you helped fill out in past enumerations. You can get an abstract of what is written there, but you may not look at it for fear that you might see information about someone else recorded on a line above or below yours. The FBI cannot look at those forms, nor can the Internal Revenue Service, the White House or the President of the United States. You cannot find out what your wife told the Census Bureau about her age unless she gives you written permission, and she cannot get information about you, or your income, even though it was she who supplied the facts to the enumerator. However, the bureau will give you information about your children, and about your deceased parents if you can furnish evidence of their death.

With each question in this year's census costing at least $250,000, the bureau approves census questions only if they are justified in terms of public interest. Only three entirely new questions are on the 1960 population questionnaire: Where do you work? How do you get to work? If you are a student, do you attend public or private school? These questions, seeking statistics about the nation's education and transportation problems, are clearly in the public interest.

Although census-taking is old hat to most European nations and to the United States—ours is the oldest continuous modern census—this is not so with many countries. Indonesia, probably the sixth largest nation in the world, has not counted itself in the last thirty years, a period of tremendous population growth. Ethiopia, Syria, Saudi Arabia, Laos and Lebanon are among the nations that have never taken a census and cannot know how large they are.

There can be no doubt about the connection between statistics and economic development. No government, no industry, no labor union, can operate effectively if it is blind. The United States Bureau of the Census—despite its admitted errors, its rude marshals of a century ago, and the broom-wielding housewives of Olean, New York—supplies the statistical eyes for the nation.

THE END

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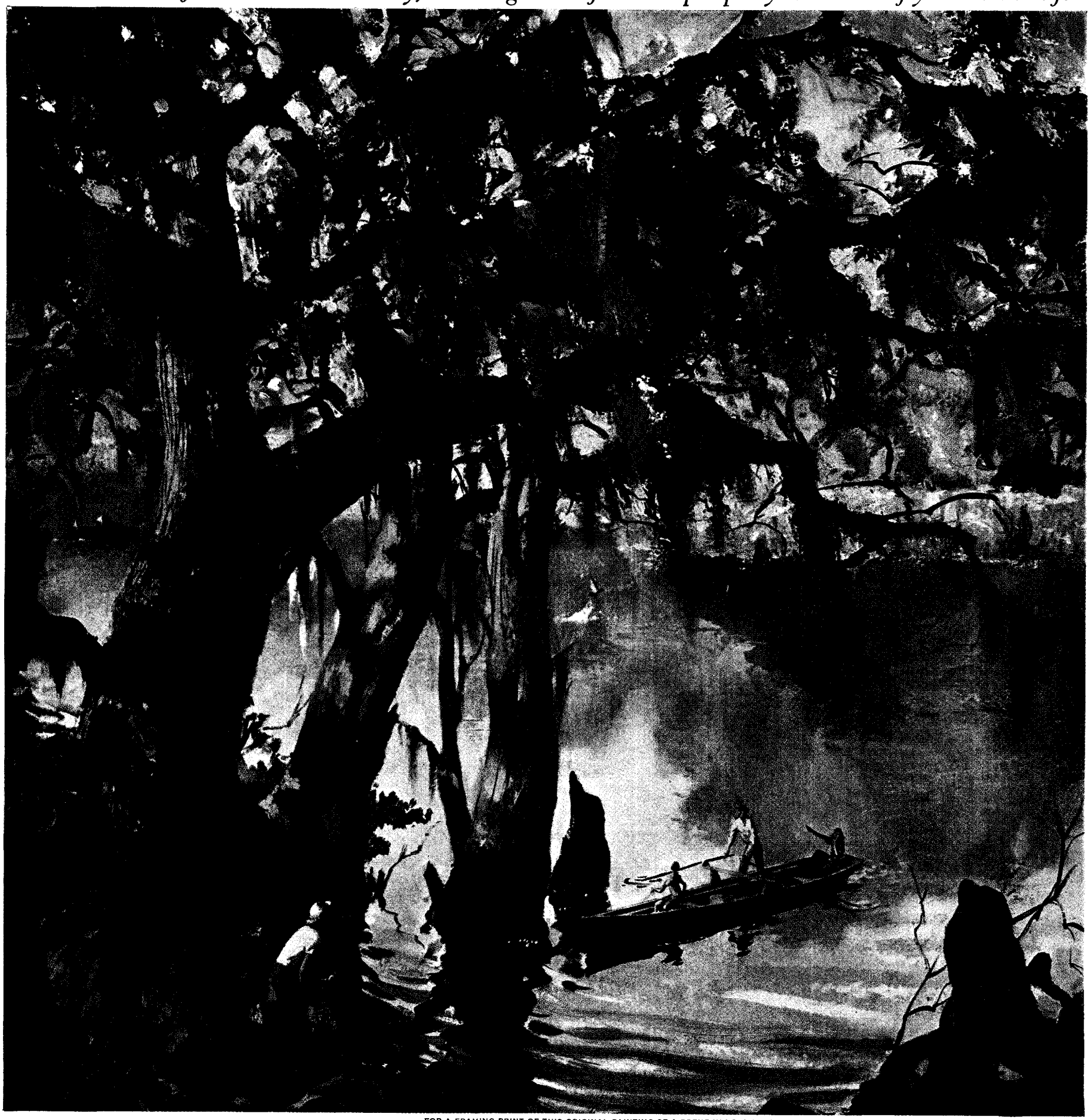

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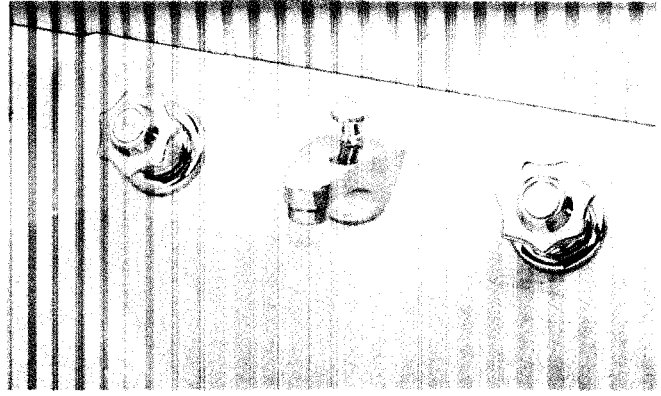

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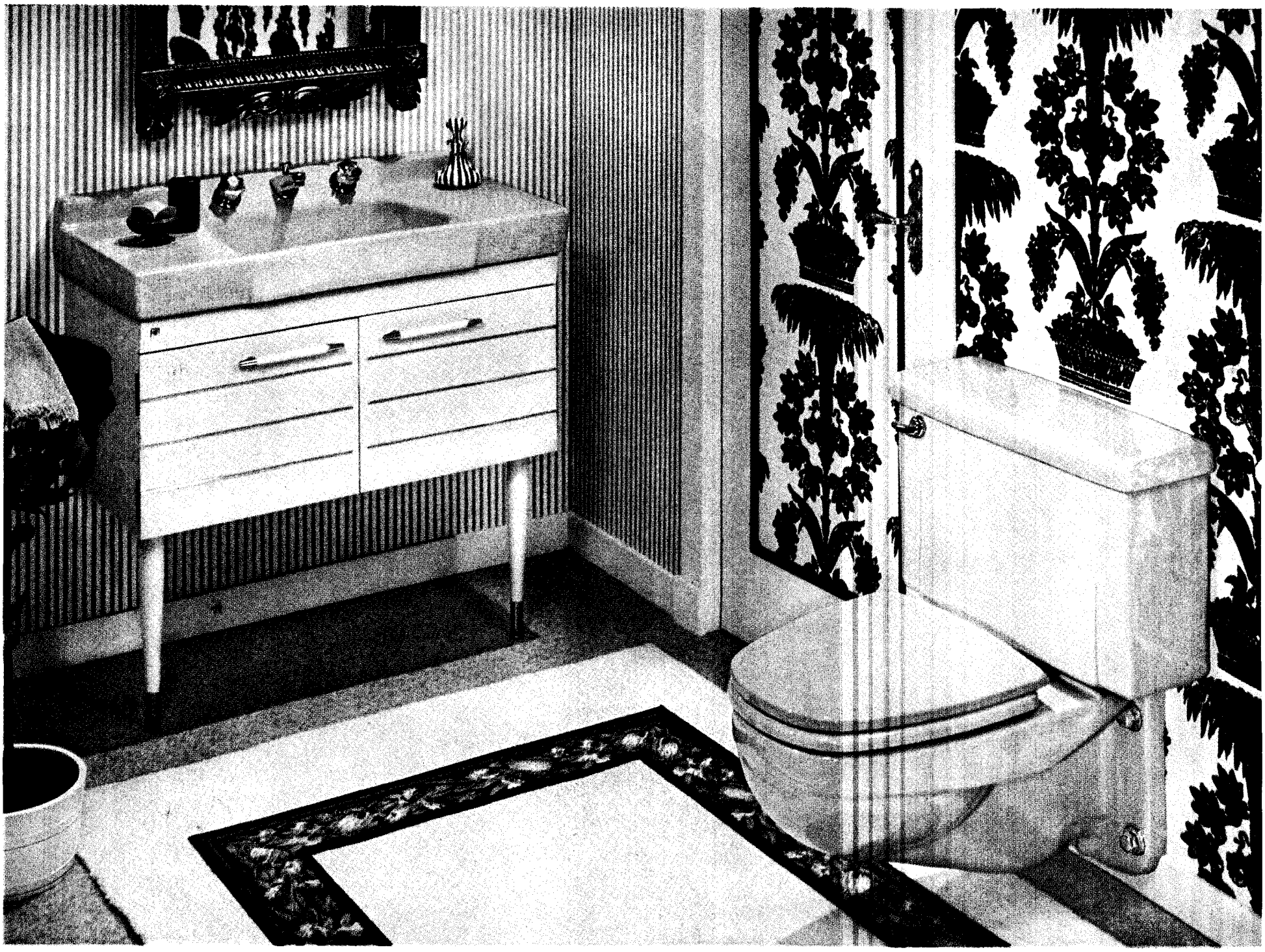

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Night Without End (Continued from Page 41)

reaching ahead to light up the bamboo line. She was moving swiftly, much more so than I would have thought her capable of doing, but nevertheless I was steadily overhauling her when suddenly the flashlight beam ahead curved away in a new direction, as the runner angled off into the darkness, about forty-five degrees to the left. I turned after her, still following both my sight of the flashlight and sound of the feet. Thirty yards, forty, fifty—then I stopped and stood very still indeed. The light ahead had gone out, and I could hear nothing at all.

For the second time that night I cursed my unthinking folly. What I should have done, of course, was to carry straight on back to the cabin and await the moment she turned up there, as she inevitably must—no person could hope to survive for any great length of time, without shelter of some kind, in the deadly cold of that arctic night.

But it wasn't too late yet. The wind had been blowing almost directly in my face as I had been running. All I had to do was walk back, keeping it on my left cheek, and I would be bound to hit the line of bamboos at right angles, and the chances of my passing unwittingly between two of them, with the light of my flashlight to help me, did not exist. I turned, took one step, then two, then halted in my tracks.

Why had I been lured out here away from the bamboo line? Not so that she could thereby escape me—she couldn't do it that way. As long as we both lived, we were both utterly dependent on the cabin and would have to meet there sooner or later.

As long as we both lived! Lord, what a fool I was, what a veriest amateur at this game. The only way she could escape me, really and permanently escape me, was if I no longer lived. I could be shot down here and no one would ever know. And as she had stopped running before I had and been first to switch out her flashlight, she must have a much better idea of my position than I of hers. And these two rash, incautious steps I had taken had given her a new bearing on my position. Perhaps she was only feet away now, lining her gun up for the kill.

I switched on my light and whirled round in a complete circle. Nobody there, nothing to be seen at all. Only the frozen feathers of the snow brushing my cheeks in the blackness of the night, the low-moaning lament of the soughing south wind and the faint rustle of ice spicules brushing their blind way across the iron-hard surface of the icecap.

Swiftly, softly I moved half a dozen long steps to my left. My flashlight was out now; I'd been crazy ever to switch it on in the first place. Nothing could have been better calculated to betray my position—the glow of a flashlight, seen head on, can be seen at twenty times the farthest distance that its beam will reach. I prayed that a flurry of snow had hidden it.

Where would the attack come from—downwind, so that I could see nothing in that blinding snow, or upwind, so that I could hear nothing? Downwind, I decided—on the icecap one could move as silently as on a smooth macadam road. The better to hear, I pulled the parka hood off my head. The better to see, I slipped up my goggles and stared out unwinkingly under my visored hands.

Five minutes passed, and nothing happened—if, that is, the freezing of my ears and forehead could be called nothing. Still no sound, still no sight of anything. The strain, the nerve-racking expectancy could not be borne for much longer. Slowly, with infinite care, I moved off in a circle of about twenty yards' diameter, but I saw nothing, heard nothing, and so well adjusted now were my eyes to the darkness, so well attuned my ears to the icecap's mournful symphony of sound, that I would have sworn that had there been anyone there to be seen or heard, I would have seen or heard him. It was as if I were alone on the icecap.

And then the appalling truth struck me—I was alone. I was alone, I realized in a belated and chilling flash of understanding, because shooting me would have been a stupid way of disposing of both myself and my dangerous knowledge—the discovery of a bullet-riddled body on the icecap during the brief hours of daylight would have provoked a hundred questions and suspicions. Much more desirable, from the killer's point of view, would be my dead body without a trace of violence. Even the most experienced man can get lost in a snowstorm on the icecap.

And I was lost. I knew I was lost. I was convinced of it even before I got the wind on my left and walked back to the line of bamboo poles. The bamboos were no longer there. I made a wide circle, but still I found nothing. For at least twenty yards back in the direction of the plane, and probably all the way toward the cabin, the poles had been removed. That slender series of markers, which alone meant all the difference between safety and being irrecoverably lost on the icecap, were no longer there. I was lost.

For once, that night, I didn't panic. It wasn't just that I knew that panic would be the end of me. I was consumed by a cold fury that I should have been so ignominiously tricked, so callously left to die. I stood still and took stock.

The snow was increasing now, thickening by the minute, building up into a blizzard with visibility cut down to a few feet. The yearly precipitation on the icecap was no more than eight or nine inches, and it was just my evil luck that it should fall so heavily that night. My flashlight was failing. Continual use plus the cold had left it with a pale, yellowish beam that reached not much more than a few yards, but that was the limit of visibility anyway, even downwind. The plane, I calculated, was not much more than a hundred yards away, the cabin six hundred. My chances of stumbling upon the latter, flush as it almost was with the surface of the icecap, were no better than one in a hundred. But my chances of finding the plane, or what came to the same thing, the great quarter-mile trench that it had gouged out in the frozen snow when it had crash-landed, were far better than even—it was impossible that it could have already been filled in with drift. I turned until I had the wind over my left shoulder and started walking.

I reached the deep furrow in the snow inside a minute—I'd switched off my flashlight to conserve the battery, but my stumble and heavy fall as I went over the edge was intimation enough—turned right and reached the plane in thirty seconds. I suppose I might possibly have lasted out the night inside the wrecked fuselage, but such was my singleness of purpose at the moment that the thought never even occurred to me. I walked round the wing, picked up the first of the bamboos in the dim beam of my flashlight and started to follow them.

There were only five all together. After that, nothing. Every one of the others had been removed. These five, I knew, pointed straight toward the cabin, and all I had to do was to keep shifting the last of the five to the front, lining it up straight with the others in the beam of my flashlight, and it would be bound to bring out to the cabin. Or so I thought, for perhaps ten seconds. But it was a task that really required two people to achieve anything like accuracy. What with that, the feebleness of my rapidly dying flashlight and the hopeless visibility, I couldn't be accurate within two or three degrees at the least. That seemed a trifle, but when I stopped and hastily worked it out, I discovered that, over the distance, even a couple of degrees out could put me far off course. On a night like this I could pass by the cabin even ten feet away and never see it. There were less laborious means of committing suicide.

I picked up the five sticks, returned to the plane and walked along the furrowed trench till I came to the depression where the plane had touched down. The two-hundred-fifty-foot line of the antenna, I knew, was roughly four hundred yards away, just a little bit south of west—slightly to my left, that was, as I stood with my back to the plane. I didn't hesitate. I strode out into the darkness, counting my steps, concentrating on keeping the wind a little more than on my left cheek, but not quite full face. After four

"Of course, living next to a golf course has its disadvantages."

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hundred long paces I stopped and pulled out my flashlight.

It was quite dead—the dull-red glow from the filament didn't even register on my glove six inches away, and the darkness was as absolute as it can ever become on the icecap. I was a blind man moving in a blind world, and all I had left to me was the sense of touch. For the first time fear came to me, and I all but gave way to an almost overpowering instinct to run. But there was no place to run to.

I pulled the drawstring from my hood and with numbed and clumsy hands lashed together two of the bamboos to give me a stick seven feet in length. A third bamboo I thrust into the snow, then lay down flat, the sole of my boot touching it while I described a complete circle, flailing out with my long stick into the darkness. Nothing. At the full stretch of my body and the stick I stuck the last two bamboos into the snow, one upwind, the other downwind from the central bamboo, and described horizontal circles round both of these. Again, nothing.

I gathered up the bamboos, walked ten paces more, and repeated the performance. I had the same luck again—and again and again. Five minutes and seventy paces after I had stopped for the first time I knew I had completely missed the antenna line and was utterly lost. The wind must have backed or veered, and I had wandered far off my course. And then came the chilling realization that if that were so I had no idea now where the plane lay and could never regain it. Even had I known the direction where it lay, I doubted now whether I could have made my way back anyway, not because I was tired, but because my only means of gauging direction was the wind in my face, and my face was now so completely numbed that I could no longer feel anything. I could hear the wind, but I couldn't feel it.

Ten more paces, I told myself, ten more and then I must turn back. Turn back where, a mocking voice seemed to ask me, but I ignored it and stumbled on with leaden-footed steps, doggedly counting. And on the seventh step I walked straight into one of the big antenna poles, staggered with the shock, all but fell, recovered, grabbed the pole and hugged it as if I would never let it go. I knew at that moment what it must be like to be condemned to death and then live again. It was the most wonderful feeling I have ever experienced. And then the relief and the exultation gradually faded, and anger returned to take its place, a cold, vicious, all-consuming anger.

With my stick stretched up and running along the rimed antenna cable to guide me, I ran all the way back to the cabin. I was vaguely surprised to see shadows still moving in the lamp-lighted screen that surrounded the tractor—it was almost impossible for me to realize that I had been gone no more than thirty minutes—but I passed by, opened the hatch and dropped down into the cabin.

Joss was still in the far corner, working on the big radio, and the four women were huddled close round the stove. The stewardess, I noticed, wore a parka—one she had borrowed from Joss—and was rubbing her hands above the flame.

"Cold, Miss Ross?" I inquired solicitously. At least I had meant it to sound that way, but even to myself my voice sounded hoarse and strained.

"And why shouldn't she be, Doctor Mason?" Marie LeGarde snapped. *Doctor Mason*, I noted. "She's just spent the last fifteen minutes or so with the men on the tractor?"

"Doing what?"

"I was giving them coffee." For the first time the stewardess showed some spirit. "What's so wrong with that?"

"Nothing," I said shortly. *Takes you a damned long time to pour a cup of coffee*, I thought savagely. "Most kind, I'm sure." Massaging my frozen face, I walked away into the food tunnel, nodding to Joss. He joined me immediately.

"Somebody just tried to murder me out there," I said without preamble.

"Murder you!" Joss stared at me for a long moment, then his eyes narrowed. "I'll believe anything of this lot."

"Meaning?"

"I was looking for some of the radio spares a moment ago—a few of them seem to be missing, but that's not the point. The spares, as you know, are next to the explosives. Someone's been tampering with them."

"The explosives!" I had a brief vision of some maniac placing a stick of gelignite under the tractor. "What's missing?"

"Nothing, that's what so darned funny. I checked. All the explosives are there. But they're scattered everywhere, all mixed up with the fuses and detonators."

"Who's been in here this afternoon?"

He shrugged. "Who hasn't?"

It was true enough. Everyone had been coming and going there all afternoon and evening—the men for a hundred and one pieces of equipment for the tractor body, the women for food and stores. And, of course, our primitive toilet lay at the farthest end of the tunnel.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wish you'd stop looking at me that way."

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"What happened to you, sir?" Joss asked quietly.

I told him, and watched his face tighten till the mouth was a thin white line in the dark face. Joss knew what it meant to be lost on the icecap.

"The murderous, cold-blooded she-devil," he said softly. "We'll have to nail her, sir, we'll have to, or God only knows who's next on her list. But—but won't we have to have proof or confession or something? We can't just ——"

"I'm going to get both," I said. The bitter anger still dominated my mind to the exclusion of all else. "Right now."

I walked out of the tunnel and across the cabin to where the stewardess was sitting. "We've overlooked something, Miss Ross," I said abruptly. "The food in your galley on the plane. It might make all the difference between life and death. How much is there?"

"In the galley? Not very much, I'm afraid. Only odds and ends for snacks, if anyone was hungry. It was a night flight, Doctor Mason, and they had already had their evening meal."

Followed by a very special brand of coffee, I thought grimly. "Doesn't matter how little it is," I said. "It might be invaluable. I'd like you to come and show me where it is."

"Can't it wait?" The protest came from Marie LeGarde. "Can't you see that the poor girl is chilled to death?"

"Can't you see that I am too?" I snapped. It was a measure of the mood I was in when I could bring myself to speak like that to Marie LeGarde. "Coming, Miss Ross?"

She came. I was taking no chances this time, so I carried with me the big searchlight with its portable battery and another flashlight, and gave the stewardess an armful of bamboos. When we had reached the top of the hatchway steps, she waited for me to lead the way, but I told her to walk in front. I wanted to watch her hands.

The snow was easing now, the wind dropping and visibility just a little improved. We walked the length of the antenna line, angled off a little way north of east, setting down an occasional bamboo, and were at the plane within ten minutes of leaving the cabin.

"Right," I said. "You first, Miss Ross. Up you go."

"Up?" She turned toward me, and though the big searchlight on the ground was no help in letting me see the expression on her face, the puzzled tone of her voice was exactly right. "How?"

"Same way as you did before," I said harshly. My anger was almost out of control now; I couldn't have restrained myself any longer. "Jump for it."

"The same way ——" She stopped in midsentence and stared at me. "What do you mean?" Her voice was a whisper.

"Jump for it," I said implacably.

She turned away slowly and jumped. Her fingers didn't come within six inches of the sill. She tried again, got no nearer, and on her third attempt I boosted her so that her hands hooked over the sill. She hung there for a moment, pulled herself up a few inches, cried out and fell heavily to the ground. Slowly, dazedly, she picked herself up and looked at me. A splendid performance.

"I can't do it," she said huskily. "You can see I can't. What are you trying to do to me? What's wrong?" I didn't answer, and she rushed on. "I—I'm not staying here. I'm going back to the cabin."

"Later." I caught her arm roughly as she made to move away. "Stand there where I can watch you." I jumped up, wriggled inside the control cabin, reached down and pulled her up after me, none too gently, and without a word I led her straight into the galley.

"The Mickey Finn dispensary," I observed. "An ideal quiet spot it is too." She had her mask off now, and I held up my hand to forestall her as she opened her mouth to speak. "Dope, Miss Ross. But, of course, you wouldn't know what I'm talking about."

She stared at me unblinkingly, and made no answer.

"You were sitting here when the plane crashed," I went on. "Possibly on this little stool here? Right?"

She nodded, again without speaking.

"And, of course, were flung against this front bulkhead here. Tell me, Miss Ross, where's the metal projection that tore this hole in your back?"

She stared at the lockers, then looked slowly back at me.

"Is—is that why you've brought me here ——"

"Where is it?" I demanded.

"I don't know." She shook her head from side to side and took a backward step. "What does it matter? And—and dope—what *is* the matter? *Please.*"

I took her arm without a word and led her through to the radio cabin. I trained the flashlight beam onto the top of the radio cabinet.

"Blood, Miss Ross. And some navy-blue fibers. The blood from the cut on your back, the fibers from your tunic. Here's where you were sitting—or standing—when the plane crashed. Pity it caught you off balance. But at least you managed to retain your hold on your gun." She was gazing at me now with sick eyes, and her face was a mask carved from white papier-mâché. "Missed your cue, Miss Ross—your next line of dialogue was,

(*Continued on Page 111*)

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(*Continued from Page 109*) 'What gun?' Pity you hadn't killed him then, isn't it? But you made a good job of it later. Smothering makes such a much less messy job, doesn't it?"

"Smothering?" She had to try three times before she got the word out.

"On cue, on time," I approved. "Smothering. When you murdered the second officer in the cabin last night."

"You're mad," she whispered. Her lips, startlingly red against the ashen face, were parted, and the brown eyes enormous with fear and sick despair. "You're mad," she repeated unsteadily.

"Crazy as a loon," I agreed. Again I caught her arm, pulled her out onto the flight deck and trained my flashlight on the captain's back. "You wouldn't, of course, know anything about this either." I leaned forward, jerked up the jacket to expose the bullet hole in the back, then stumbled and all but fell as she gave a long sigh and crumpled against me. Instinctively I caught her, lowered her to the floor, cursed myself for having fallen for the fainting routine even for a second, and ruthlessly stabbed a stiff couple of fingers into the solar plexus.

There was no reaction, just no reaction at all. The faint had been as genuine as ever a faint can be.

The next few minutes, while I sat beside her on the front seat of the plane waiting for her to recover consciousness, were some of the worst I have ever gone through. Self-reproach is a hopeless word to describe the way I swore at myself for my folly, my utter stupidity and unforgivable blindness, above all for the brutality, the calculated cruelty with which I'd treated this poor young girl.

I should have known at least that it couldn't have been she who had jumped down from the control cabin less than an hour ago when I had rushed up the aisle, for the simple but sufficient reason that she had been incapable of getting up there in the first place. Quite apart from her injury, I should have been doctor enough to know that the arms and shoulders I had seen while attending to her back that evening weren't built for the acrobatic performance necessary to swing oneself up and through that smashed windshield. That had been no act she had put on when she had fallen back into the snow; I could see that clearly now.

I still hadn't got beyond the stage of calling myself by every name I could think of when she stirred, sighed and straightened in the crook of the arm with which I was supporting her. Her eyes opened slowly, focused themselves on me, and I could feel the pressure on my forearm as she shrank away.

"It's all right, Miss Ross," I urged her. "Please don't be afraid. I'm not mad—really I'm not—just the biggest, blundering, half-witted idiot you're ever likely to meet in all the rest of your days."

I don't think she heard a word I said. She shuddered, and twisted her head to look in the direction of the flight deck.

"Murder!" The word was so low that I could hardly catch it. Suddenly her voice became high-pitched, unsteady. "He's been murdered! Who—who killed him?"

"Now take it easy, Miss Ross." *My heavens,* I thought, *of all the fatuous advice!* "I don't know. All I know is that you had nothing to do with it."

"No." She shook her head tiredly. "I don't believe it. I can't believe it. Captain Johnson. Why should anyone —— He hadn't an enemy in the world!"

"Maybe Colonel Harrison hadn't an enemy either." I nodded toward the rear of the plane. "But they got him too."

She stared down the plane, her eyes wide with horror, her lips moving as if to speak, but no sound came.

"They got him too," I repeated. "Just as they got the captain. Just as they got the second officer—and the flight engineer."

"They?" she whispered. "They?"

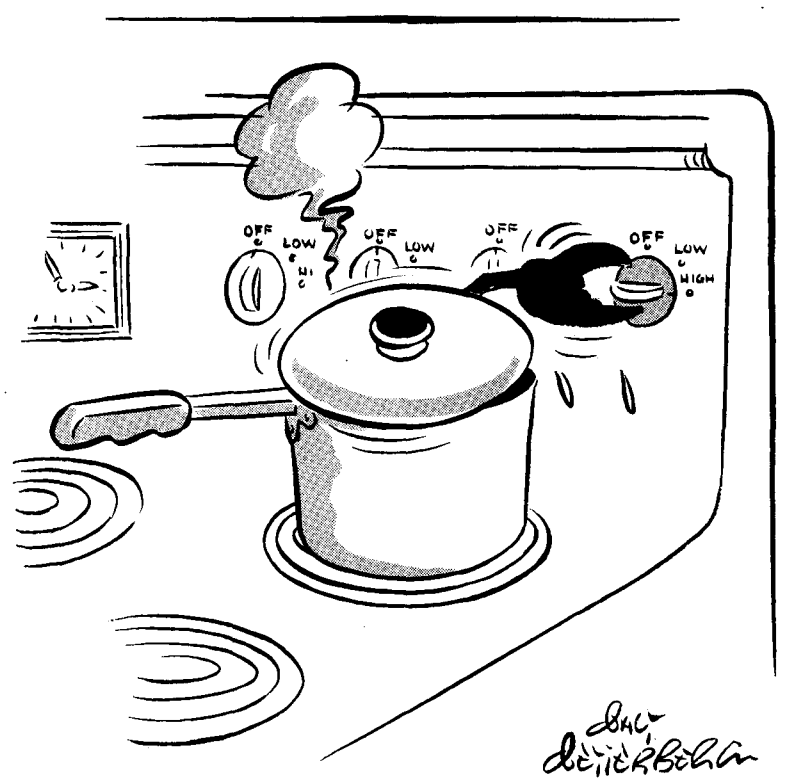
"Whoever it was. I only know it wasn't you."

"No," she whispered. Again she shuddered, even more uncontrollably than before, and I tightened my arm round her. "I'm frightened, Doctor Mason."

I was scared myself, but admitting that to this youngster wasn't likely to help her morale any. So I started talking, telling her of all the things we had found out, of the suspicions we had and of what had happened to me, and when I finished, she looked at me and said, "But why was I taken into the wireless cabin? I must have been, mustn't I?"

"You must have been," I agreed. "Why? Probably so that someone could turn a gun on you and threaten to kill you if the second officer—Jimmy Waterman, you called him, wasn't it—didn't play ball. Why else?"

"Why else?" she echoed. She gazed at me, the wide brown eyes never leaving



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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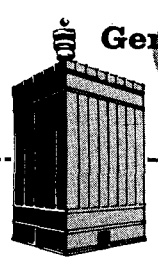

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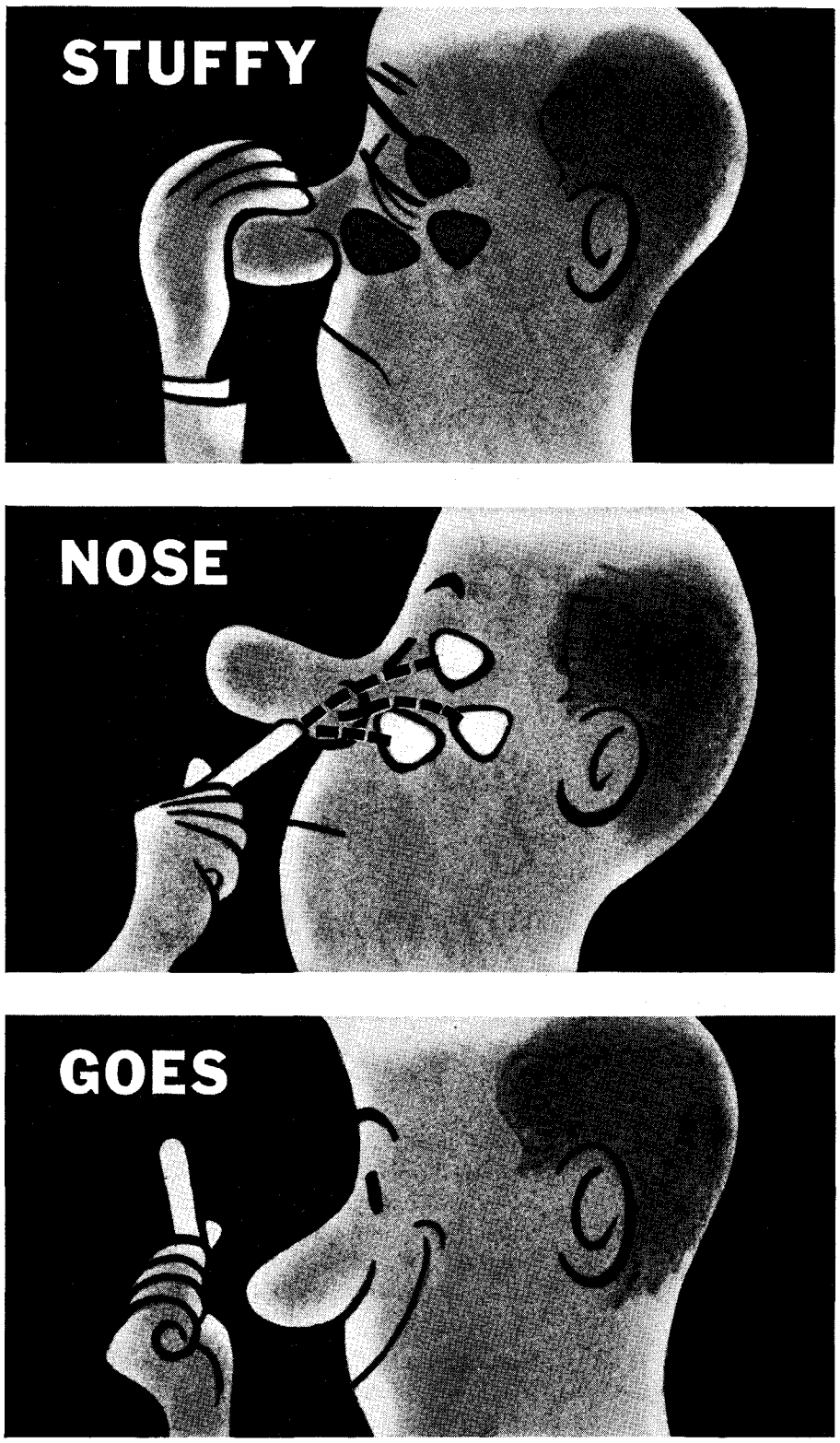

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mine, and then I could see the slow fear touching them again, and she whispered, "And who else?"

"How do you mean, 'Who else'?"

"Can't you see? If someone had a gun on Jimmy Waterman, someone else must have had one on the pilots. You can see yourself that no one could cover both places at the same time. But Captain Johnson must have been doing exactly as he was told, just as Jimmy was."

It was so glaringly obvious that a child could have seen it. Of course there must have been two of them. How else would it have been possible to force the entire crew to do as they were ordered? Nine men and women back there in the cabin, and two of them killers—ruthless, merciless killers who would surely kill again, as the needs of the moment demanded. And I couldn't even begin to guess the identity of either of them.

"You're right, of course, Miss Ross." I forced myself to speak calmly, matter-of-factly. "It was blind of me; I should have known." I remembered how the bullet had passed clear through the man in the back seat. "I *did* know, but I couldn't add one and one. Colonel Harrison and Captain Johnson were killed by different guns—the one by a heavy-carrying weapon, like a Colt or a Luger, the other by a less powerful, a lighter weapon, like something a woman might have used."

I broke off abruptly. *A woman's gun! Why not a woman using it? Why not even this girl by my side?*

"A woman's gun?" I might have spoken my thoughts aloud, so perfectly had she understood. "Perhaps even me—or should I say perhaps still me?" Her voice was unnaturally calm. "Goodness only knows I can't blame you. If I were you, I'd suspect everyone too."

She pulled glove and mitten off her left hand, took the gleaming ring off the third finger and passed it across to me. I examined it blankly in the beam of my flashlight, then bent forward as I caught sight of the tiny inscription on the inside of the gold band: J.W.–M.R. SEPT. 28, 1958. I looked up at her and she nodded, her face numb and stricken.

"Jimmy and I got engaged two months ago. This was my last flight as a stewardess—we were being married at Christmas." She snatched the ring from me, thrust it back on her finger with a shaking hand, and when she turned to me again the tears were brimming over in her eyes. "Now do you trust me?" she sobbed.

I just sat there silently watching her staring straight ahead, her fists clenched and tears rolling down her cheeks, and when she suddenly crumpled and buried her face in her hands and I reached out and pulled her toward me, she made no resistance, just turned, crushed her face into the caribou fur of my parka and cried as if her heart was breaking—and I suppose it was.

I suppose, too, that the moment when a man hears that a girl's fiancé has died only that day is the last moment that that man should ever begin to fall in love with her, but I'm afraid that's just how it was. I was clearly aware that my emotions were stirred as they hadn't been since that dreadful day, four years ago, when my wife, a bride of only three months, had been killed in a car smash and I had given up medicine, returned to my first great love, geology, completed the bachelor-of-science course that had been interrupted by the outbreak of World War II and taken to wandering wherever work, new surroundings and an opportunity to forget the past had presented themselves.

Why, when I gazed down at that small, dark head pressed so deeply into the fur of my coat, I should have felt my heart turn over I didn't know. For all her wonderful brown eyes she had no great pretensions to beauty, and I knew nothing whatsoever about her. Perhaps it was just a natural reaction from my earlier antipathy. And then I caught myself trying to work out the reasons, and I gave it up.

By and by the sobbing subsided and she straightened, hiding from me what must have been a very badly tear-stained face.

"I'm sorry," she murmured. "And thank you very much."

"My crying shoulder." I patted it with my right hand. "For my friends. The other one's for my patients."

"For that, too, but I didn't mean that. Just for not saying how sorry you were for me, or patting me or saying, 'Now, now,' or anything like that. I—I couldn't have stood it." She finished wiping her face with the palm of her mitten, looked up at me with brown eyes still swimming in tears, and I felt my heart turn over again. "Where do we go from here, Doctor Mason?"

"Back to the cabin."

"I didn't mean that."

"I know. What am I to say? I'm completely at a loss. A hundred questions, and never an answer to one of them."

"And I don't even know all the questions yet," she murmured. "It's only five minutes since I even knew that it wasn't an accident." She shook her head incredulously. "Whoever heard of a civilian airliner being forced down at pistol point?"

"I did. On the radio, just about a month ago. In Cuba—some of Fidel Castro's rebels forced a Viscount to crash-land. Only they picked an even worse spot than this—I think there were only one or two survivors."

Her mind was already off on another track. "Why—why did they kill Colonel Harrison?"

I shrugged. "Maybe he had a high resistance to Mickey Finns. Maybe he saw too much, or knew too much. Or both."

"But—but now they know *you've* seen too much and know too much." I wished she wouldn't look at me when she was talking; these eyes would have made even the Rev. Mr. Smallwood forget himself in the middle of his most thundering discourses.

"A disquieting thought," I admitted, "and one that has occurred to me several times during the past half hour. About five hundred times, I would say."

"Oh, stop it! You're probably as scared as I am." She shivered. "Let's get out of here, please! . . . What—what was that?" Her voice finished on a sharp, high note.

"What was what?" I tried to speak calmly, but that didn't stop me from glancing around nervously.

"A noise outside." Her voice was a whisper, and her fingers were digging deep into the fur of my parka. "Like someone tapping the wing or the fuselage."

"Nonsense." My voice was rough, but I was on razor edge. "You're beginning to ——"

I stopped in midsentence. This time I could have sworn I *had* heard something and it was plain that Margaret Ross had too.

I pushed her hands away, reached for gun and flashlight, jumped up and started running. In the control cabin I checked abruptly—what a fool I'd been to leave that searchlight burning and lined up on the windshields, blinding me with its glare, making me a perfect target for anyone crouching outside with a gun in hand—but the hesitation was momentary only. I dived head first through the windshield, caught a pillar at the very

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last moment and was lying flat on the ground below in less time than I would have believed possible.

I waited five seconds, just listening, but all I could hear was the moan of the wind, the hiss of the ice spicules rustling along over the frozen snow. And then I was on my feet, the probing flashlight cutting a bright swath in the darkness before me as I ran round the plane, slipping and stumbling in my haste. Twice I made the circuit, the second time in the opposite direction. There was no one there at all.

I stopped before the control cabin and called softly to Margaret Ross. She appeared at the window, and I said, "It's all right, there's no one here. We've both been imagining things. Come on down." I reached up my hands, caught her and lowered her to the ground.

"Why did you leave me up there. Why did you leave me up there?" The words came rushing out, tumbling frantically one over the other, the anger drowned in the terror. "It was—it was horrible! The dead men. . . . Why did you leave me?"

"I'm sorry." There was a time and a place for comment on feminine injustice, unreasonableness and downright illogicality, but this wasn't it. "I'm sorry," I repeated. "I shouldn't have done it. I just didn't stop to think."

She was trembling violently, so I put my arms round her and held her tightly until she had calmed down. Then I took the searchlight and battery in one hand and her hand in my other, and we walked back to the cabin together.

MONDAY: SEVEN P.M.–TUESDAY: SEVEN A.M.

Jackstraw and the others had just completed the assembly of the tractor body when we arrived back at the cabin, and some of the men were already going below.

I knew he must have missed me in the past hour, but I knew, too, that he wasn't the man to question me while the others were around. I waited till the last of these had gone below, then took him by the arm and walked out into the darkness, far enough to talk in complete privacy, but not so far as to lose sight of the yellow glow from our skylights—twice lost in the one night was twice too many.

He heard me out in silence, and at the end he said, "What are we going to do, Doctor Mason?"

"Depends. Spoken to Joss recently?"

"Fifteen minutes ago. In the tunnel."

"How about the radio?"

"I'm afraid not, Doctor Mason. He's missing some condensers and spare tubes. He's looked for them everywhere—says they've been stolen."

"Maybe they'll turn up." I didn't believe it myself.

"Two of the tubes already have. Crushed little bits of glass lying in the bottom of the snow tunnel."

"Our little friends think of everything." I swore softly. "That settles it, Jackstraw. We can't wait any longer; we'll leave as soon as possible. But first a night's sleep—that we must have."

"Uplavnik?" That was our expedition base, near the mouth of the Strömsund glacier. "Do you think we will ever get there?"

"I wouldn't like to bet on it," I said dryly. "But I'd bet even less on our chances if we stay here. Death by starvation is kind of final."

"Yes, indeed." He paused for a moment, then switched to a fresh line of thought. "You say they tried to kill you tonight. Is that not surprising? I would have thought that you and I would have been very safe, for a few days at least."

I knew what he meant. Apart from Jackstraw and myself, there probably wasn't a handful of people in all Greenland who could start that old Citroën, far less drive it; only Jackstraw could handle the dogs, and it was long odds indeed against any of the passengers' knowing anything at all about astral or magnetic-compass navigation—the latter very tricky indeed in these high latitudes.

"True enough," I agreed. "But I suspect they haven't given any thought to these things simply because they haven't realized the importance of them. We'll make it our business to point out that importance very plainly. Then we're both insured. Meantime, we'll have one last effort to clear this business up before we get started."

After he had gone below, I waited a couple of minutes and then followed him. All nine of the passengers were sitting in the cabin now—eight, rather, watching Marie LeGarde presiding over a soup pan—and I took a long, long look at all of them. It was the first time I had ever examined a group of my fellow men with the object of trying to decide which among them were murderers, and I found it a strange and unsettling experience.

In the first place, every one of them looked to me like a potential or actual murderer—or murderess—but even with that thought came the realization that this was purely because I associated murder with abnormality. But on a second and closer look, when one ignored the irrelevancies of surroundings and clothes, there remained only a group of shivering, feet-stamping, miserable and very ordinary people indeed.

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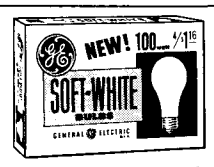

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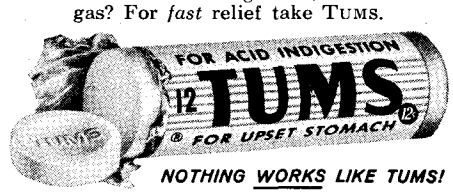

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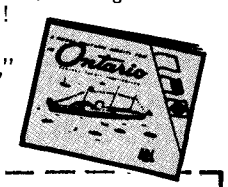

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build, the strength and, no doubt, also the speed and temperament for a top-ranking heavyweight, but he was the most unlikely-looking boxer I had ever seen. It wasn't just that he was obviously a well-educated and cultured man; it was chiefly because his face was absolutely unmarked, without even that almost invariable thickening of skin above the eyes. Moreover, I had never heard of him, although that didn't go for much.

Or take his manager, Solly Levin, or, for that matter of it, the Rev. Joseph Smallwood. Solly wasn't a New York boxing manager; he was a caricature of all I had ever heard or read about these Runyonesque characters, and he was just too good to be true. So, also, was the Rev. Mr. Smallwood, who was so exactly the meek, mild, slightly nervous, slightly anemic man of God that preachers are so frequently represented to be, that his movements, reactions, comments and opinions were predictable to the nth degree. But against that I had to set the fact that the killers were clever, calculating men who would have carefully avoided assuming the guise of any character so patently cut from cardboard; on the other hand, they might have been astute enough to do just that.

There was a question mark, too, about Corazzini. America specialized in producing shrewd, intelligent, tough business leaders and executives, and Corazzini was undoubtedly one such. But the toughness of the average businessman was purely mental. Corazzini had physical toughness as well, a ruthlessness I felt he wouldn't hesitate to apply to matters lying far outside the immediate sphere of business. Corazzini didn't fit into any pattern, any prefabricated mental image of the American businessman.

Of the two remaining men—Theodore Mahler, the little Jew, and Senator Brewster—I would have taken the former any time as the more likely suspect. But when I asked myself why, I could adduce no more damaging reasons than that he was thin, dark, rather embittered-looking and had told us absolutely nothing about himself, and if that wasn't prejudice on my part, I couldn't guess what was. As for Senator Brewster, he was surely above suspicion. And then the startling thought struck me that if one wished to be above suspicion, surely there was no better way of achieving that than by assuming the identity of someone who *was* above suspicion. How did I know he was Senator Brewster?

I was even suspicious of the women. The young German girl, Helene—Munich was her home town, near enough Central Europe and the skulduggery that went on in the neighborhood of the Iron Curtain for anything to be possible; but on the other hand, the idea of a seventeen-year-old master criminal was ridiculously far-fetched, and the fact that she had fractured her collarbone, almost sure proof that the crash had been unexpected, was a strong point in her favor. Mrs. Dansby-Gregg? She belonged to a world I knew little about, except for what slight information I had gleaned from my psychiatric brethren who found rich fishing in the troubled waters of what passed for the younger London society. Of Mrs. Dansby-Gregg, as a person, I knew nothing.

That left only Marie LeGarde. She was the touchstone, the one rock I could cling to in this sea of uncertainty, and if I were wrong about her, so too had been a million others. There are some things that are unthinkable, and this was one of them. It was as simple as that. Marie LeGarde was above suspicion.

A total silence had fallen over the cabin, and everyone was staring at me with mingled puzzlement and curiosity. So much for my impassive features, my casual, negligent ease. So clearly had I betrayed the fact that something was far wrong that not one of the nine had missed it. But to be the center of attraction at the moment suited me well enough. Jackstraw had just made his entry unobserved, a repeater rifle cradled under his arm, his finger ready through the trigger guard.

"Sorry," I apologized. "Rude to stare, I know. However, now it's your turn." I nodded in Jackstraw's direction. "Every expedition carries a gun or two—for coast use against prowling bears and wolves and to get seal meat for the dogs. I never thought that it would come in so handy right in the middle of the icecap—and against far more dangerous game than we ever find on the coast. Mr. Nielsen is a remarkably accurate shot. Don't try anything—just clasp your hands above your heads. All of you."

As if controlled by a master switch, all the eyes had now swiveled back to me. I'd had time and to spare to pull out the automatic that I'd taken off Colonel Harrison, and this time I didn't forget to slide off the safety catch. The click was abnormally loud in the frozen silence of the room. But the silence didn't last long.

"What damnable outrage is this?" Senator Brewster shouted out the words, his face purpling in rage. He leaped to his feet, started to move forward toward me, then stopped as if he had run into a brick wall. The crash of Jackstraw's rifle was a deafening, eardrum-shattering thunderclap of sound in that confined space; and when the last reverberations of the rifle shot had faded and the smoke cleared away, Senator Brewster was staring down whitely at the splintered hole in the floor boards, almost literally underneath his feet. Jackstraw must have miscalculated the senator's rate of movement, for the bullet had sliced through the edge of the sole of Brewster's shoe. However it was, the effect couldn't have been bettered—the senator reached back blindly for the support of the bunk behind him and lowered himself shakily to his seat, so terrified that he even forgot to clasp his hands above his head.

"O.K., so you mean business. Now we're convinced." It was Zagero who drawled out the words, but his hands were tightly enough clasped above his head. "We know you wouldn't do this for nothin', doc. What gives?"

"This gives," I said tightly. "Two of you people are murderers—or a murderer and murderess. Both have guns. I want those guns."

"Succinctly put, dear boy," Marie LeGarde said slowly. "Very concise. Have you gone crazy?"

"Unclasp your hands, Miss LeGarde, you're not included in this little lot. No, I'm not crazy. I'm as sane as you are, and if you want evidence of my sanity, you'll find it out on the plane there—or buried out on the icecap: the captain of the plane with a bullet through his spine, the passenger in the rear with a bullet through his heart and the second officer smothered to death. Yes, smothered. Not cerebral hemorrhage, as I said; he was murdered in his sleep."

She didn't speak at once. Nobody spoke. Everyone was too stunned, too busy fighting incredulity and trying to assimilate the meaning of the shocking news I'd given them—everyone, that is, except two. As for what I'd secretly hoped for—a guilty interchange of glances—well, the idea now seemed hopelessly, laughably improbable. Whoever the killers were, they were in perfect control of themselves. I felt despair touch me, a sure knowledge of defeat.

"I must believe you." Marie LeGarde spoke as slowly as before, but her voice was unsteady and her face drained of color. She looked at Margaret Ross. "You knew of this, my dear?"

"Half an hour ago, Miss LeGarde. Doctor Mason thought I had done it."

"Good heavens! How—how utterly ghastly! How horrible! Two of us murderers. Suppose—suppose you tell us everything, Doctor Mason?"

I told them everything. No secrecy would mean each and every one of the passengers watching the others like hawks, making my task of constant vigilance all that much easier, the killers' chance of making further mischief all that more difficult.

"You will stand up one at a time," I said when I'd finished. "Mr. London will search you for your guns. When your turn comes, stand very still indeed and make no suspicious move, not the slightest. I'm not very good with a pistol, and I shall have to aim at the middle of your bodies to make certain."

"I believe you would at that," Corazzini said thoughtfully.

"It doesn't matter what you believe," I said coldly. "Just don't be the one to find out." TO BE CONTINUED

Let's Face It

There's an old saying that hindsight is better than foresight. But let's see. Here is a rear view of a person whose face you would quickly recognize. To help identify him, we can tell you that he comes under some—but not all—of the following classifications:

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3. A recently retired labor leader.
4. A noted musician.
5. A fiery orator.

Max Brandel

CORRECT ANSWER:

John L. Lewis, retired United Mine Workers leader.

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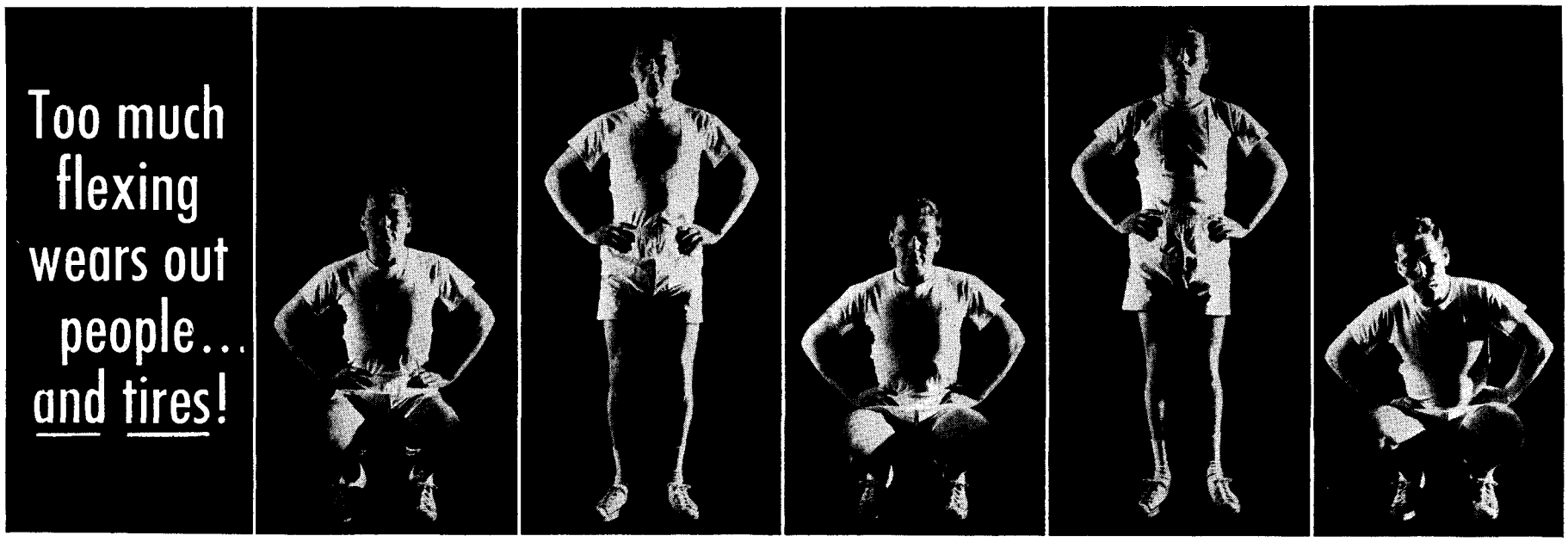

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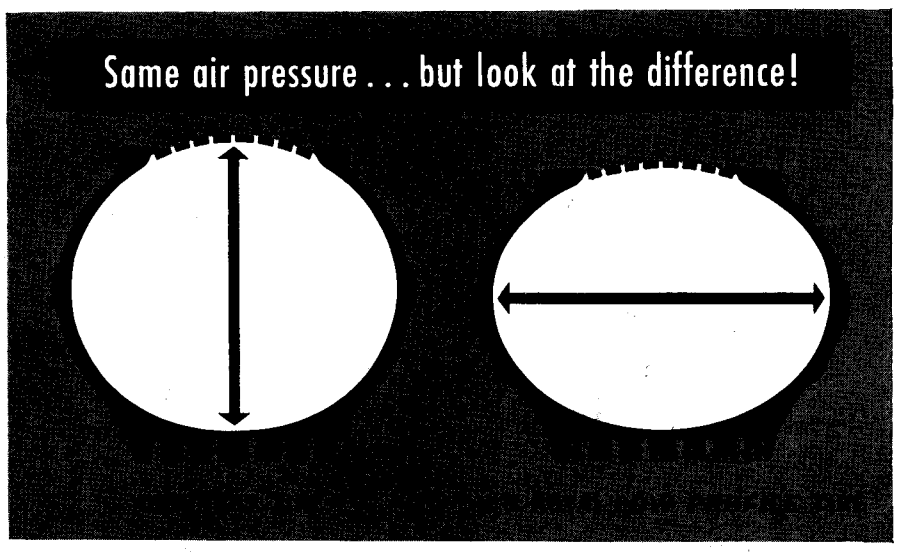

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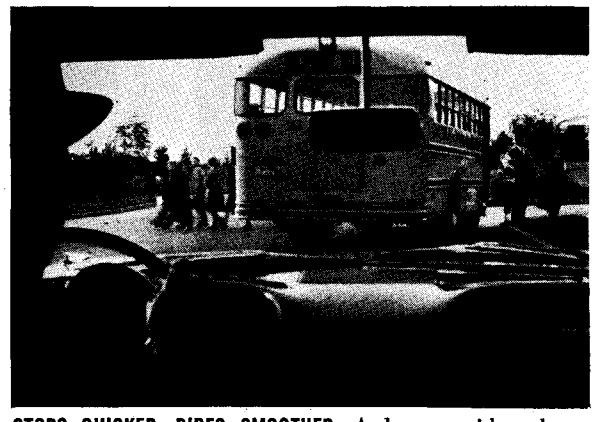

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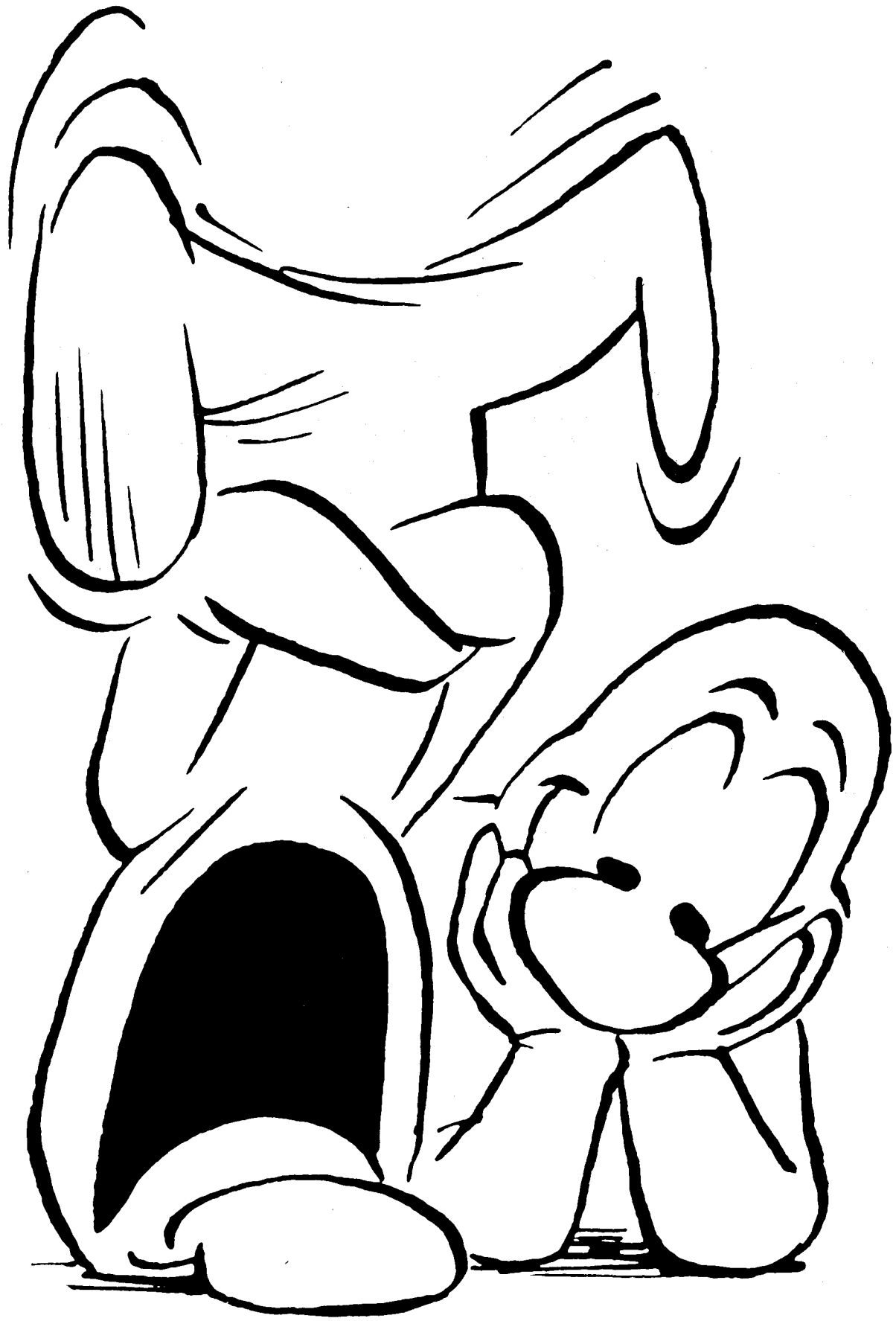

HOW TO STAND OUT IN

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Well, you can always stand on your head.

And you can, if you wish, make your advertising stand out the same way:—print it upside down, maybe even run the commercial backwards.

But a better way is to locate in a busy place where lots of people pass back and forth every day. *A place where they can't miss you.*

And the POST's pages are the busiest marketplace in America; they hum with reader activity.

Each week POST editors light another fire that makes the others just a little paler by comparison. And each week POST readers jump to it with rekindled enthusiasm for POST fiction, fact, and humor.

Here's where advertisers strike sparks. In the POST they meet—face to face—readers who are hitting the high-income road. They already have the highest median income of any group of readers in the general weekly field.

Their higher income helps explain why they so often are first to buy and try the new, after reading about it in the POST.

There are sound reasons for POST readers' active interests and buying habits:

- They're younger men and women. And being young, they get around more, influencing people on every social and spending level.
- But most important, *they talk about and recommend the things they've turned up in or bought through The Saturday Evening Post.*

It's because POST readers are what they are—head and shoulders above the rest in word-of-mouth influence—that they are called POST INFLUENTIALS.

They're standouts in any crowd.

And the best way to reach them is in the lively pages of the magazine they turn to again and again—with such *frequency* that your ad page is exposed directly before their eyes 30,861,000 times each issue.

If your advertisement appears in this issue of the POST, it is selling your product *faster* . . . getting it talked about *everywhere!*

THE CROWD

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Saturday Evening POST

the HI-FREQUENCY medium

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The nearsighted MISTER MAGOO

"This is an elephant, my boy. Has the longest nose in the animal kingdom—and the longest memory. Which reminds me, I must pick up a 4-pack of new smaller, brighter General Electric 100-watt bulbs. By George, no home should be without a *trunk*-ful of spare G-E bulbs!"

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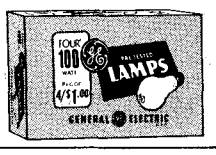
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



IT'S EASY TO SEE THE BEST BULBS ARE G-E

LOWEST PRICE EVER!

VICTOR Cash Register

Now Only $149.00

A full protection Cash Register—and an adding machine. Enforced registration, designation keys, locked-in information. Totals 9999.99. Two machines for the price of one. Save now at your Office Supply, Typewriter store, Victor Branch or dealer listed in the yellow pages or write:

VICTOR ADDING MACHINE CO. Dept. P-3, Chicago 18, Illinois

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GRAVY MASTER

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate . . . If your druggist doesn't have Klutch, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

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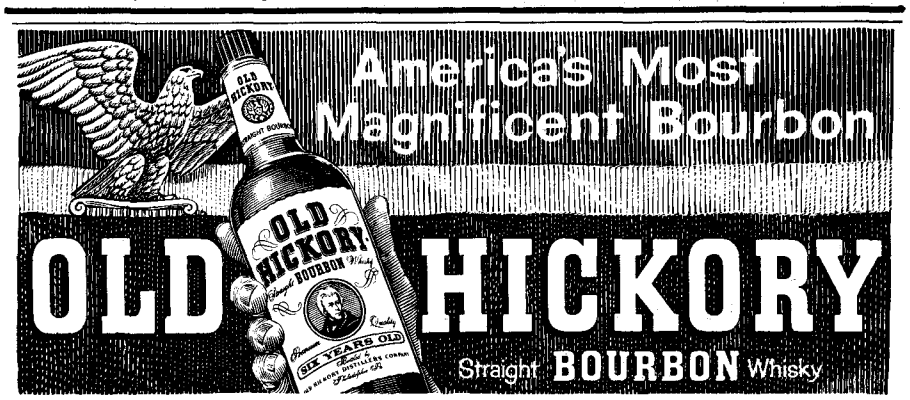
This mark appears only on genuine Barre Vermont Granite . . . the *permanent* stone for monuments.



86 PROOF · OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Marry Her Off (Continued from Page 37)

the time of day, they'd most likely run us off with a gun."

"Now hold on," I told him; "you know Anse would never allow anybody to treat his friends like that."

"Not today, maybe, but you let some sweet-talking woman get hold of him for a while and he won't know whether to feed the hogs or wind his watch."

"That's one thing I'll say for Elvira, there's nothing sweet-talking about her."

"Not to you and me, maybe, but you should have heard her the other night talking to this fellow from the city."

"What fellow was that?"

"Hubert Snyder," Perly said. "He's got some kind of unusual ideas. Like when you go in a store and buy something, the reason you do it is you're mad at somebody or you want to show off. That's the business he's in. Motivation, they call it."

"He's never going to make it pay," I said. "I bought a sack of buckwheat flour yesterday, but the only reason was I spilled a can of coal oil on the old sack."

"All you're doing is showing off your ignorance," Perly said. "Chances are you were uneasy about something, but once you got a dozen or so flapjacks in your stomach, why, you felt more logy and secure. There's a big buckwheat company in the city that spends thousands of dollars just to find out such things as that."

All this talk was making me hungry, so I mixed up some batter and heated up the griddle. "Pull up a chair," I told Perly. "I don't want to hear any more of that hogwash."

"I can't help feeling uneasy about Elvira," he said. "It makes me mad just to think about those Swansons."

"I feel just like you do," I said.

Perly looked at me for a minute, smiling, and then he reached out his knife and helped himself to the cakes. That was when it really hit home—there I was, feeling mad and uneasy, and the next thing I knew I was cooking griddlecakes just the way Hubert had said. "What are the pancake companies going to think of next?" I asked Perly.

"There isn't anything simple about it," Perly said. "I must have talked to Hubert close to half an hour before I understood all the ins and outs of it. There's such things as power and security all mixed into it, and maybe somebody else buys something because he's mad at his father."

"You think we could motivate Anse and Elvira?"

"It works," Perly said. "You proved that with the pancakes. All we got to do is study up on it. Let's go over and start on Anse."

It didn't take Perly long to get his car started, so we headed out. "We'll go at it kind of roundabout," he said, "talk about security and health and the like."

"That's the ticket," I said. "Tell him if he wants to stay healthy he'd better marry Elvira."

"Maybe you'd better let me do the talking," Perly said.

Anse was out back of his house running water into a barrel when we drove up. There were nine more barrels in his truck. Perly looked at me and then he turned to Anse. "What you got in mind?" he asked.

"I want to get these barrels full of water so they'll swell up and won't leak," Anse said. "I just bought them last night."

"Elvira was figuring on going to a dance with you last night," Perly said.

"That was before I heard about the barrels," Anse said. "I explained all that to Elvira over the phone. You don't always have a chance to buy barrels for a dollar apiece."

"I suppose a man that's got ten barrels sitting in his yard feels a little superior to the fellow that lives next door," Perly said.

Anse looked up kind of surprised. "Do you think so? The way I look at it you can always find use for a few barrels around a farm."

"You're sure you weren't mad at anybody when you bought them?" I asked him.

Anse put down the hose and went over and got another barrel out of the truck. "Well, I did get mad at Howard down at the store—he sold me a sack of flour with a hole in it. I don't know if that's any help to you."

It wasn't any help to me. When I got mad, I bought a sack of flour, and then Anse got mad at some flour and bought ten barrels, and now Perly was going to try to motivate the whole thing. I wished him all the luck in the world.

"I haven't got much to leave behind me," he said, "but I do have a daughter, and when somebody invites her to a dance and then leaves her standing there in order to go out and buy some barrels—well, it makes a man stop and think."

Anse was kind of puzzled. "What do you think I'm going to put my cider in if I don't have any barrels? And my elderberry wine? You've always been glad to have a glass of something or other up to now."

"Not if it's a question of a girl's happiness," Perly said. He got in the car and slammed the door. I got in the other side, and we headed back to my place.

"That Anse can sure be aggravating at times," I said. "What do those barrels hold—fifty gallons?"

Perly stamped down hard on the gas pedal. "Every time I think about those no-account Swansons lording it over everybody and taking advantage of Anse I get so mad I lose my taste for cider." He pulled up in back of my house. "If you want to move that old cradle out of the way," he said, "I'll back over there in the shade. I want to change a tire."

"I noticed it was flat when we left Anse's," I told him. After we got it changed we went in the house.

"Looks like we've got our work cut out," Perly said. "Anse is a pretty level-headed fellow mostly, but when it comes to pushing or trying to hurry him in any way, you might as well try to teach a hog to shoot pool. That's why we've got to figure out this motivation—do it scientific."

I got out a jug of mulberry wine I had put by. "Nobody could put it any better than that."

"Much obliged." Perly took a swallow. "The first scientific rule is to put down all your ideas so you know where you stand."

I took a drink. "You got any ideas?" I asked.

Perly filled his pipe and lighted it. "No," he said.

Man of the World

A rolling stone, though
minus moss,
Acquires such a handsome
gloss!

Margaret McKeever Ellert

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"Me neither."

He reached for the jug and filled his glass again. "Well," he said, "that's a start."

I noticed by the clock it was getting late. "I expect Elvira's going to wonder what became of you," I said. "It's close to suppertime."

Perly scratched a match and lighted his pipe again. "Time sure goes fast when you're busy."

"When you live on a farm, there's always plenty to do," I said.

Perly stood up. "Let's go over and see if Elvira's got supper ready." When we got to the car, we found the tire flat again, but it didn't seem worth while pumping it up for such a short trip.

On the way over we tried to figure out how we were going to handle Elvira.

She's an awful uneasy sort of housekeeper—always changing things around and dusting them off and so on. "She carries on like that every time she gets mad at Anse," Perly said. "There's times when I hate to come home at night for fear she's moved the cellar steps." We went in the house.

"You've got to remember womenfolks are unreasonable," I told him. . . . "Hello, Elvira." She came through the door with a pail and mop.

"I'm glad you could come," she said. "There's your hat."

"You can guess again," I said. "I didn't even wear any hat."

"You're right," she said. "You dropped it back of the lilac bush the other night when you fell off the porch."

"That's a mighty fine way to treat company," Perly said.

"Go out and cool off," she said. "I'll let you know when supper's ready."

Perly and I went out and sat on the steps. "I mean it," he said. "If you just walked off and never came back, it would serve her right."

"No point in being too hard on the girl," I said. "She means well."

As a matter of fact, she put out a real good supper—fried potatoes with ham gravy and eggs and peach pie. It seemed to me Anse ought to be willing to overlook a few faults. I told her so too.

"That's nice of you," she said.

Perly helped himself to another slice of pie. "I'm not getting any younger," he said, "and the day will come when I can't provide for you any more."

"I wouldn't worry," she said. "I'll bet in ten years you'll be earning just as much as you are now."

"I know I'd rest easier in my grave," he said, "if I knew my little girl was being looked after by some steady young fellow that owned his own place."

"And in the meantime you could borrow his hounds," she said. "That's all the three of you are interested in, anyhow—hunting and fishing and telling lies."

"Well, naturally," Perly said, "that may seem pretty lowbrow to you and your fancy friends, but it's good enough for the President and the governor and the King of Greece ——"

"You left out the Pope," Elvira said.

"Any time the fish are biting," Perly said, "he's more than welcome, and that goes for the rest of them."

"I just hope you'll let me know when you're expecting them," Elvira said. "I'll pull down the Murphy bed."

I got up and put on my hat. "Much obliged for the supper. I guess I'd better look in on Anse and see how he's feeling."

Elvira threw a handful of silverware into the dishpan. "What makes you think he's feeling any different than usual?"

"The doctor didn't want to say one way or the other," I said. "He did mention that a man living alone will commence grieving over some woman or other and not pay any heed to what he eats. Like as not he'll fry all the calories out of his food before he ever gets it to the table."

"Anse never told me he was seeing a doctor."

"He isn't the type who wants anybody to worry over him. No, if he knew you had found somebody better, I don't doubt it would be a great comfort to him during the time that he's got left." Just then the door opened and Anse came in with a ten-gallon keg on his shoulder.

"The doctor tell you to take a little exercise?" she asked.

"I brought over some cider," he said. "What doctor was that?"

She gave me a long look before she answered him. "Never mind," she said. "Have a piece of pie. I don't think you've been getting all your calories."

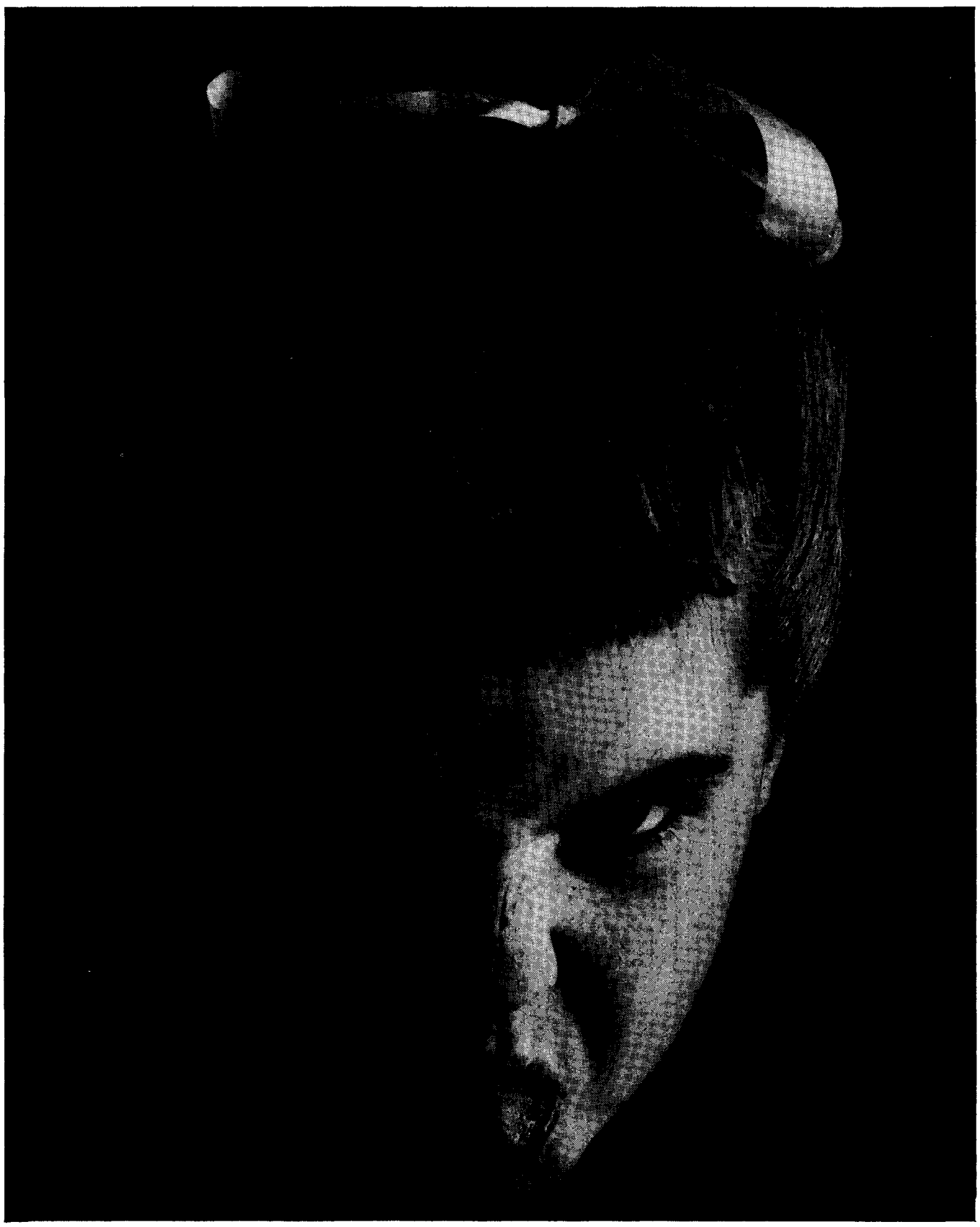
"Much obliged," he said. "I'm sorry I couldn't get around to taking you to the dance."

"It worked out fine," she told him. "I'm going to a dance tonight. I've got to go up now and change."

Perly filled a pitcher from the keg and passed around some glasses. "It don't look right to me," he said. "A fellow letting his girl go off dancing with somebody else."

Anse picked up his glass and leaned back. "No harm in that," he said. "She enjoys dancing. Matter of fact, I do too. We went to a dance last Christmas, or maybe it was the year before. Anyhow, we had a fine time." We had another drink, and Hubert came in. We shook hands all around.

"This is certainly a pleasure," he said. "Elvira has told me so many nice things about (*Continued on Page 122*)



what should I do, Dr. Spock?

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL A CURTIS PUBLICATION

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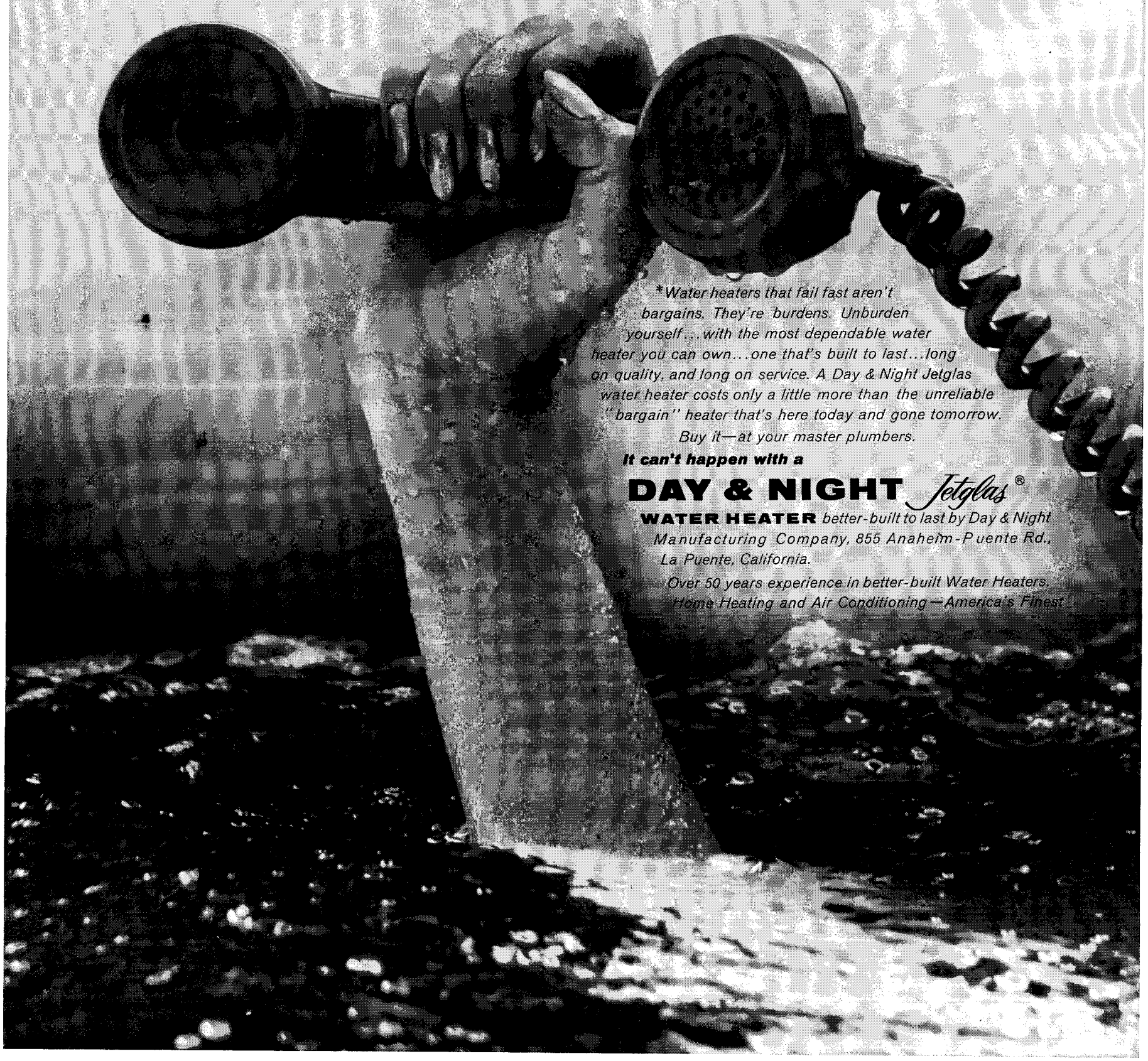
but not enough to buy me new linoleum!
The $10 we saved won't even be a down
payment on what we need now!
Some bargain!"*



*Water heaters that fail fast aren't bargains. They're burdens. Unburden yourself...with the most dependable water heater you can own...one that's built to last...long on quality, and long on service. A Day & Night Jetglas water heater costs only a little more than the unreliable "bargain" heater that's here today and gone tomorrow. Buy it—at your master plumbers.

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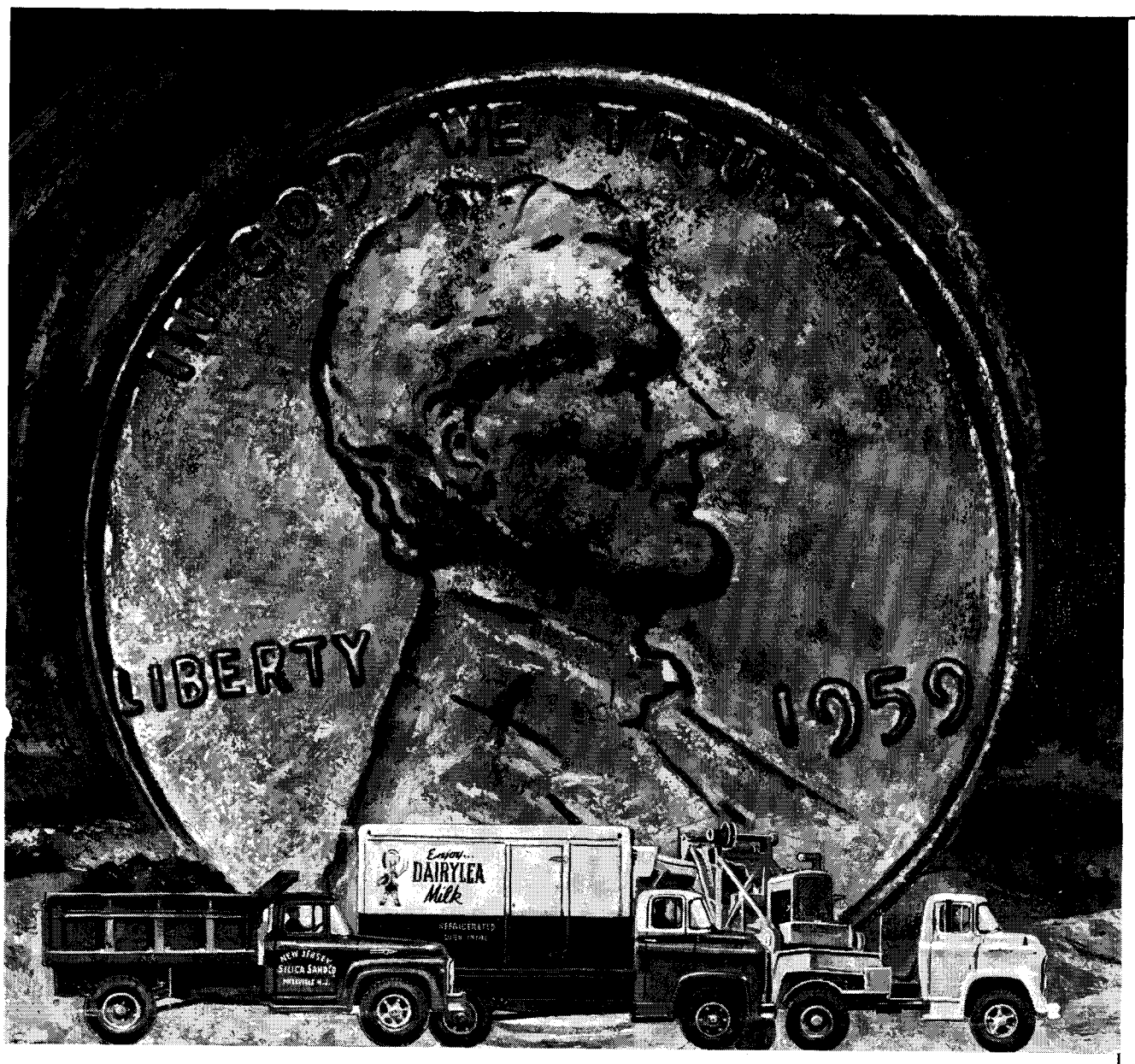
The Transmission with the "Automatic Brain"

Saves these truckers a penny a mile and more!



Saving 4 cents a mile on tough sand hauls...

New Jersey Silica Sand used to replace 8 axles and 3 clutches a year on average stick-shift truck – but Allison Automatics ended this expense, also save 3 to 4 gallons of gas per 8-hour shift. Annual operating and maintenance savings on 14 trucks: $10,000.

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Now available from five truck manufacturers under these trade names:

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The Allison Transmission is the *only* fully automatic transmission available today in medium- and heavy-duty trucks. Drive-train protection, less trip time, greater driving and safety benefits—assure less downtime and provide savings far greater than the nominal cost of the transmission. Ask your dealer *now* about these and other savings which can be yours with the Allison Automatic. Or write: Allison, Box 894, Indianapolis 6, Indiana.

Allison **fully AUTOMATIC TRUCK TRANSMISSIONS**

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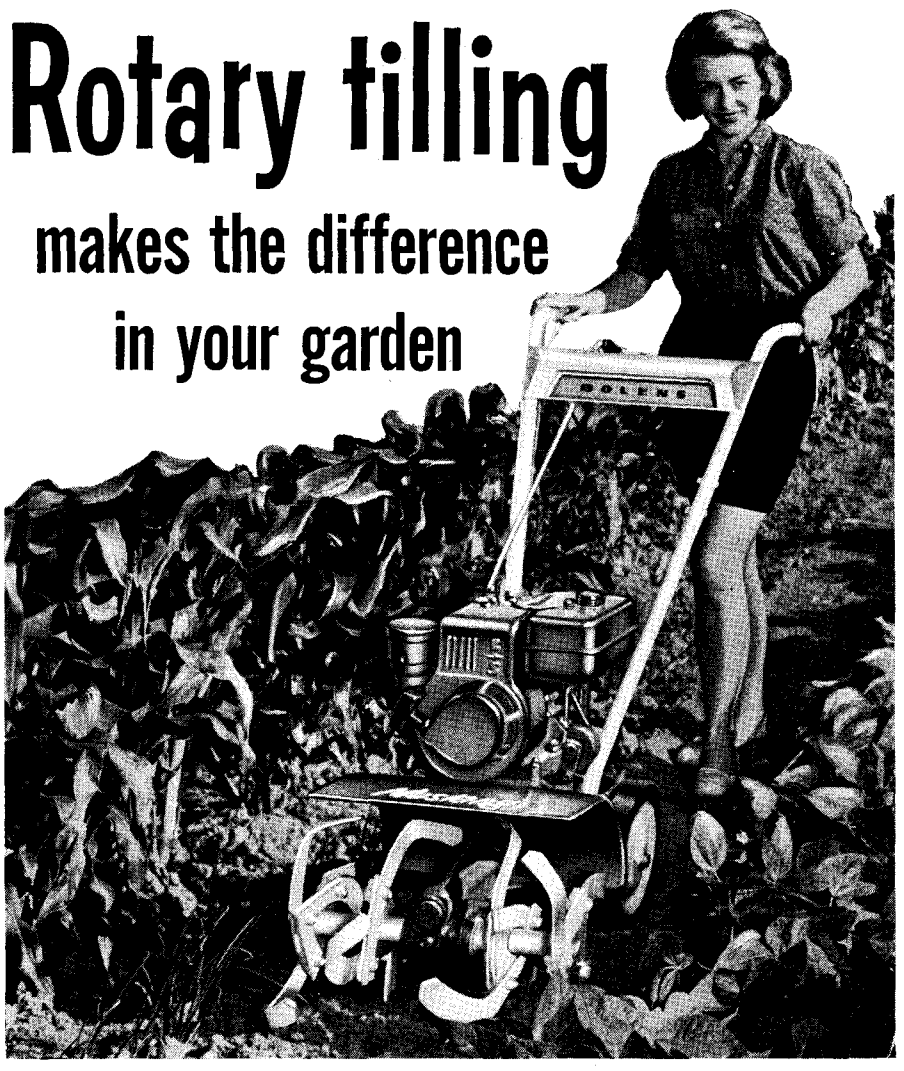
Rotary tilling
makes the difference in your garden



BOLENS makes the difference in Rotary tillers

Better gardens from start to finish with less work . . . that's the beauty of Bolens famous Mustang rotary tillers. Prepare and care for your garden soil just like professional gardeners and nurserymen do with a Mustang tiller that is safe, simple and easy to operate. Gently blends manure, compost, cover crops down into the soil for quick decomposition into plant-boosting humus. Leaves the soil porous and aerated for better moisture absorption and retention, less run-off and erosion. Weeds and cultivates at high speed with easily attached tine extensions. If you're proud of your garden and short on time, get a Bolens Mustang tiller for *better* gardening the *easy* way.

BOLENS MUSTANG TILLERS FOR EVERY GARDEN...a price for every budget

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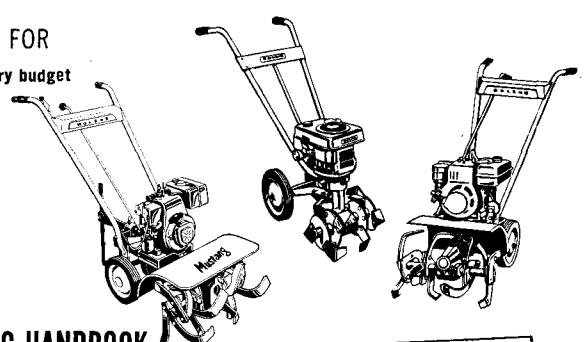

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BOLENS
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Food Machinery & Chemical Corporation
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fmc

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(*Continued from Page 119*) you." Perly looked at him. "Elvira who?"

"I'd like to know you all a lot better," Hubert said. Perly poured him a drink.

"Why don't you tell us about this motivation?" Perly asked. "Like you were explaining it to me."

"I'd be glad to," Hubert said. "You see, my job is to find out why people buy things. They don't always do it for the same reason."

"Why sure," Anse said. "If a fellow has a hole in his pants, that won't cause him to buy a new shirt. Not usually."

"That's a good point," Hubert said. "You see, a pair of pants is more a symbol of authority—the head of the house wears the pants, and so on. But a shirt is more like the bright plumage of the bird—worn to attract the female."

I noticed Hubert was wearing a shirt with red and yellow checks—Anse's shirt was plain tan. That didn't look good to me. Perly shook his head—he must have noticed it too. He was wearing a green shirt that was left over from the time he worked at the filling station for half a day.

Elvira came downstairs. "Well, off to the ball," she said.

"Have a good time," Perly said, "and don't do anything I wouldn't do."

Elvira patted him on the head. "I'm not going to look for a job, if that's what you mean."

We could hear Hubert's car go out the drive. Anse was looking at his glass. "You figure Elvira really goes for that fellow?" I had the notion he was a little worried.

Perly got to his feet. "Sit down, Anse. I want to talk to you." Anse was sitting down already, so Perly sat down. "You take a high-spirited young girl, and she's naturally going to be interested in a fellow from New York City and cultured to boot. Then you compare him with some fellow that sits around with fish scales all over his pants and talks about dogs most of the while—well, you see what I mean, present company excepted."

Anse looked puzzled. "Elvira likes fish and dogs ——"

"Try and stick to the point," Perly told him. "A woman isn't the same as a man—that's what you've got to get through your head. They're interested in speeches about poets and old fans—things that are sort of delicate."

"Your best bet," I told Anse, "is to get in some kind of argument with this Hubert fellow and knock him flat. That's the kind of thing any woman can understand."

Anse finished his cider and got up. "I'll think it over," he said. "You want me to drive you home?" It seemed like a good idea.

For the next couple of days I didn't see much of Anse; there was too much to do around the place. Perly stopped by, and we dug some worms. After that we went out to look for mushrooms, but there hadn't been enough rain, so we looked for arrowheads instead. We didn't find any of those either. The third morning, when Perly drove in, he was all upset.

"Anse has got himself another girl," he said. "Out from the city." He got as far as the porch and sat down on the steps.

This was a surprise to me. "I thought he was sweet on that Swanson girl."

"Oh, heavens," Perly said, "that was just an example I used. This girl is definite. She's over there right now telling Anse we ought to do this and we ought to do that, just as if she owned the place."

"Is that a fact?" I said.

Perly took off his hat and slammed it on the ground. "Did I ever say anything that wasn't a fact?"

We got in the car and started over to Anse's. "You got any ideas?" he asked. I didn't.

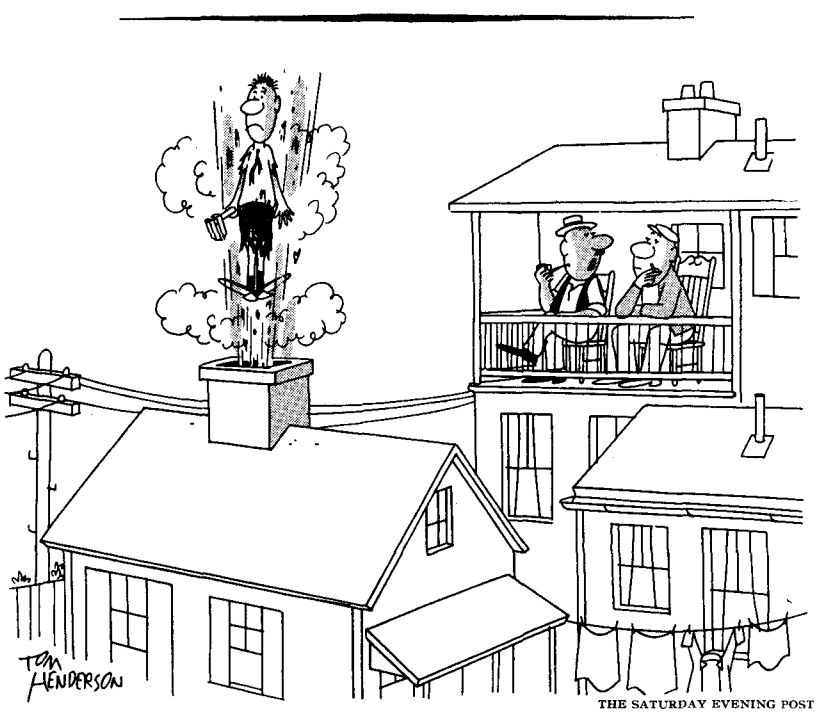
"Like I always say," Perly said, "if a thing is worth doing, I better do it myself." We turned in the drive. "Just leave me handle it," he said.

We located Anse in the kitchen with this girl by the name of Nadia. She was a thin, dark-haired woman that spent most of her time walking up and down and lighting cigarettes. It was plain enough she would never suit Anse—she'd scare all the fish away for one thing. And the way she talked was something special. Every time she spoke to Anse or me, it was "darling" this and "darling" that. Well, I know there are some men that a woman can't help but take a fancy to, and maybe she was that kind. But she even called Perly darling. It seems to me that a girl with any self-respect had ought to draw the line somewheres.

But this Nadia was a real ball of fire. She had Anse shoved up against the wall, and he just stood nodding his head. She was telling him about knocking out a wall when I decided to take a hand. "How many brothers have you got?" I asked her.

"They like to hunt and fish?" Perly said.

That seemed to set her back on her heels. "Don't need to answer unless you've a mind to," Perly told her.



"Wheeler does all his own furnace repairs."

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"As a matter of fact I have three brothers, and they're crazy about hunting and fishing," she said. "What do you two do, anyhow—tell fortunes?"

"Just our own," I said.

I got hold of Perly, and we headed back to my place. "The only thing we've got to do," he said, "is to work it so Anse and Elvira motivate more toward each other."

"What about Hubert?"

"Well, now, there's a point." Perly took off his hat and scratched his head. "You know that old abandoned stone quarry just north of my place."

"It's an awful long walk from the road."

"That's true, all right," Perly admitted. "And besides that, you and me would have to walk back. No, we'll have to work out something else." But we never did. Perly had got the notion the fish would be biting, so we went back to the creek and caught a nice mess of bluegills for supper. Then it turned out there wasn't any stove wood, but Perly noticed an old churn behind the door, and we broke that up and it burned fine.

After supper Perly went home and I went to bed. It's all very well for city people to stay up half the night, but you take a fellow that's in the woods and fields all day, and he needs his rest.

Perly drove in the next morning. "You want some fish?" I asked him. "I've got a lot of bluegills left over from supper."

A small town is where you know almost everybody, almost everybody knows you, and your banker knows the balance.

S. OMAR BARKER

"Hubert's going back to the city tomorrow," he said. "I think he's going to ask Elvira to go along."

"They might as well have some, too—they won't keep long in this kind of weather—the fact is, they just barely kept up to now."

Perly walked up to the table and kicked over a chair. "Can't you get anything through your head? If Elvira goes away, Anse is a sitting duck for any woman that wants him. And all you can do is stand there and talk about fish."

"I'm as broad-minded as the next fellow," I said. "Forget the fish."

"No sense letting them go to waste." He wrapped up a couple in newspaper and put them in his pocket. "Now what we'll do is take Elvira over to Anse's place this afternoon so she'll get a chance to see what she's giving up. We'll stop by and pick you up."

I washed up and put on a shirt with a collar and a collar button, and about two o'clock Elvira and Perly came by and picked me up. I got in the back seat. I noticed Perly had dressed up too. He had on his Spanish War hat. I don't mean he was ever in the war, but he got the hat from some fellow that had two.

"Just circle around behind that tree," Perly told her. "and head on out the drive."

"How do you want me to go around the tree?" Elvira asked. "Drive over those bedsprings?"

"Do what you have a mind to," he said. "I didn't come here to start an argument."

I got out my mouth harp and started to play *The Death of Homer Green*, and pretty soon Perly commenced to sing the words, and then Elvira joined in. It's a sad song about a bus driver whose girl gets blown off a mountain by a hurricane, so Homer drives his bus off the very same spot. In the last verse the lovers are reunited and go walking up the golden stairs hand in hand, with the bus passengers scattering flowers all around. It's a lovely song. By the time we got to Anse's we were going at a great rate. We pulled up in back of another car—Hubert's.

"I didn't know Hubert was going to be here," Elvira said. "It looks like he's brought a friend." She sort of stiffened up like a cat in a strange yard. Hubert was sitting on the porch steps with Nadia leaning over his shoulder. Anse came out the back door and waved.

He introduced Elvira and Nadia, and they said hello, and Hubert shook hands with everybody, and Perly kept asking if it wasn't real nice getting together like this, and I thought nothing was going to shut him up.

Nadia started pointing out all the changes she figured ought to be made, and Elvira was taking it all in.

"We're going to rip out this partition," Nadia said, "and put in a planter with indirect lights."

"That's a wonderful idea," Elvira said. "When Anse comes in at night, it will be just the place for him to sit and empty the gravel out of his boots."

"I wish I were more like you," Nadia told her, "but I'm the helpless type. You look like you could do so many things—cook cabbage, pitch hay ——"

Elvira looked at her. "Every day I think of something new I might do."

The four young folks trailed around the house, while I and Perly stood back and looked on. "You ever see anything work out any better?" he asked me. "This motivation is a wonderful thing."

"Nothing better," I said. "Elvira isn't even speaking to Anse—she's about ready to take off for the city with this Hubert."

"You hadn't ought to worry so much," Perly said. "Want a piece of fruitcake? Nadia brought it to the party. If you'll lend me your knife, I'll cut you a piece."

"What's the matter with your own knife?" I asked him.

"I just whetted it up real good," he said, "and it looks like this cake runs pretty heavy to orange rind and peach pits."

That was when the rest of them came back in the room. Elvira and Nadia were having a pretty lively conversation, which I couldn't make out, and then Hubert grabbed Elvira by the shoulder and pulled her around, and Anse grabbed Hubert and sat him on the floor.

"Anse, you ought to be ashamed," Elvira said.

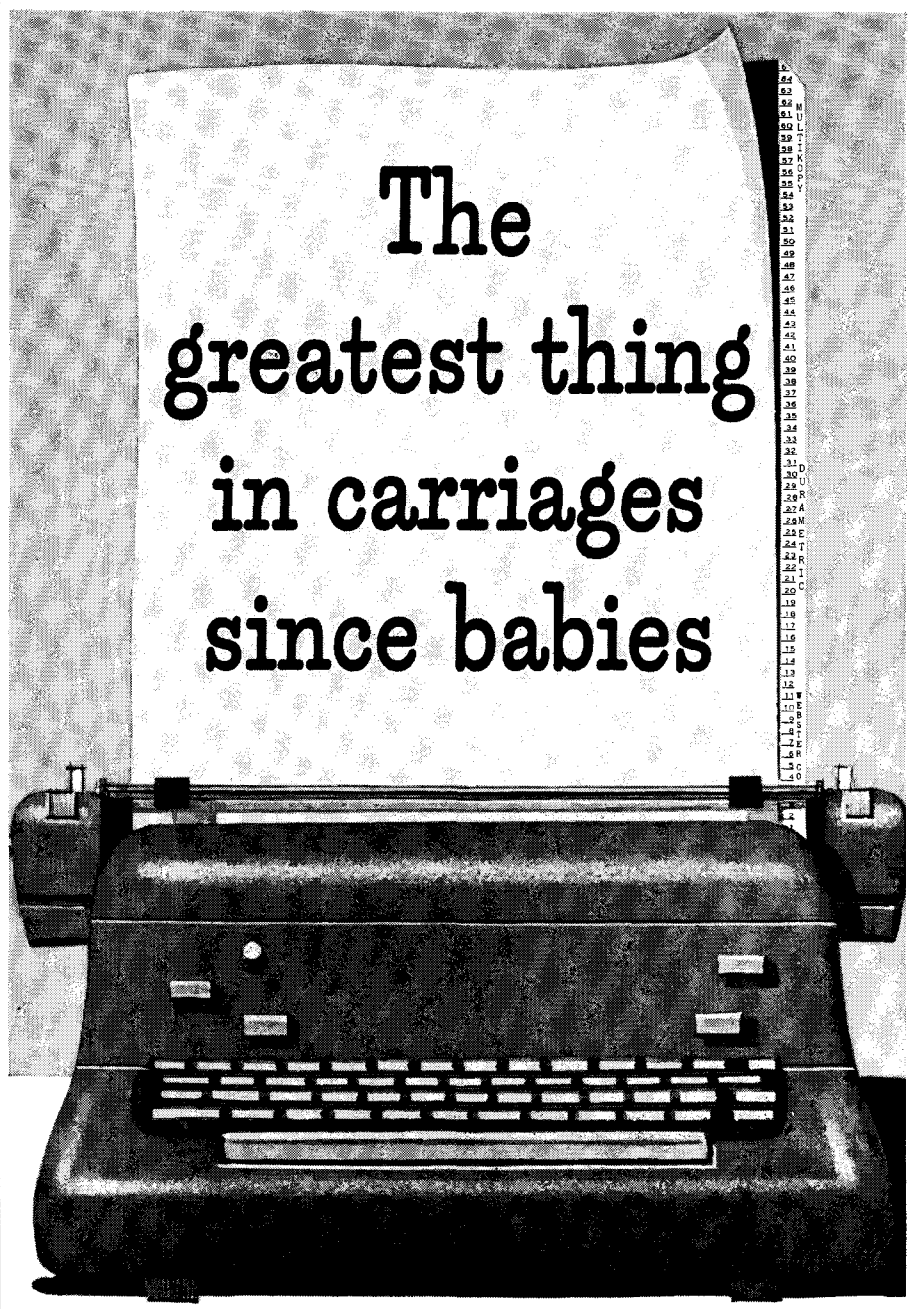
"Never mind." Hubert got hold of the table and pulled himself up. "No hard feelings." And he held out his hand.

"I guess maybe it was my fault," Anse said. He reached out to shake hands, and Hubert caught him with a left, and Anse went backward over the rocking chair. He rolled over and sat up grinning. "You know, Hubert," he said, "I got to give you more credit than I gave you credit for."

Hubert brushed off his pants and pulled down his shirt sleeves. "Perhaps you would be interested in knowing," he said, "I won the light-heavyweight title at Yale."

"That's pretty interesting," Perly said. "I used to know the heavyweight champion there—weighed only one hundred sixty-two pounds." He had it timed just right. Hubert turned to look, and Perly heaved the fruitcake at him. The only trouble was, Perly never could throw for sour apples, and the fruitcake caught me right between the eyes.

The next thing I remember Elvira was putting a wet dishcloth on my head.



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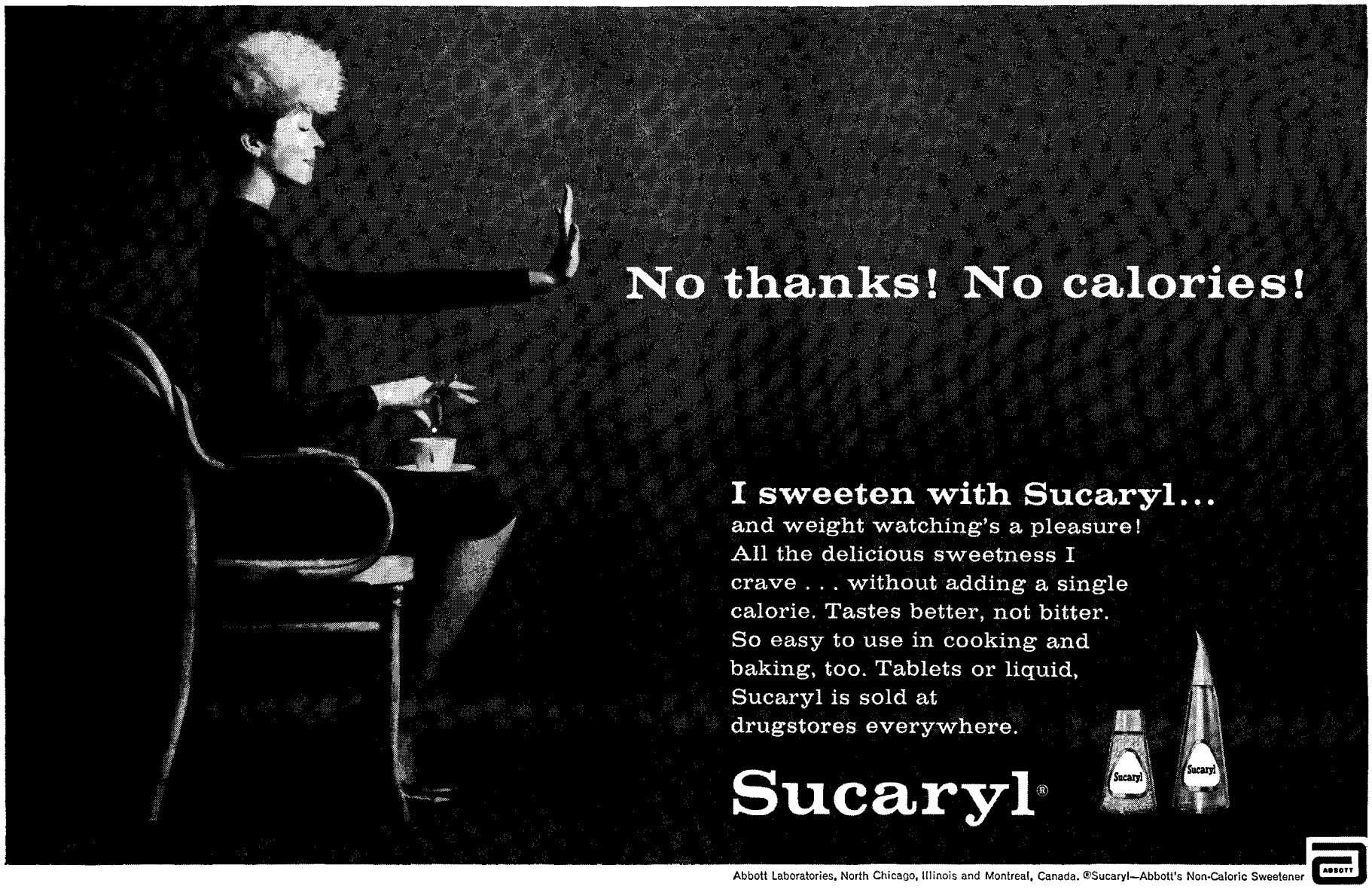


Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. ®Sucaryl—Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener

"Just stay where you are," she said. "I'm going to call the doctor."

"No need of all that," Perly said to me. "I recall the time you fell off that twenty-foot ladder and you didn't call any doctor."

"I didn't fall," I told him. "You were supposed to steady the ladder, and instead you knocked it over chasing some dog."

"It was a real good-looking hound," Perly said, "and he didn't have any collar that I could see."

"Where's my glass of cider?" I asked.

"You haven't got any," Anse said. "Elvira poured it over Nadia."

It didn't seem like everything was as clear as it might be. "The last I knew, Anse was on the floor," I said. "Nadia wasn't even in the picture."

"She got into it fast," Perly said. "About the second time Hubert hit the floor, she started for Anse with his guitar, and that's when Elvira stepped in. Nadia decided the place had been decorated enough, and Hubert took her home."

"Come to think of it," Anse said, "I never did get around to paying her."

Elvira reached over and took hold of the guitar. "Oh?"

He looked at Elvira. "It was supposed to be a surprise, you see. I couldn't decide whether to have you go ahead and change things around to suit you, or have a professional decorator and surprise you. Looks like it's worked out about half and half."

Elvira studied him for a moment. "What does all this have to do with me?"

Anse seemed a little puzzled. "Well, I always figured you'd be living here someday, and I wanted to have things the way you'd like them."

"And what gave you the notion that I'd be living here?"

"You remember we talked it over that time we went to the firemen's ball?"

"The firemen's ball?" she said. "Good heavens, that was years ago."

Anse nodded. "You remember you said at the time you didn't want to get married right away."

"Do you always have to do everything I say?" she asked. "If you're any kind of a man, you ought to argue a little."

"I'll give you all the argument you want," he said, "if you'll just stop talking for a minute ——"

"Now hold on a minute," Perly said.

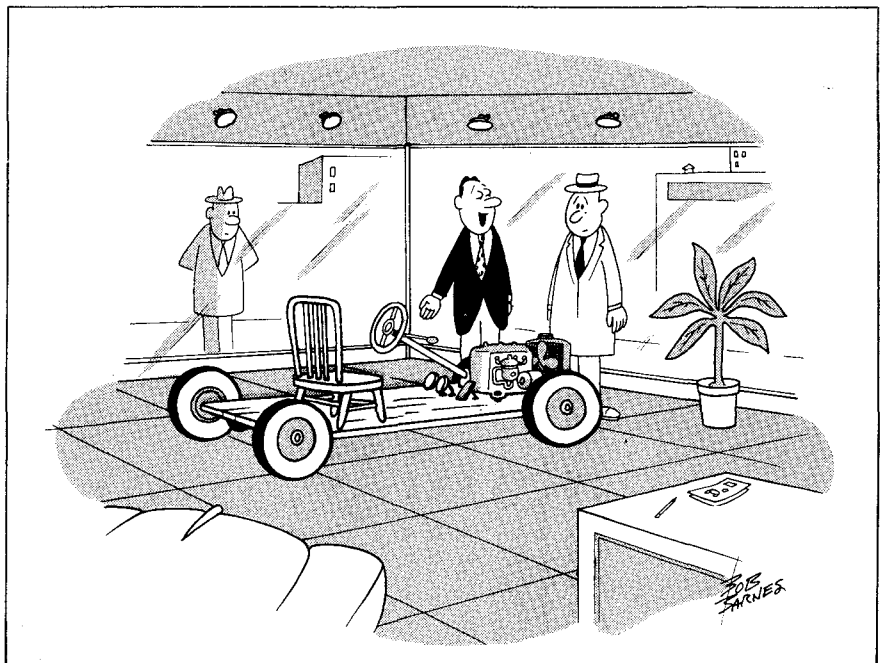
Anse picked up Perly's hat and tossed it to him. "That goes for you too."

"Elvira," Perly said, "are you going to let him talk to your father like that?"

"Why don't you go out and look for some arrowheads?" she said.

Well, we did. Out back of the barn we sat down on a log. Perly took off his hat and put some green leaves in it. "Well, there you are," he said. "They're as friendly as a couple of kittens in a catnip patch. You can't beat this motivation."

"It does seem like things might be working out," I said, "but I don't see where the motivation fits in. They grew up together and they like the same things, and that's about the size of it."



"This is our basic model, with no extras."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If you'd only take the time to listen you might learn something," Perly said. "You've heard about birds of a feather—well, that's all this motivation amounts to, just old country sayings and the like."

"How are they making out?" I asked him.

Perly looked around the corner of the barn. "They're standing on the corner of the back porch, and he's got his arm around her—my baby girl. Now he's giving her a kiss, and her no more than a child."

"That's the way of it," I told him. "There comes a time when the baby bird has got to leave the nest. What's the matter?" Perly had ducked behind the barn.

"The baby bird saw I was watching and heaved a rock at me," he said.

"There's only one way to look at it," I told him. "You haven't lost a daughter; you've gained a pack of hounds."

Perly put his hat back on. "It doesn't do to get carried away with new ideas," he said. "When I first talked to Hubert, I had the notion that this motivation was something kind of modern, but the more you study it, the more it all goes back to Adam and Eve and people such as that." He sat there for a minute nodding his head, and then he looked over at me. "How come we happen to be sitting here back of the barn?"

"Don't you remember? Elvira sent us out to look for arrowheads."

"Well then, we better get at it," he said.

We must have looked for two hours and never found a single one. But we did find a nice mess of mushrooms. I believe that's the answer to it all—things don't always work out like you figure, but if you go ahead and do your part, nature will do the rest. THE END

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My Adventures as an Illustrator

(Continued from Page 36)

"You must be doing very well," said Sadie Miller, the landlady. "Do have some more turnips."

"He has saved ten thousand dollars," my mother announced.

John J. Roach, the star boarder, pricked up his ears. "A mighty sum," he said.

"Yes," my mother said. "And the trust company gives him four per cent interest. Oh, I assure you, if I were not so worried about my lumbago, I would rejoice."

"Ah," said Mr. Roach, "and so you should." He contemplated the steaming heap of turnips on his plate and fingered the gold watch chain which sagged across his vest. He was a short, stocky man with a small pot belly and a black mustache which he waxed and rolled into dagger points.

After dinner I walked out on the porch to smoke my pipe—some of the ladies objected to pipes—and Mr. Roach followed.

"Norman," he said, "your money lying fallow—ah-ah-ah." He looked downcast. "Men of affairs invest and profit. Profit and grow rich. Grow rich and retire. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan and Mellon invested, profited, grew rich and retired. Some started with nothing. You start with ten thousand. A mighty sum. Invested in a scheme of certain growth—say ten per cent per annum." He twisted the ring on his finger. "I have a safe, sane, sure and profitable investment. Capitalization? Immense. Risk? Nil. Expectations? Grandiose. Chance in a lifetime, one in a million, death overtake us before such another; invest now, today, this hour." Here he stopped, rather short of breath.

I knew Mr. Roach and some of the people who had invested in his schemes. He had made money, but everyone else had lost. "Thank you for thinking of me," I said, "but I don't want to retire. I'll just save my money and let it increase slowly." I knocked out my pipe and walked back into the house.

Not long after this conversation my nose became infected, and I underwent surgery. On leaving the hospital I went to Louisville Landing on the St. Lawrence River, where Irene's mother had a summer cottage, to convalesce. A couple of days after I had gone north, Mr. Roach's chauffeur managed to bump into Irene at the grocery store. "Hello," said Irene. "How are you?"

"Couldn't be better," said the chauffeur, "healthwise and moneywise."

"Oh?"

"Yeah," said the chauffeur, "Mr. Roach has put me onto a good thing. I ain't rich yet, but I ain't worried no more about moola."

A few days later the chauffeur again intercepted Irene, and spoke of his investment. "That Mr. Roach sure can pick 'em," he said. "I've made over a thousand already, on only five hundred to begin with."

"Do you think Mr. Roach would let me invest in the same thing?" Irene asked.

"Well," said the chauffeur, "I've heard him speak very well of you and Mr. Rockwell. You ask him."

So Irene went to Mr. Roach and told him she would like to invest.

"No-no-no," said Mr. Roach. "Norman does not favor investments. Though they are profitable. Double your money. Riches, yachts, fur coats, mansions. But no. We must not."

He refused to take Irene's money, despite her argument that I was only an artist and didn't understand high finance. Irene kept after him, her desire constantly whetted by "chance" meetings with his chauffeur. Finally Mr. Roach consented, and Irene gave him the $10,000.

Two weeks later I returned home and learned to my horror what she had done. I hurried over to Edgewood Hall. "Where's my ten thousand dollars?" I shouted at Mr. Roach.

"Ah, Norman," he said, looking sad, "fortune rules us. A well gushes oil one day. Black gold. The next it's dry. Dust and ashes. Our little scheme ——"

"No more of that hogwash," I said. "I want my money. I'll sue. I'll take you to the Supreme Court. I'll wring your neck!"

... ...

On Buying My Lady a Watch

By Laurence Eisenlohr

"How do you wish the
watch inscribed—
'Till the end of time,'
perhaps?"
I thought for a moment,
and nothing jibed.
Then after a troubled lapse,
I said, "That mayn't allow
much room,
In view of the ways of man.
Better inscribe it, 'To her
with whom,
For me, Time really began.'"

The chauffeur, who was a rugged fellow, strolled up. I left, determined to sue Mr. Roach for my money. But there was nothing I could do. Irene hadn't even got a receipt from Mr. Roach. We were out $10,000—flat broke. I had planned to take it easy for a while and let my sore nose heal. But here I was without a cent to my name; I had to go back to work immediately.

These were the years when I was learning caution. For one thing I learned to mistrust long-term contracts. If you are under contract, you can't develop an idea for an independent project until the terms of the contract are fulfilled. The trouble is that most of the contracts I've been offered stipulated that I was to be paid large sums of money, and were thus great temptations. Luckily I've nearly always muddled through without signing.

The most tragic example of what a contract can do to an illustrator is the story of Leslie Thrasher, who painted one of the most famous *Post* covers ever published. It came out October 3, 1936, and I still get letters from people who think I painted it. The cover depicted a lady and a butcher standing on either side of a weighing scale on which lay a chicken. The lady was surreptitiously pushing up on the scale; the butcher was pushing down.

Some months after this cover appeared, Thrasher came to my studio seeking advice. *Liberty* magazine had offered him a five-year contract, calling for fifty covers a year at $1000 apiece.

"I can live on ten thousand dollars a year," said Thrasher. "So I can save forty thousand. At the end of five years I'll have two hundred thousand dollars. I'll be secure for the rest of my life. How does it sound to you?"

I told him I didn't think anyone could do fifty covers for even one year, let alone five. "Don't accept," I said. "You'll work

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yourself to death. And after the contract runs out, what'll you do? Nobody else will want your stuff."

Well, he thought he'd give it a try, and he signed the contract. *Liberty* dreamed up a family around which Thrasher was to build his series—mother, father, children and grandparents, something like that—and he set to work. One cover a week. After a year's work he was so rundown from overwork that he caught pneumonia and died. Fifty covers a year? That's just too much.

Over the years I have done many series of ads, but never under exclusive contract. I've always kept up my other work—*Post* covers, illustrations—and I've tried to accept only those advertising jobs which I would enjoy doing, such as Edison Mazda Lamp Company, Montgomery Ward, Massachusetts Mutual.

My series for Edison Mazda in the '20's was such a success that the art director, T. J. MacManus, decided that we deserved a treat. So he arranged an all-expenses-paid trip to South America, ostensibly an inspection tour of the Edison Mazda agencies throughout South America, but really a vacation. I went along as his assistant.

In Caracas, Venezuela, we were followed everywhere by two seedy-looking men wearing tattered white suits. An American who had lived in Venezuela told us they were secret police. We couldn't shake them, but we had a good time anyway, attending an amateurish bullfight, a wedding and the ceremony held to announce winners of the national lottery.

Hearing rifle shots at odd hours of the day and night, we asked the hotelkeeper what was going on. "Revolution," he said. "You want to see it?"

We said yes, so he hired a guide for us. The guide took us to barricades in an outlying district, and we peeked at the rebels. Then he led us through alleys to the barricade opposite, and we peeked back at the government troops. The guide assured us we were perfectly safe. Neither side wanted to shoot an American, and have Washington send a battleship full of marines.

A few days later we caught a ship for New York. So ended our South American tour, except for a stop at Puerto Rico, where a man ran up the gangplank pursued by three other men firing pistols.

The trip was so much fun that it gave me a bad case of wanderlust. One day in 1923 I told Irene that I wanted to visit Europe. Would she come with me?

"No," she said, "I'm satisfied right here."

So I sailed alone. The morning of my second day in Paris I was sitting outside a café, sipping a glass of wine, when someone said, "Norman!" I looked around, startled. There was Edmund Greek Davenport—"Davvie"—who had studied at the Art Students League with me. He had his arm around a pretty girl. "This is Sal," said Davvie. "We're on our honeymoon." They sat down at my table.

"We're off on a tour of the Riviera tomorrow," said Davvie. "Why don't you come along?"

"Wouldn't I be in the way?" I said.

"Oh, no," said Sal. "We've been married a month."

So that night we took the train for Marseilles, and went on from there—Monte Carlo, Florence, Venice. When we got back to Paris, I rented a room all to myself and slept for twenty-four hours straight.

Then, having ten days before my boat left for the States, I enrolled in an art school, Calorossi's. The first day I became absorbed in making a realistic drawing of the model. It went very well. *That's a nice line there, Norman old boy*, I thought, *real nice. There's blood and bones underneath that shoulder.* As I was going on like this, another American student walked by.

"Oh, Lordy," he said, looking at my drawing. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine," I said.

"You must be older," he said. "You can't have been born after 1860."

"No," I said, "I was born in 1894."

"I can't understand it," he said. "Where'd you study?"

"At the Art Students League," I said, "with George Bridgeman."

"Well, that explains it," he said and walked off.

What the devil did that mean? I looked around at the other students' work. The man on my left had drawn three piles of mud-colored cubes jumbled into a rough triangle. The student on my right had painted what looked like a crimson tree trunk on a sky-blue background. Modern art!

I went out to have a glass of wine in the café nearby and think things over. A group of American Bohemians were lounging at the next table. "Cubism is dead," said one. "What can you do with a cube? A dead end. Color's our only salvation." He ran on about color for fifteen minutes.

I went back to the art school, tore up my drawing and set out to learn something about modern art and color. I attended lectures in the back rooms of shabby cafés in Montmartre, eavesdropped on conversations at the art schools, tramped around from gallery to gallery, the big respectable ones and the little *avant-garde* ones.

It was discouraging, because after a while I realized that I didn't see things as the modern artists did. *So what*, I thought, *I'll adapt my style. Maybe I'll still be behind the times, but I won't be as far behind.*

On the boat going home I had an idea. The fellow said color; all right, it would be color. Winter and spring. Winter, an old man, being driven out by spring, a beautiful young girl. Winter in cold colors, blues and icy grays; spring in warm colors, yellows, apple green. Symbolic figures.

I had doubts about all this being modern art, but I squelched them and worked myself into a state of enthusiasm. When I returned to New Rochelle, I put aside all my other work and did a *Post* cover of my idea.

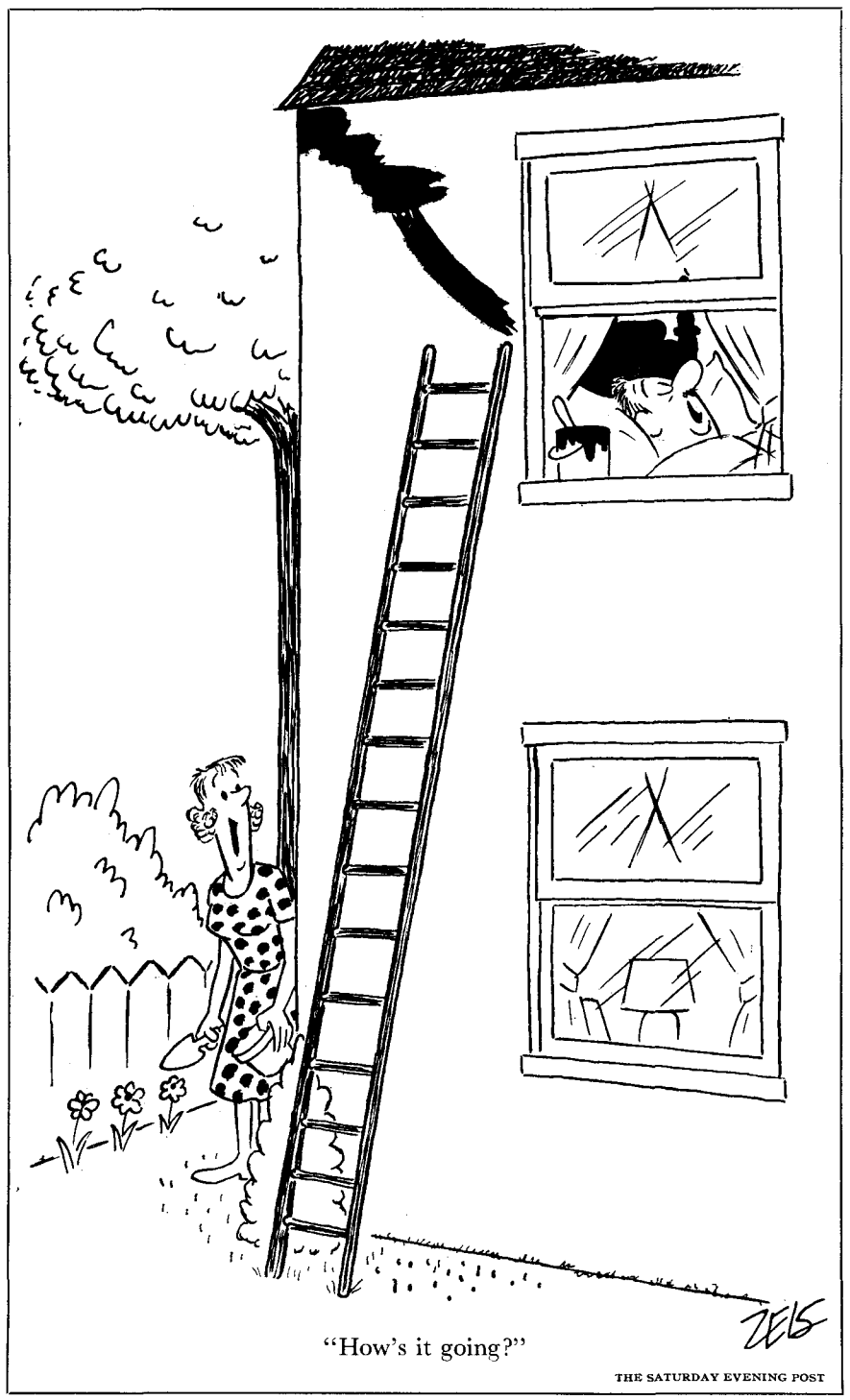
Two weeks later I took the finished painting down to the *Post* editor, Mr. Lorimer. It was a surprise; I hadn't shown him a preliminary sketch. He paced up and down before the painting for a long time while I explained about Paris and modern art and catching up with the latest style. He kept on pacing, and after a while I stopped trying to explain. He walked to his desk and sat down.

"Norman," he said, "we had a writer once. Did articles on subjects like county fairs, life on a farm, a town meeting in New England. He caught the flavor of that sort of thing nicely. Then the war came along. He decided he should do articles with bigger themes, subjects that, as he put it, had a bearing on the world crisis. So he did a few articles like that. They were terrible. He was out of his element."

"I see what you mean, Mr. Lorimer," I said.

"I'll tell you what I mean," said Mr. Lorimer, who didn't like to be interrupted. "If you do something well, stick to it. Don't go off on a tangent just because people tell you you're old-fashioned. I don't know much about this modern art, but I know it's not your kind of art. Your kind is what you've been doing all along. Stay with that.

"Now," he said, "what is your next cover for us going to be? What about the ideas you showed me in September, before you went to Europe?"



"How's it going?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On the train back to New York I felt discouraged. My cover had been rejected; Mr. Lorimer thought I was a fool. Then I remembered something I'd read once: If you fall on your face, don't lie there and moan. Get up. So I took my rejected cover to the *Elks Magazine*, where I sold it. The next morning I started a new *Post* cover.

Lovers of modern art were not the only ones who couldn't understand why I painted as I did. Coles Phillips, the celebrated pretty-girl artist, couldn't understand it either, but I lost no sleep over his criticisms. He didn't like Howard Pyle, or Rembrandt, or Degas, or Leonardo da Vinci, or Constable. In fact, he didn't like anybody, and he couldn't understand why an artist would want to paint anything but pretty girls.

"Old men and boys!" he'd say, referring to the subject matter of so many of my pictures. "You're young. Haven't you got any sex?"

Coles didn't decide to be an artist until he had finished college. He announced that he was going to make $100,000 before he was thirty-five. As he was a smart fellow, he did become an artist, and he did make $100,000 before he was thirty-five. (And he married a very beautiful girl too.) He used to get high prices for his work. First he'd think of the best price he could hope for; then he'd think of his four children and add $400. In the '20's he received $2000 a picture, which in those days was fabulous.

Coles never painted anything but pretty girls, and he always used the same model, Miss McBain. She had a marvelous figure, but her face was not particularly good. I asked him one day why he didn't hire a beautiful woman. "A plain woman awakes my sense of beauty," he said. "If I painted from a beautiful woman, all I could do is copy. There wouldn't be any juice in the picture." Of course, most of the women in his paintings looked alike—glorified Miss McBains, in blond, brunet or red hair.

My work had somewhat more variety. At this time, in the '20's, I was doing nine or ten covers a year for *The Post*, besides all my other jobs. *Post* covers were easier to do in those days. Since the figures were silhouetted against white, I didn't have to provide a background, as I do now.

When I heard of a fad or anything big in the news, I'd do a cover on it: the Ouija board, the first radios, crossword puzzles, the movies. The day after Lindbergh flew the Atlantic I phoned the art editor at *The Post*. "How about a cover on the pioneers of the air?"

"It'll have to be fast," he said. "When can you deliver it?"

"Tomorrow afternoon," I said. I hired a model, dug up (*Continued on Page 128*)

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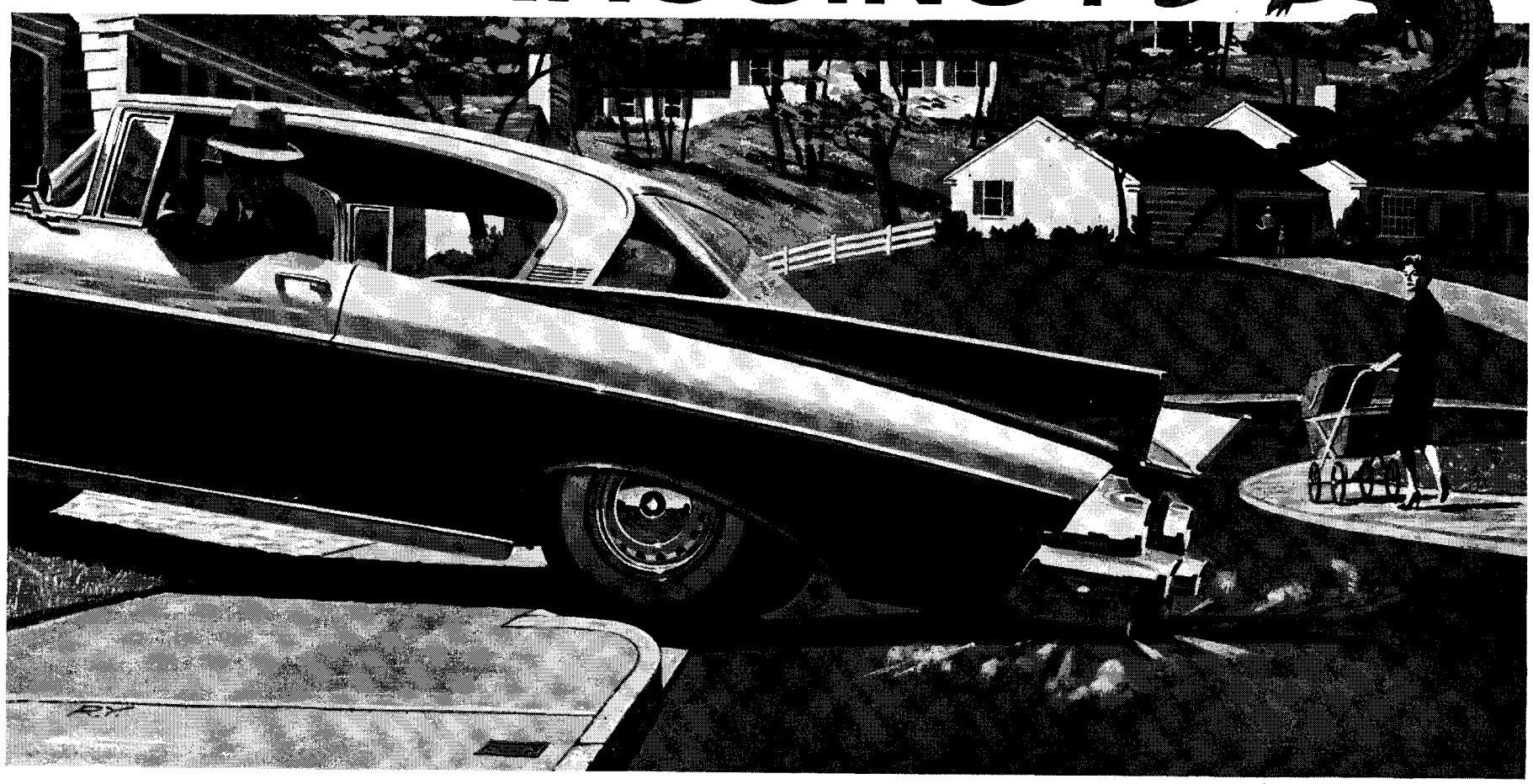
TAIL DRAGGING?



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(*Continued from Page 126*) an aviator's cap and set to work. Twenty-six hours later I finished the cover, sent it to Philadelphia and staggered off to bed.

Ideas came easily in 1929. It was the year of the stock-market crash, and the year of the speed traps. I did a *Post* cover of a policeman holding a stop watch and hiding behind a town-limits sign reading, WELCOME TO ELMVILLE. I did a 1930 cover of a butcher's boy, a housewife, a grandmother, a millionaire and a dog all staring at the stock-market reports. In 1939 I did one on the 100th anniversary of baseball; in 1940 it was the census, the hitchhiking fad, and after that the first draft of World War II, the blackout, women war workers, the U.S.O., soldiers returning from the war, television.

The unusual appearance of James K. Van Brunt, one of my regular models during the '20's, used to suggest a cover idea almost every time I saw him. I guess the day he turned up at my studio was one of the luckiest days of my life. It was a hot day in June. I was working in my underwear, not getting along too well, because my brushes were slippery with perspiration. Suddenly a peremptory knock rattled the door.

"Just a minute," I said, reaching for my pants.

The door was thrust open and a tiny old man with a knobby nose, an immense drooping mustache and heavy-lidded eyes stamped into the studio.

"James K. Van Brunt, sir," he said, saluting me and bowing all at once. "Five feet two inches tall, sir. The exact height of Napoleon Bonaparte." He pushed out his flat little chest, which was encased in a fawn-colored vest. "I have fought the Confederate Army at Antietam, Fredericksburg and in the Wilderness," he said. "I have battled the nations of the Sioux under Dull Knife, Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull. I have fought the Spaniards, sir, in Cuba."

He rapped his cane on the floor and looked at me belligerently. Then, seeing that I wasn't going to contradict him, he took off his gloves and his wide-brimmed hat and patted his mustache. "This mustache, sir," he said, "is eight full inches from tip to tip. The ladies make much of it."

It was a magnificent mustache; there was no denying it. Slightly parted in the middle, it bushed out in a plump arc, hiding his upper lip, the ends sweeping down and out from his nostrils to his jaw. The whole fat, gray, glorious expanse was neatly brushed and trimmed.

"That certainly is the finest mustache I've ever seen," I said.

"I offer it, sir, and myself," he said, "as a model."

"Of course," I said. "Sit down. Please. I'll make a sketch now. I'll work up an idea tonight."

He clambered onto a high stool, and I began to draw. My pencil flew. What a face! That large, long nose, thick and square at the end with a bump in the middle; those big, sad, eyes, which somehow held a warlike sparkle. That mustache! And all crammed together in a small, narrow head, so that if you glanced at him quickly that's all you saw—eyes, nose and mustache.

That night I worked out an idea for a *Post* cover featuring Van Brunt as a tramp cooking two sausages, one for himself and one for his dog, over a fire in a tin can.

He was a good model, and pleasant company too. He regaled me with stories of Army life, all delivered in a loud, fierce voice, as if he were giving commands to a troop of cavalry on a windy day in Wyoming. During rest periods he strutted about the studio to stretch his legs. "Military legs, Mr. Rockwell—accustomed to maneuvers. Carried me up San Juan Hill."

After I had used Mr. Van Brunt in two or three *Post* covers and a number of illustrations and ads, Mr. Lorimer said, "I think you're using that man too much. Everybody's beginning to notice it. Maybe you'd better stop for a while. That mustache is too identifiable."

The next morning I told Mr. Van Brunt what Mr. Lorimer had said. "If you take off your mustache, I can use you again. Otherwise I can't."

"Well," he said. "No, I couldn't do that." He picked up his hat and cane and left. I was sorry, but I knew Mr. Lorimer was right.

Two weeks later Mr. Van Brunt said that he'd shave off his mustache if I'd give him ten dollars. So I paid him, and he shaved it off. Seeing the result, I was upset. Mr. Van Brunt's lower lip stuck out far beyond his upper lip, and was just as identifying as the mustache. But now, of course, I had to use him.

I made a great fuss about having him pose for the first *Post* cover in four colors, to make him feel important. Then, because I knew Mr. Lorimer would object if I used him soon again, I thought up ways to hide his lip. I did a cover of a phrenologist measuring a man's head with calipers, posing Mr. Van Brunt as the phrenologist with his hands in front of his mouth. Next I used him in a painting of an old scholar at an outdoor bookstall, absorbed in a book. Really absorbed in it—his chin, mouth and nose buried in it, in fact. I used him in several ads, concealing his mouth in one way or another.

Obviously I couldn't go on forever painting pictures of an old man with the lower third of his face hidden behind his hands or a book or a hat, but I couldn't dismiss Mr. Van Brunt either. Finally I told him that enough time had passed so that I could use him with a mustache again, and he grew it back. Almost every day he'd ask me what I thought of the progress it was making. I always said fine, it's coming fine, but the truth was that it wasn't growing too well. I guess it takes years to raise a really magnificent mustache. It never attained its former plumpness or majestic swoop. When I did my next cover of him—a picture of an old cowboy playing a Gramophone and dreaming of his past—I faked the mustache bigger and fuller to please him. I did the same in the next two pictures.

Then, ignoring the mustache, I used him for three old ladies with their heads together, gossiping. For the next cover I once more put his hand over his mustache. That was his last pose; a few months later he died of pneumonia, and the veterans' groups of New Rochelle gave him a soldier's funeral.

In those days, before I began to photograph my models, it was a problem to get anybody who could take the time to pose. Since it took me three days to paint a single figure, sometimes longer, I was forced to use over and over again many of the models who did have the time available. As with Mr. Van Brunt, the problem of overexposure was acute.

Harry Seal, another of my regular models, was too much of a character to use very often. He had a great bowl of a belly, spindly arms and legs and a florid complexion. Someone once said he looked like a turtle.

Many years before I knew him the Royal Baking Powder Company had paid him a large sum—I think he said it was $500,000—for his stock in the company; his father had been one of the founders. For twenty or twenty-five years thereafter Harry lived in Paris, London and Berlin, eating and drinking like a medieval monarch. Then the money ran out. Harry returned to America, settled in a Brooklyn rooming house and became a model at the Art Students League.

He still yearned for rich food and strong drink. One day, posing for me, he was seated in an armchair, portraying a man who had fallen asleep over a book. I guess he was really living the part off and on. Suddenly he started. "I'm getting faint," he said, glancing wildly about. "You haven't got a drop of whisky somewhere?" I ran into the house and brought out a bottle. He drank a shot. "Ah-h-h," he said, "'s better, better. That was a near thing, Mr. Rockwell, a near thing." Every day after that he'd have a moment of faintness, and I'd have to provide whisky.

Some of my models were unsuccessful actors, like Edward Van Vechtan, who came sauntering down my driveway one day as I was unlocking the door of my studio, and handed me his business card. It read: "Edward Van Vechtan, model extraordinary, who has posed for ALL the leading artists of America." Below this were five or six photographs of the man, variously labeled: JOY, SORROW, ANGER, CHAGRIN, and so on.

I looked at him. Nothing remarkable—medium height, sagging stomach, sparse black hair. But his gaunt, drooping face fascinated me. My test for a good model is whether he can raise his eyebrows halfway up his forehead. If he can do that, his face is mobile enough to assume any expression. Van Vechtan could raise his eyebrows farther than anybody else I'd ever met.

A month or so later I engaged him as the model for an advertising illustration. He arrived carrying an old alarm clock with a bell on top. "I pose for twenty-five minutes," he said, setting the clock beside the model stand, "and rest for eight."

I made no objection, though my other models rested only for five minutes. I posed Van Vechtan and began my drawing. His face was wonderfully mobile. I had him roaring with laughter—mouth open, lips pulled back off his teeth, eyebrows up, eyes popped. He did it beautifully, and he was grand to draw. My pencil glided. . . . Burrrrrrrrr-ANG! It was the alarm clock.

"Rest," said Van Vechtan, hopping off his chair. I swallowed my heart and asked weakly, "Do we have to have that clock?"

"Ah," he said, looking slyly at me, "you mustn't cheat. How are we to know when it's time to rest?"

Well, I darn near went crazy painting that ad. I could hardly work, waiting for that alarm clock to go off—BRANG! Van Vechtan had placed it with its back toward me, so I could never judge the time; I was in a cold sweat during the last ten minutes before each rest period.

Only once did he forget to set the clock, and that time he went to sleep. When he woke up, he asked, "What time is it?" I told him. "Why didn't you wake me up so I could rest?" he asked.

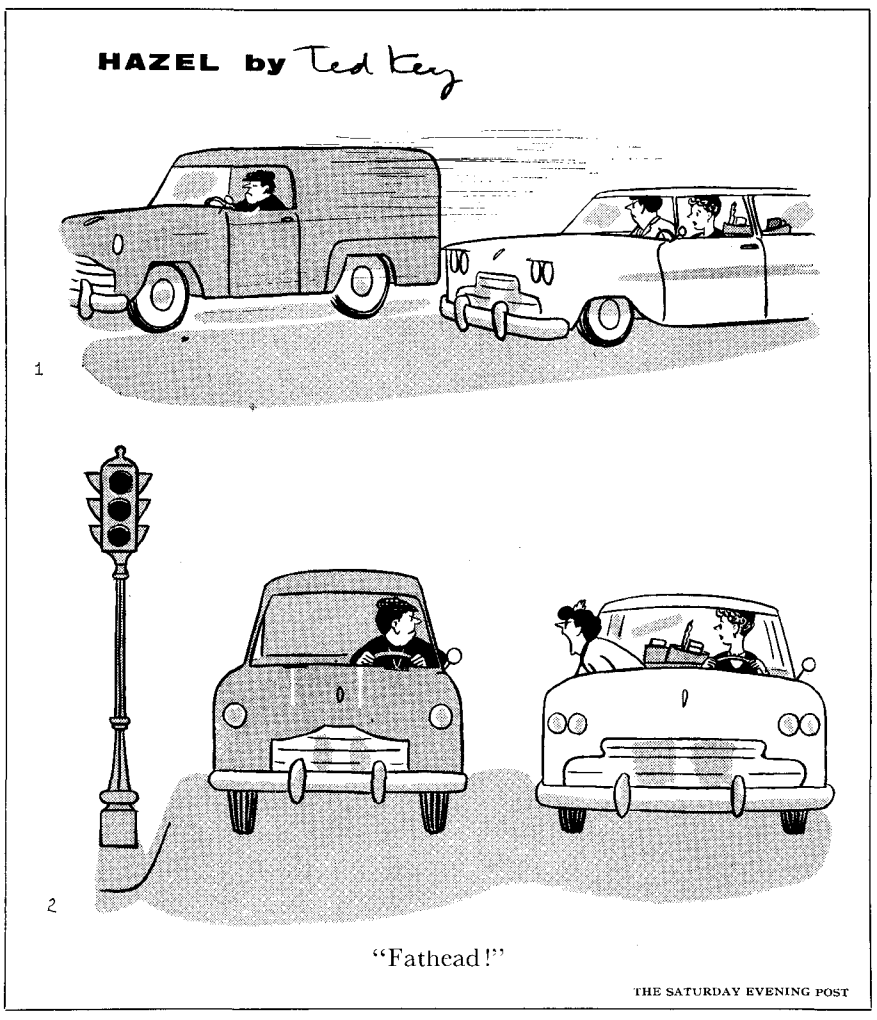
Two weeks later he came to the studio and threatened to sue me for a new set of false teeth. "That laughing expression changed the shape of my mouth," he said. "My teeth don't fit any more."

"Are you serious?" I asked. Well, yes, he was serious, he was going to call a lawyer. So I settled for fifty dollars. This, I said to myself, is the end.

But the finished painting was wonderful. I had another idea which fitted Van Vechtan exactly, so I phoned him. I couldn't resist the urge to paint him. That was the way it went for five or six years. I'd be determined not to use him again; then my determination would leak away, and I'd rehire him.

I got along well with most of my models. One of them, John L. Malone, used to read to me while he posed—Balzac, Turgenev, Tolstoi, de Maupassant. Now that I use photographs, models don't spend much time in my studio. Modern technique is wonderful, but I'm awfully lonesome.

Next week, in the sixth of eight articles, Mr. Rockwell tells of his fling with high-living society which ended when he discovered he couldn't keep up the pace.—THE EDITORS



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RAPTUROUS BEAUTY

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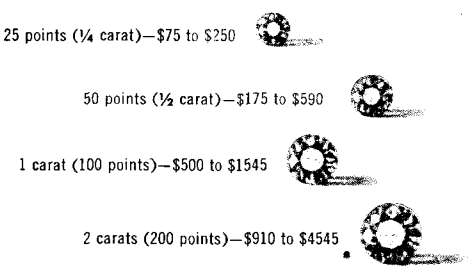

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND First, and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—for these determine a diamond's quality, contribute to its beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, the price ranges given above are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in January, 1960. Note that prices vary widely according to the qualities offered. Tax is additional.

Your dreams unfold as blithely as the spring's first blossoms, life is charmed and gay upon your fresh new world. Your engagement promise that has changed your life so magically is repeated now, and will be always, in your engagement diamond. Born of earth, just for you, this rapturous light will shine with reassurance of your love through all your life to be. Your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be treasured always, by you and by your children's children.

A diamond is forever

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I took my doctor's advice... and now

MY CONSTIPATION WORRIES ARE OVER!

Doctors recommend Milk of Magnesia —the gentle laxative-antacid that gives complete but carefree relief.

THOUSANDS of doctors—general practitioners, pediatricians, obstetricians and surgeons, coast to coast—were asked: "Do you ever recommend Milk of Magnesia for your patients?" The overwhelming majority replied: "Yes!"

Yes, doctors consider Milk of Magnesia effective and gentle enough even for infants, maternity and surgical patients.

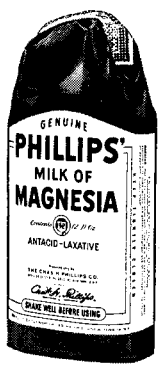
And no wonder!

As a laxative, Phillips' works leisurely, thoroughly but comfortably, never forces the system.

As an antacid, Phillips' relieves upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other acid distresses accompanying constipation.

No single-purpose laxative can give such complete, yet gentle relief!

Ask *your* doctor! No home should be without Phillips' Milk of Magnesia!



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

Keeping Posted

We Visit Asia

The little girl in science editor **Steven M. Spencer**'s arms (right) is the crippled youngster mentioned in his page 32 article—his ninety-ninth for *The Post*—who rushed to him calling him "*bapha*," the Punjabi word for "daddy." Spencer and his wife Mary met their young friend at the orphan department of an Indian hospital during a six-week tour of church medical missions in Asia. The curly-haired child sitting on Mrs. Spencer's arm is a Sikh boy. He is not an orphan, but must live at the hospital until he is five because his mother was advised that a curse would befall her baby if she looked at him before then. This warning seemed plausible to her; all her other babies had died in infancy.

To reach the many remote missions on their itinerary, the Spencers traveled by plane, sampan, wood-burning locomotive, Landrover, jeep, station wagon and, in areas isolated by mud and water, by foot. Only once did they pause for recreation—an evening picnic of goat's liver and rice on the shore of the Arabian Sea.

Almost everywhere they went the Spencers were garlanded with flowers. Their most impressive reception was at South Korea's Kimpo Airport, where their plane was met by a company of troops and two brass bands. An observant reporter, Spencer allows as how some of this fanfare might have been meant for two of his fellow passengers—Miss Korea of 1959 and Korean War hero Gen. James Van Fleet.

Mary and Steve Spencer making friends in Ferozepore, India.

The Russians Visit Us

The Post's Maura Hughes and Betsy Dunbar with *U.S.S.R.* editor Bolshakov.

The Curtis Publishing Company played host last month, for thirty minutes, to a contingent of upper-echelon Russian Government leaders who were touring the country at the invitation of United States governors. They saw our electronic computer and some of our manufacturing processes and they applauded heartily when foreign editor Martin Sommers made a short speech in Russian. (English translation of speech: "How do you do?") Apparently there were no *Post* subscribers in the group—we have seven subscribers and zero newsstand buyers in Russia—but we did find a Soviet journalist who admitted reading our publication "sometimes." He is Georgi Bolshakov, Washington-based deputy editor-in-chief of Russia's American-language magazine, *U.S.S.R.* Bolshakov did not claim that magazines are a Bolshevik invention. He did say, "We are taking the best from the American magazines. Why we shouldn't?" Then he declared that one American magazine staple—cheesecake—still is taboo in Russia. Just before Bolshakov left our building he was photographed with two *Post* girls. The result (left) leads us to the reassuring conclusion that a pretty face is appreciated by editors everywhere, even in countries where cheesecake has been stricken from the menu.

Other People, Other Places

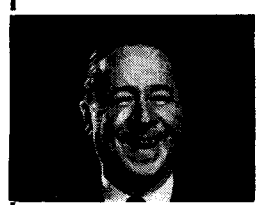
Vacationing *Post* cover artist **Amos Sewell** writes from Kenya that Elsa, the sometimes-friendly lioness (page 24), has given birth to a litter of cubs. (No one knows how many because Mother Elsa has indicated that visitors are not welcome.) Sewell and his wife Ruth spent part of their vacation with Elsa's favorite human, **Joy Adamson,** at the Adamson home in Isiolo, Kenya. The Sewells were charmed by Mrs. Adamson, who is an accomplished artist, and by the Adamson home, which has a lovely sunken pool just off the veranda. The snorts and grunts of rhinos, zebras and elephants quenching their thirst there at night isn't a bit disturbing—it says here. The Sewells decided against going on safari to "Elsa's camp" after Mrs. Adamson warned them not to take a car there—"Elsa may jump up on it, and I cannot guarantee the consequences. To us she is utterly gentle and affectionate, but we are her pals." Readers desirous of knowing Elsa better are advised that Pantheon will publish the United States edition of her story, *Born Free*, on April fifteenth.

Senior editor **Pete Martin**'s article series, I CALL ON PRINCESS GRACE (Jan. 23–Feb. 6), is really getting around. The series is being reprinted by magazines in France, Holland, Germany, England, Italy, Denmark and Australia.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

Jean Kerr, author of *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, tells

"What Makes Me Laugh"



Above: Robert Benchley
Right: Oscar Wilde
(They make Jean laugh.)

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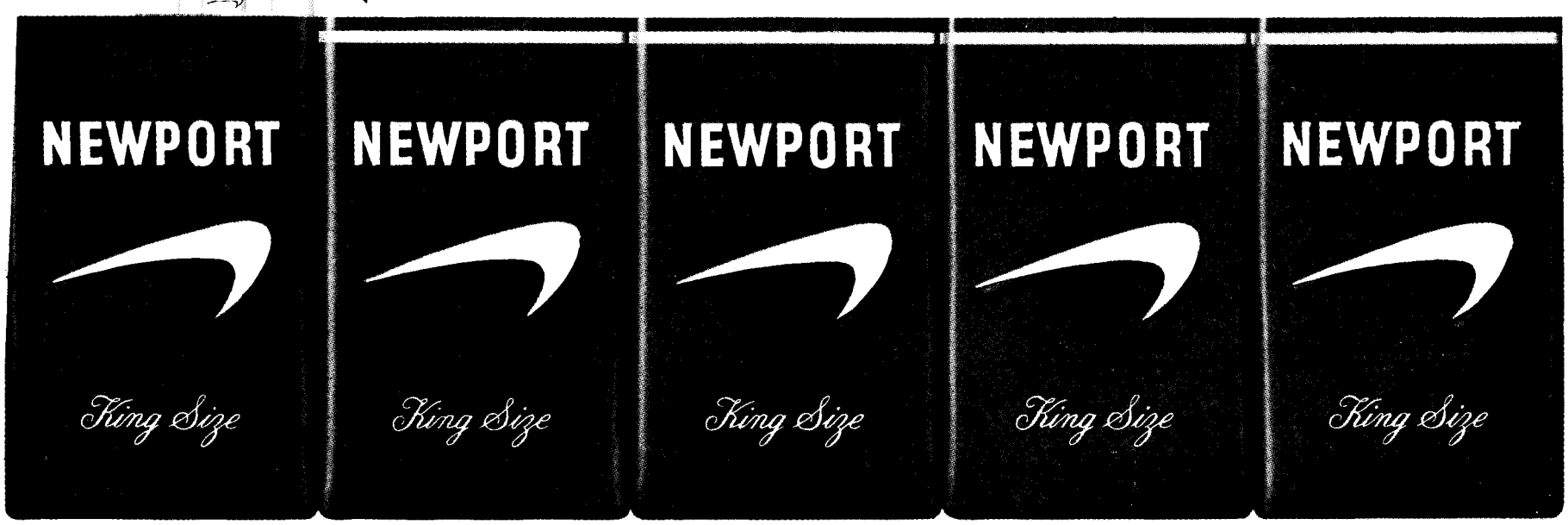

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FOR THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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